McClure's Magazine.

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OUR FIRST ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

IN one year and ten months from the issue of the first number, the circulation of McClure's Magazine has grown to 100,000 copies, the increase in twelve months being 65,000 copies.

The growth of the Magazine has been gradual from month to month, and has come from no special effort in pushing or advertising it, but mainly from the acceptability of the Magazine itself. In fact, so continuous has been the increase that only once, during the past eight months, has a sufficient number of copies been printed; and so closely has the Magazine sold out each month that there are on hand few more than sufficient copies to meet the need for bound volumes. Hence the size of each edition is a very accurate measure of the actual circulation. This fact is significant; because, while it is a mere matter of money to print large editions, and anybody can do it who has the purse and will, to print them and sell them is quite another affair.

CIRCULATION DOUBLED INSIDE THE FIRST YEAR.

The first issue of McClure's Magazine (June, 1893) consisted of 20,000 copies. The edition gradually grew until, with the December, 1893, number, it was 35,000; this particular number showing an advance of 5,000 copies over any previous sale. The edition for May, 1894, was 40,000 copies, showing another clean advance over previous issues of 5,000 copies.

The increased sale of this number was attributed to the very complete series of portraits of General Grant, as well as to the valuable articles on his life and character by General Horace Porter and others. And at that time it was decided to devote, in a similar way, some pages to the principal portraits of Napoleon, the belief being that, with the revived interest in Napoleon, such a collection, printed in one number, would increase the circulation another 5,000 copies. The circulation fell off somewhat during the summer months of 1894; but with the October number it was found that an edition of 40,000 copies was considerably too small, that number selling out in four or five days.

THE NAPOLEON PICTURES AND PAPERS.

In seeking for portraits of Napoleon, we accidentally learned of Mr. Hubbard's remarkable collection. This collection we were invited to examine and to use, Mr. Hubbard putting it freely at our disposal. Even a cursory examination showed that it would be impossible to do justice to the collection and to the possibilities of the subject in one or even in four numbers of the Magazine. In fact, it was found that the pictures finally selected could not be published, even in very large installments, in less than eight numbers. So the plan first contemplated, of publishing one article with portraits of Napoleon showing him at different periods of his life, developed into a series of articles illustrated in a more interesting and complete manner than any previous publication on Napoleon. At the same time it became necessary to publish a compact, clear, and interesting life of Napoleon to accompany these pictures. The pictures came to us freely, and the historian was luckily at hand in the person of Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who had done a great deal of work for the Magazine previously, and who had spent three years in Paris studying the epoch of the French Revolution, and had just written a life of one of the principal women of that time.

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Her studies as well as her inclinations fitted her to undertake the life of Napoleon, and she has written it most satisfactorily. No less a critic than Colonel John C. Ropes, who is probably the greatest authority on Napoleon in the United States, stated in a letter to the editor of this Magazine: "I think Miss Tarbell's 'Life of Napoleon' gives what we most want to know about him. Her account of his administration of the internal affairs of France was very clear and satisfactory." We believe that for its length it is one of the most satisfactory lives of Napoleon ever produced.

MR. HUBBARD'S RARE NAPOLEON COLLECTION.

Mr. Hubbard's collection is well known both here and abroad. He has been fourteen years gathering these pictures, and has spent large sums of money for them. He is known to the principal dealers in prints in America and Europe, and they keep him informed of whatever is worth buying in the way of portraits of Napoleon. His collection is valuable not only because of the individual worth of each picture, but also because of its completeness. It was meant to present Napoleon as he appeared at every important epoch of his life, from youth to death, as painted by the great masters, and also to include the notable masterpieces which show him in the various great scenes of his life. And in presenting the free use of this collection to us, Mr. Hubbard rendered a service that cannot be overestimated.

It was decided to print of the November number 10,000 copies more than the 40,000 that had been printed of the October number. But so rapidly did subscriptions and news-stand orders pour in on the announcement of the Napoleon series, that the order was increased before the plates left the press to 60,000 copies. This edition was exhausted in one week, and subscriptions were coming in at the rate of 150 a day; so that a second edition of 10,000 copies, making 70,000 in all, showing a gain over any previous number of 30,000 copies, was necessary to supply the demand for the first number containing the Life of Napoleon.

A GAIN IN SIX MONTHS OF 60,000.

It is therefore not hard to trace the principal cause of the extraordinary prosperity of the Magazine. Eighty thousand copies were required of the December number, and the Magazine has gone on prospering until with the April number it was found necessary to increase the edition to 100,000 copies, a gain in six months of 60,000 copies.

It is rather an interesting fact that during the three years in which Abbott's "Life of Napoleon" was appearing in "Harper's Magazine," more than forty years ago, the circulation of that magazine increased nearly 100,000. This was one of the results of the first Napoleonic revival, which received a great impulse from the return of Napoleon's body to France. Another result of that revival was the elevation of the third Napoleon to the imperial throne. The extraordinary vitality of Napoleon's fame is well evidenced by this fact that two magazines, established more than forty years apart, have each owed their first great success to a life of Napoleon.

THE BEST LITERATURE BY THE GREATEST WRITERS.

Of course it would be impossible to increase the circulation of a magazine 60,000 copies in six months in the face of the extraordinary competition in the magazine world, unless the magazine possessed many excellences; and while the Life of Napoleon has placed McClure's Magazine in the hands of many thousands of people who otherwise would not have taken it, the whole table of contents has been valuable in retaining their continued support. The Magazine has aimed to publish the best literature by the greatest writers, and while it is no slave to famous names, and has published a great deal of matter by writers heretofore unknown, at the same time there are few contemporary writers of the highest rank who have not contributed to its pages, and some of the very greatest writers have contributed some of their most important matter.

NOTABLE CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mr. Stevenson, besides writing a serial for the Magazine, also contributed an autobiographical article of rare charm and interest, and, at the time of his death, was under engagement to write for the Magazine a long and important novel. This novel, we have reason to believe, was left practically finished, and, if so, it will

THE HON. GARDINER G. HUBBARD IN HIS LIBRARY.

appear in our pages during the next year. Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Octave Thanet, Walter Besant, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Hardy, Robert Barr, Bret Harte, Gilbert Parker, Henry M. Stanley, Ian Maclaren, and others have contributed short stories; and it would be hard to make a list outside of these that contained anything like so many of the greatest writers of our time. Articles of great importance, and such as have commended themselves by their interest and timeliness, have been contributed by the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, General Horace Porter, Sara Orne Jewett, Herbert Spencer, Edward Everett Hale, General A. W. Greely, Charles A. Dana, M. de Blowitz, Professor Henry Drummond (who has contributed four very important articles on subjects identified with his name), J. M. Barrie, Washington Gladden, S. R. Crockett, Hamlin Garland, H. H. Boyesen, Beatrice Harraden, and others. Indeed, a glance through the back numbers of the Magazine demonstrates the fact that it has published a great deal of the really great literature produced during its lifetime. In addition to contributions by authors of the first rank, it has had a staff of highly trained writers, who have investigated the most interesting developments of contemporary activities, and have written about subjects in historical, scientific, biographical, and other fields, in a manner to introduce almost a new standard in such matters. In the field of popular science the Magazine has no equal.

THE PIONEER OF CHEAP MAGAZINES.

The list of readers has grown so rapidly that the larger part of the present constituency do not know that McClure's Magazine was the first magazine published at as low a price as 15 cents a copy. It was the pioneer in the field of cheap magazines, and now its imitators actually outnumber the high-priced magazines. Just one month after the first number of McClure's was issued, a prominent 25-cent magazine cut its price in two, and three or four months later, another magazine reduced its price still further; and the aggregate circulation, at the present moment, of the magazines sold at 10 or 15 cents is probably more than twice that of the higher-priced magazines. And this has all come to pass since McClure's Magazine was started, a year ago last June.

FOUNDED WITHOUT CAPITAL.

An interesting fact in regard to the Magazine, aside from its rapid success, is the fact that it was founded practically without capital. It had been regarded in New York as an absolute axiom that not less than $200,000, and probably as much

as $500,000, would be required to found an illustrated monthly magazine, and the experience of more than one publisher seemed to prove the soundness of this opinion. Indeed, several magazines have been attempted in recent years which exhausted enormous sums of money without even getting established. It therefore seemed to many a foolhardy enterprise to start a magazine with no capital, and there were times when we ourselves felt that we had undertaken a very large task, especially during the first few months, in the midst of the financial panic of 1893. But, as a matter of fact, the success of the Magazine was so rapid that there was no real discouragement from the publication of the first number, and if the publishers, when they began, had had any money ahead, even a small amount, say $10,000 or $15,000, they really would never have known an anxious moment.

TO BE MADE BETTER AND BETTER.

The Magazine has been singularly fortunate in many ways. It is really a child of the newspaper syndicates established by its proprietors more than ten years ago, and their previous experience as editors enabled them to avoid many mistakes. And, besides, the Magazine was established in a very modest way, and reprinted many of the short stories and articles which its publishers had published previously through the newspaper press, thus reducing its initial charges. This, of course, may have interfered to a certain extent with the growth in circulation; but it was impossible for the publishers to found a magazine in any other manner. But this reprinting of matter has been only an incident of the lack of capital, and is in no way a necessity of the low price of the Magazine; and the publishers' plans do not contemplate the policy of republication to any extent in the future. By another year they will be able to carry out a number of plans for the enlargement and improvement of the Magazine in different directions. The enterprises for the future justify us in expecting continued increase of support and growth in circulation.

Our present circulation has come upon us almost unawares; we were simply conscious of doing our best to make a good magazine, and, before we knew it, the circulation had reached the first stage in our progress, viz., 100,000. We intend to work just as hard for the next 100,000, which, judging by our past experience, will soon be attained.

NAPOLEON AS A LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

This charming portrait of Napoleon (from McClure's Quarterly) is now published for the first time. It is from a water color by an unknown artist, in the collection of Baron Larrey, Paris.

McCLURE'S QUARTERLY.

This prompt and generous support of McClure's Magazine now enables its publishers to undertake another new enterprise,—a very important departure in the publication of expensive books. On May tenth will appear the first number of McClure's Quarterly, the largest and most magnificently illustrated magazine in the world, to appear, as its name indicates, every three months, each number devoted to one subject in the fields of history, biography, science, adventure, portraiture, etc. The price will be fifty cents a copy. It will contain illustrations and text equivalent, if published in the ordinary way, to volumes costing from $5.00 to $8.00.

The first number of the Quarterly will contain the complete Life of Napoleon, by Miss Tarbell, already printed in the Magazine, but with important additions, and illustrated with between two and three hundred pictures. It will contain 256 pages of text, and will be printed on the finest quality of coated paper made expressly for this work.

The second number of the Quarterly will be a collection of the series of portraits of distinguished men and women, known as "human documents," which have been appearing in the Magazine since its foundation. It will contain an aggregate of not less than six hundred pictures, including portraits of W. E. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, General Grant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, W. D. Howells, Alphonse Daudet, R. L. Stevenson, Professor Henry Drummond, C. A. Dana, Eugene Field, Thomas A. Edison, Cardinal Gibbons, and others.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Miss Tarbell's Life of Napoleon as enlarged will contain an aggregate of about 70,000 words. It tells the story of this extraordinary man's career vividly and dramatically, and yet avoids the fables and inaccuracies that characterize the earlier histories, being written in the light of the most recent publications, — memoirs, letters, and state papers of the period. It is easily read, and easily understood, and gives the average reader a clearer conception of the character and career of Napoleon than he could derive from any other volume.

JOSEPHINE. 1796.

•This portrait, never before published, is from a miniature by Roches, now in the collection of the Marquis of Girardin, Paris. It is one of a great number of hitherto unpublished pictures in McCLURE'S QUARTERLY.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The chief source of illustrations for the Life of Napoleon in the Quarterly, is still, as in the case of the Napoleon papers in the Magazine, the great collection of Mr. Hubbard, the owner having generously placed the entire collection at the service of the publishers for use in the Quarterly, as he had previously for use in the Magazine. But in order to make it still more comprehensive, a representative of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and an authorized agent of Mr. Hubbard visited Paris, to seek out there whatever it might yet be desirable to have. They secured the assistance of M. Armand Dayot, *Inspecteur des Beaux-Arts*, who possessed rare qualifications for the task. His official position he owed to his familiarity with the great art collections, both public and private, of France, and his official duties made him especially familiar with the great paintings relating to French history. Besides, he was a specialist in Napoleonic iconography. He had written, among other things, a volume on Raffet and Charlet, whose lithographs are among the most notable representations of the events of Napoleon's life. On account of his qualifications and special knowledge, he had been selected by the great house of Hachette & Company to edit their book on "The Life of Napoleon in Pictures," which was the first attempt to bring together in one volume the most important pictures relating to the military, political, and private life of Napoleon. M. Dayot had just completed this task, and was fresh from his studies of Napoleonic pictures, when his aid was secured by the publishers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in supplementing the Hubbard collection.

The work was prosecuted with the one aim of omitting no important picture. When great paintings indispensable to a complete pictorial life of Napoleon were found, which had never been either etched or engraved, photographs were obtained, many of these photographs being made especially for our use.

A generous selection of pictures was made from the works of Raffet and Charlet. M. Dayot was able also to add a number of pictures—not less than a score—of unique value, through his personal relations with the owners of the great private Napoleonic collections. Thus were obtained hitherto unpublished pictures, of the highest value, from the collections of Mgr. Duc d'Au-

male ; of H. I. H., Prince Victor Napoleon ; of Prince Roland ; of Baron Larrey, the son of the chief surgeon of the army of Napoleon ; of the Duke of Bassano, son of the minister and confidant of the emperor ; of M. Edmond Taigny, the friend and biographer of Isabey ; of M. Albert Christophle, Governor General of the Credit Foncier of France ; of M. Paul le Roux, who has perhaps the richest of the Napoleonic collections ; and of M. le Marquis de Girardin, son-in-law of the Duc de Gaëte, the faithful Minister of Finance of Napoleon I. It will be easily understood that no doubt can be raised as to the authenticity of documents borrowed from such sources.

It is, therefore, not too much to say that we have here the most complete reunion of important Napoleonic documents which has ever been published. In this magnificent collection of pictures, chronologically presented, we see, in succession, portraits of Napoleon as pupil at Brienne, as lieutenant in the regiment of la Fère, as captain of artillery, as lieutenant-colonel of the volunteers of Corsica, as the hero of Vendémiaire, as conqueror at Arcola, as conqueror at the battle of the Pyramids, as First Consul, and finally at all the different periods of the emperorship, from the solemnities of the *sacre* to the exile and death at St. Helena.

And not only the figure of Napoleon, multiplied to infinity by various interpretations, appears on almost every page of this book, but also the portraits of his most celebrated generals, of his heroic companions in arms : of Ney, Lefebvre, Murat, Junot, Lannes, Bernadotte, Masséna, Kléber, etc. ; and of all the members of his family, to which are added the historic figures of his implacable enemies : Alexander I., Francis II., George III., Pitt, Metternich, Wellington, Nelson, and Blücher. Amongst the throng of emperors, empresses, kings, queens, warriors, and statesmen, smiling or grave, appear the faces of well-known artists, poets, actors, scientists, and thinkers : Bernardin de St. Pierre, Berthollet, Chénier, Talma, Girodet, Isabey, Gérard, and others.

It is, in a word, a picturesque and complete *résumé* of the astonishing existence of Napoleon, or, rather, an artistic and captivating *exposé* of the whole history of his reign, presented to the reader under this attractive form of an endless series of pictures, each one of which is accompanied by a commentary as interesting as it is instructive.

Only exceptionally have pictures, statues, or prints by living artists been chosen. It is especially in documents of the Napoleonic epoch that we must seek for historic verity. Gros, Guérin, Boizot, David, Longhi, Isabey, Gérard, Dähling, Girodet, and Vernet (to cite only the best) will always teach us more of the subjects which they painted *de visu* than the most charming work executed at the present day by artists however rich in imagination. It is from the great historical value of Mr. Hubbard's extraordinary collection, to be reproduced almost complete, and supplemented by the *pièces inédites*, from the rare collections named above, and to the reproduction of which their owners have kindly consented, that this Life of Napoleon will derive a most powerful interest.

NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.

NAPOLEON AS GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR.

A set of crayon sketches by Napoleon's friend, the artist David, now in the collection of M. Cheramy. From McClure's Quarterly.

GASTON TISSANDIER, THE BALLOONIST.

A TALK WITH HIM IN HIS WORK-ROOM—THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE AIR-SHIP.

By Robert H. Sherard.

THERE is, perhaps, no more charming man in all Paris than M. Gaston Tissandier, the great aëronaut and editor of one of the most successful scientific publications of the day, "La Nature." He is quiet, modest, and reserved, but most cordial, and, when speaking on a subject which interests him, especially when talking on aëronautics, or when showing his wonderful collection of curiosities relating to ballooning, he becomes quite ardent. His eyes light up, he speaks rapidly, and the wonderful energy which has enabled him to do so much in the course of his career is betrayed in every word and gesture.

GASTON TISSANDIER.

Gaston Tissandier is a Parisian by birth, and was born on the 21st of November, 1843. On his mother's side he is descended from a remarkable scientist, Lhéritier de Brutelles. He was educated at the Lycée Bonaparte and afterwards entered the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, as pupil to P. P. Dehérain. At the age of twenty-one he was appointed director of the Experimental and Analytical Laboratory of the Union Générale, a most important industrial establishment. While here he contributed frequently to the "Moniteur Scientifique," and discovered a new coloring matter in the tar extracted from cider-apple pulp. It was at the age of twenty-five that he began to make the balloon ascensions which have rendered his name famous. His first was undertaken at Calais, on the 16th of August, 1868, in company with the aëronaut Duruof. The result of it was that Tissandier was encouraged to hope that, by the use of the various air currents, it might be possible, after all, to solve the problem of the direction of balloons. By rising and falling in their balloon the two aëronauts, on that occasion, were able to proceed in a given direction a distance of twenty-eight kilometres, and, if this otherwise unremarkable ascension was so greatly discussed at the time, it was because it seemed that at last—that is to say, by a proper application of the natural forces—the problem referred to might be considered to be capable of solution. It may be remarked here that, although M. Tissandier has since that time made no less than forty-five ascensions, he does not consider the problem any nearer solution than

it was a quarter of a century ago, as transpires in the conversation I have recently had with him.

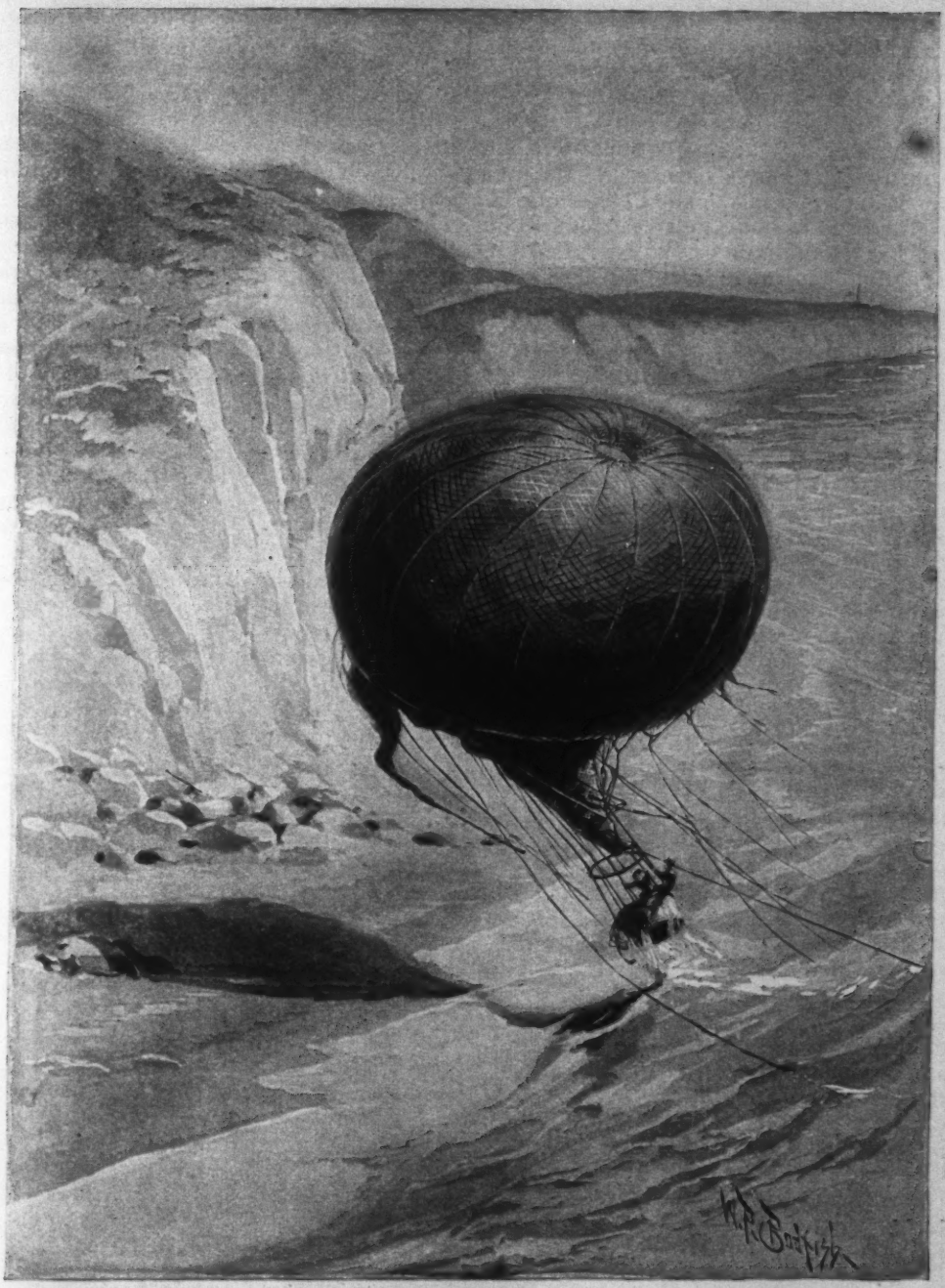
M. Tissandier lives on the fifth floor of a modern house in the Rue de Chateaudun, in a luxuriously furnished apartment. The ante-chamber is filled with bookshelves, and with cases laden with curiosities relating to the science with which his name is associated. Against the walls of the ante-chamber, as of the passages which lead from it to the various rooms, are pictures, mostly of the last century, depicting the heroes of aërostatics and various historical ascensions. In the fine drawing-room, into which the visitor is shown, are to be remarked a series of drawings representing the various episodes of the terrible ascension of 1875, which nearly cost M. Tissandier his life. This was the ascension of the balloon "Zenith" on the 15th of April, following closely upon the inaugural ascension undertaken in that balloon on March 23d, when M. Tissandier, in company with his brother Albert, a M. Jobert, and MM. Crocé-Spinelli and Sivel, remained over twenty-three hours in the air, thus beating the record of the world in the matter of length of a balloon voyage. Starting at noon on its second voyage, the "Zenith," manned by MM. Gaston Tissandier, Crocé-Spinelli, and Sivel, soon reached an altitude which had never been reached by a balloon before; that is to say, an altitude of twenty-eight thousand two hundred and fifteen feet. Before this height had been reached M. Tissandier lost consciousness and did not recover until the balloon had descended to an altitude of twenty-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-five feet. Then he had the horror to discover that his two companions, less fortunate than himself, had passed from the swoon to death. Not discouraged by this fearful experience Tissandier continued his experiments and ascensions. In 1881 he showed at the exhibition of electricity in the Palais de l'Industrie the model of an electric dirigible balloon, which seemed so satisfactory that some time after, having in vain tried to form a company, he associated himself with his brother Albert; and at their own expense they constructed, in an aërostatic workshop at Auteuil, a working air-ship of the same pattern, in which an ascension was first made on the 8th of October, 1883. Although the results obtained were not such as to allow it to be thought that the problem of steering balloons had been solved, it seemed established that in the use of electrical apparatus the solution of the problem must be expected. Captains Krebs and Rénard, of the government aërostatic service, took up the idea, and at Chalais-Meudon obtained some greatly superior results with improved apparatus.

"It is chiefly because of the success of these gentlemen," said M. Tissandier, "that I have of late abandoned my investigations. My brother and I have been the first to applaud the success of MM. Krebs and Rénard, because where the sacred interests of science or of fatherland are concerned, there can and should be no question of personalities."

TISSANDIER AT 32 YEARS.

A SCIENTIFIC WORK-ROOM AND CURIOSITY SHOP.

M. Gaston Tissandier's work-room—wherein, seated at a table covered with papers and books, with his back to a huge book-case reaching from floor to ceiling, the savant receives his visitors—contains, amongst other objects of interest, the unique plaster cast of a group designed by the sculptor Clodion in 1784, which it was intended to erect on the Place des Tuileries in honor of the brothers Montgolfier. The cast, which was never executed, represents a Genius inflating a balloon by means of a burning torch. Two little Cupids present to a sitting woman, who may



DESCENT OF THE BALLOON "NEPTUNE" AT CAPE GRIS-NEZ, AUGUST 16, 1868.

be supposed to represent France, or Fame, a medallion on which are designed in profile the heads of the two brothers who discovered ballooning. Behind sits a figure of Time with a scythe, and above him are two other Cupids. The cast is signed by Clodion, and is a unique and highly interesting work of art. M. Tissandier's apartment is full of such curiosities. Adjoining the stand on which this cast is placed is a cabinet filled with bonbon and snuff boxes of the last century, all of which are ornamented with designs and pictures relating to the discovery which, as M. Tissandier says, "was, it was thought, to revolutionize the world." Many of these, apart from this interest, are of great intrinsic beauty and value. In a cupboard in an adjoining

room M. Tissandier has a quantity of very rare old books, printed long before the Montgolfiers had made their discovery, proving that the possibility of aërial navigation had long impressed itself on the thinking world. One very curious book, and as rare as curious, is entitled, "L'Homme dans la Lune, ou le Voyage Chimerique fait au Monde de la Lune, nouvellement decouvert, Par Dominique Gonzalés, Aventurier Espagñol, auterment dit Le Courier Volant." This work was published in 1648. Another volume of great interest, forming part of this collection, is a work published in 1757, entitled, "The Art of Navigating in the Air, by Father Galien."

M. Tissandier's aërostatical collection contains upwards of three thousand different objects. In the huge portfolios stored in the dining-room, are hundreds of engravings, colored pictures, posters and handbills of the period of the discovery, amongst which are many most curious and interesting in character. One may mention especially a government announcement dated Tuesday, September 2, 1783, from the "Gazette de France," which was posted all over the environs of Paris, explaining that people had no reason to be frightened by the appearance of a balloon in the air, and should not consider it or its crew as dangerous; giving a brief explanation of what the balloon was and what might be expected of it, and commanding that the lives and apparatus of the aëronauts should be respected. M. Tissandier said: "I have been collecting everything relating to the history of ballooning for upwards of twenty-five years, and have, I think, the most complete collection of the kind in the world. I continue adding to it year by year, and have no difficulty now, as I always hear at once of any curiosity that may be on sale in any part of the world."

Perhaps the piece of his collection which M. Tissandier is proudest of is the original of a letter written by Franklin to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, London, describing the first ascension of the Montgolfiers, which he witnessed from the little house at Passy, where he was then residing. This letter, entirely in Franklin's writing, is dated November 21, 1783. It was bought by M. Tissandier, together with other papers, at a sale in England, a great bargain, for the price of ten guineas. The whole apartment overflows with aëronautic curiosities. In the bedroom is a chest of drawers inlaid in wood mosaic, highly colored, with a representation of the transport of Charles's balloon, the first one to be inflated with hydrogen, in December, 1783, from the Champs de Mars, where the inflation had been executed, to the Place des Tuileries, where the ascension was to take place. There is against the wall a wash-fountain in copper, on which is engraved a balloon bearing the inscription:

A CORNER IN TISSANDIER'S DRAWING-ROOM.

THE "SAILOR PRINCE" LOST IN THE SEA DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS. AFTER A DRAWING BY DE MYRBACH.

"Vive la Nation," which dates from 1794. Here may be seen a portrait of Blanchard, here one of Charles, here a colored sheet on which the game of balloons has taken the place of the royal game of goose, here a magic lantern with slides painted in Nuremberg, on which are depicted various ballooning scenes and heroes. The very modern furniture is in harmony with the general character of the place. The chairs in both drawing-room and study are covered with tapestry on which are worked representations of balloon ascensions.

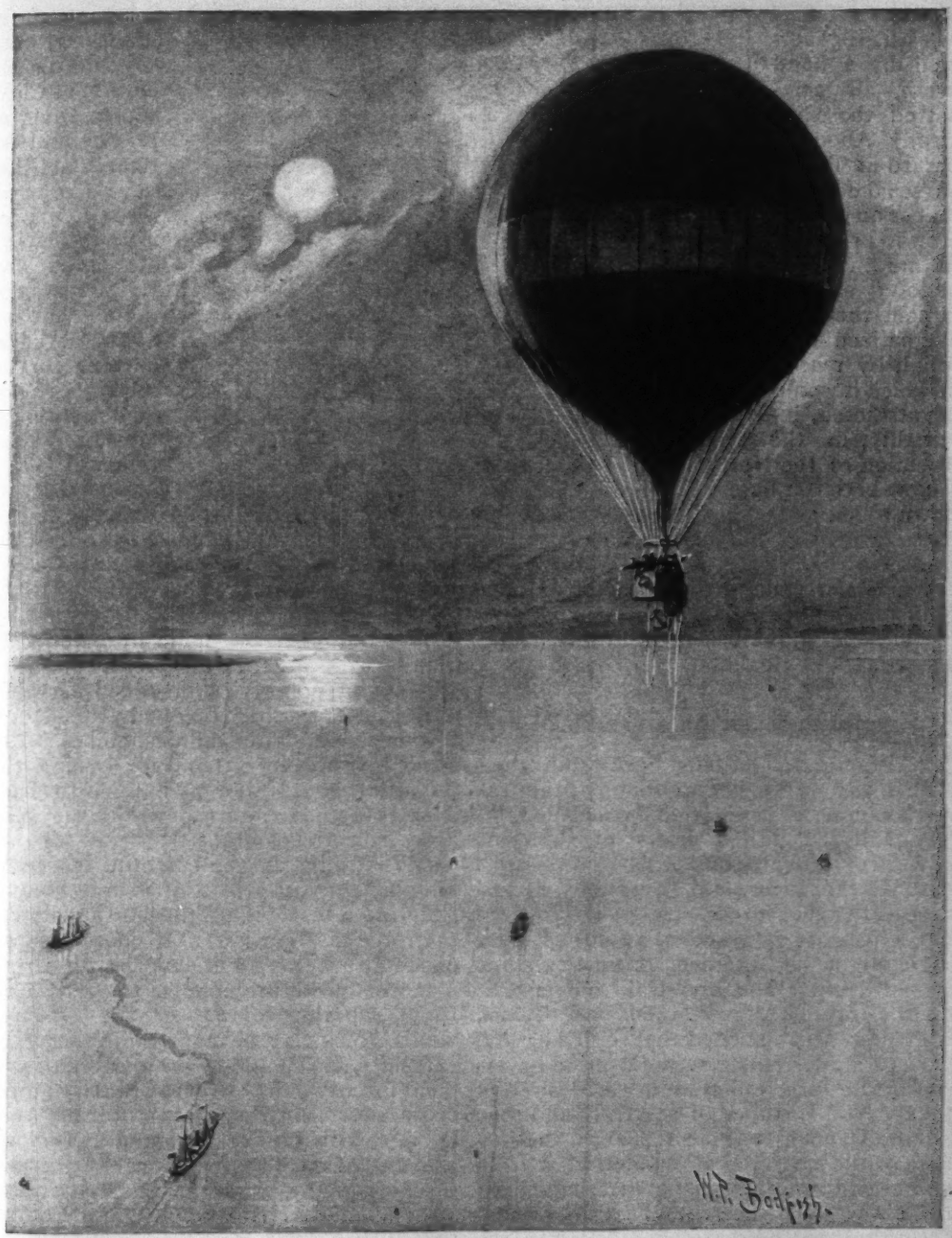
Yet M. Tissandier says that now for some time he has given up research in this field of study, the reason being chiefly that he does not wish to compete with his confrères at Meudon, and also that he is kept very busy with his literary work. He has found time to contribute largely to French literature. Among his most important works, apart from those of a more strictly scientific character, may be enumerated his "Scientific Recreations," which was crowned by the French Academy; "Water," "Martyrs of Science," "Heroes of Labor," "Souvenirs of a Military Aëronaut in the Army of the Loire," the magnificent "History of Ballooning," and "History of my Ascensions." Besides these works, he has written largely for the principal papers and reviews of France. It was shortly after the war that he founded the magazine "La Nature," which he still edits, and which has

become so valuable a property in his hands. "I founded that journal," said M. Tissandier, "because I felt that everybody ought to work towards the regeneration of France; that everybody who could do something towards reconstructing our dear country should do so; that everybody who could work should work, according to his abilities; and that was the best way that we could serve the fatherland at a time when it was in such sore distress."

THE FUTURE OF BALLOONING.

In answer to a question as to his opinion on the future of ballooning, M. Tissandier said: "I believe that the sanguine expectations which were aroused at the time of Montgolfier's first experiments will some day be realized, and that the conditions of human life will, in consequence, be completely revolutionized. Already very great progress has been made within recent years towards the solution of the problem of steering balloons, on which the whole question of the future of ballooning, as a science of practical utility to man, entirely depends. The recent experiments at Chalais-Meudon seem to point to the fact that the various conditions of success have at last been discovered, and that it is only a question of time and perseverance now.

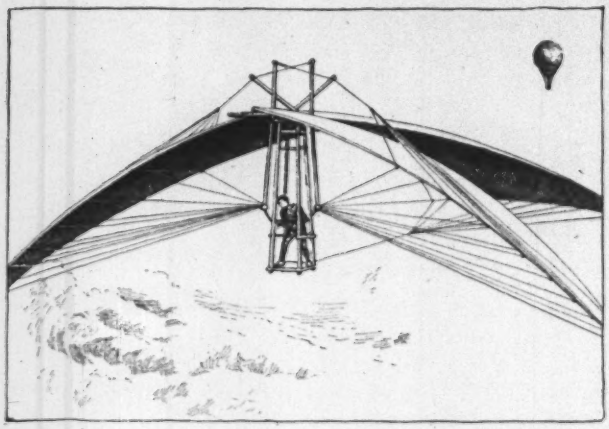
"The conditions of success, on which the solution of the problem of steering balloons depends, are four: a motor, a screw, a rudder, and a speed superior to that of the wind. If balloons are to be steered, the balloon must have a motive power by which it can be moved forward and upwards and downwards when it is necessary to take it out of a current of wind superior to its own speed. For, as we discovered, the rate of speed of the wind varies according to the altitude. You find layers of atmosphere, if I may use that expression, one above the other, moving at very different rates of speed. The motor must move a screw, because the screw is the most powerful means known of propelling a body through a fluid. Just as it is the best means of propulsion for a ship in water, it is the best for a ship in the air, which is only a fluid of less density than water. Similarly, the shape of the balloon should resemble that of a ship, because the same conditions are applicable to the one as to the other; that is to say, it should be of an elongated form and should be fitted with a rudder, placed at its stern, made of stuff smooth and taut, and fulfilling the same functions and obeying the same principles as the rudder of a ship. A balloon of elongated shape, fitted with a screw, set in motion by a motor, and with steering gear such as I have described, would sail as surely in any direction that might be desired as a steamship in the sea, so long as the air was still. It is the opposing force of the air currents—that is to say, of the wind—which makes the steering of the air-ship a matter of such difficulty. When the speed of the air, coming in the face of the balloon, is equal to that generated by the balloon itself, the air-ship remains stationary; when it is superior, the balloon is driven back. The problem is to find a motor of sufficient power to maintain a rate of speed superior to that of the strongest air current. All kinds of motors have been tried without result in the past. The first motor essayed was the oar, worked by the aëronaut himself. This was the invention of Blanchard in 1784. He claimed to have solved the problem and to have been able to direct his balloon against the wind by means of his oars, which were worked by hand, much like the oars of a boat. Similar attempts were made in the same year by Guyton de Morveau and Abbé Bertrand at Dijon, the oars in this case being more in the form of paddles, made of silk tightly stretched over a light wood frame, and worked by hand like the wings of a bird. Abbé Miolan and his companion, getting nearer to the truth, about the same time experimented with a balloon which was fitted with one gigantic oar worked like a scull over the stern of a boat. I say that they got nearer to the truth, because it was from the scull worked over the stern of the boat that the idea of the screw was taken as a means of propulsion; and it is in the screw, and the screw only, that the hope of the modern aëronaut lies. But all these experiments were, from the outset, destined to remain impracticable, for the simple reason that man's arm power is too feeble to compete with the wind even at an ordinary rate of speed. As to the next development, which was that of the use of sails, it cannot but have proceeded from a perfect ignorance of the most elementary principles of physics. A M. Tissandier de la Mothe—no, he was no relation of mine—solemnly proposed to the Academy of Sciences an invention for applying to the 'aërostatic globe' the same sails that are applied to ships in the water. It was an absurdity, because the balloon, relatively to the air by which it is surrounded, is in a state of such absolute immobility that the flame of a candle lighted in a balloon



THE BALLOON "ZENITH" PASSING OVER THE RIVER GIRONDE, NEAR ITS MOUTH, MARCH 24, 1875.

does not flicker, and a soap-bubble (I have tried this myself again and again) can be laid down on any part of the balloon and will remain as utterly motionless as a stone-weight. The sails applied to a balloon, even in the strongest hurricane, would not receive a breath of air. It is fair to the Academy of Sciences of the time to say that they at once saw the absurdity of M. de la Mothe's proposal. But De la Mothe was not the only man who, from a want of elementary scientific knowledge, thought to solve the problem of the steering of balloons by the use of sails. An Englishman named Martyn, a certain Guyot—who, by the way, proposed that balloons should be made egg-shaped—a savant named Robertson, who ought to have known better, and a M. Terzuolo, who proposed, as late as 1855, that the sail to be fitted to the balloon

should be inflated with air generated by a hand pump, all committed the same error. About as absurd as Terzuolo's idea was that of an inventor who proposed to me that the balloon should be constructed of magnetized material, by reason of which it would be attracted, invariably, in the direction of the North Pole. I think that I have his letter here." M. Tissandier took down a box and opened a number of paper cases which, as he showed me, were impressed with the water-mark of Montgolfier brothers, descendants of the famous Montgolfiers, who are engaged in the manufacture of paper in the centre of France. The water-mark is a balloon.



FLYING MACHINE IN WHICH DE GROOF WAS KILLED, JULY 9, 1874.

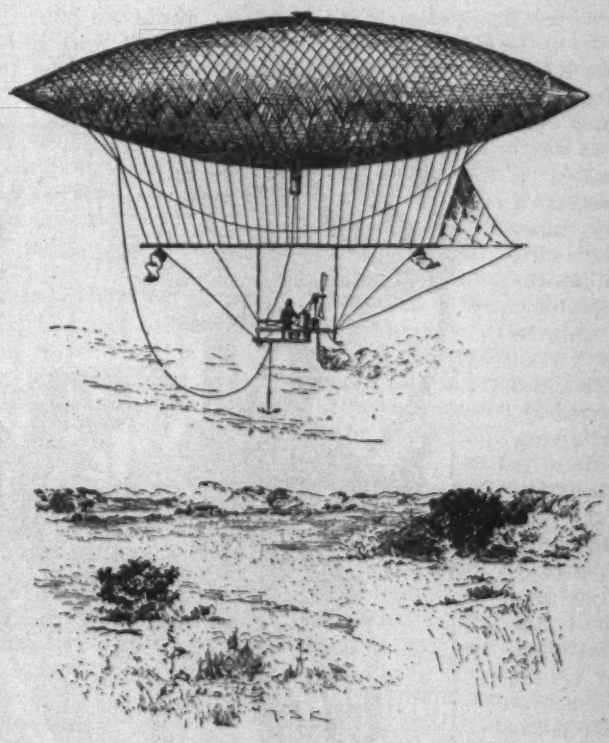
THE PROBLEM OF STEERING.

"Although it had long been established that it was useless hoping for any practical results in aërial navigation," continued M. Tissandier, "until a motor of sufficient power could be discovered, it was thought that, in the meanwhile, by taking advantage of the very forces which it had to combat, some sort of practical result, as a *pis aller*, might be obtained. I fancy that it was M. Duruof and myself, in our ascent on the 16th of August, 1868, near Calais, who first demonstrated that, by using the various air currents, one might more or less sail in the direction that it was desired to take. At a distance of one thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine feet from the surface of the earth the air current blew from northeast to southwest. Above that height there was an air current which blew in exactly the opposite direction. Between the two was a thick layer of clouds. Thus by rising above or by sinking below this layer of clouds we obtained two absolutely opposed directions. Thanks to this circumstance, we were able to travel a distance of twenty-seven kilometres in one direction, and then, by a mere manœuvre with the ballast, to return to nearly the same spot we had started from. By tacking, moreover, had we dared, we could, I believe, have crossed right over to England and returned to France without any danger. Duruof at Cherbourg, Jovis at Nice, and M. Bunelle at Odessa, repeated these experiments with equal success. But, as I say, this taking advantage of the aërial currents for following any given direction can only be considered as a *pis aller* in certain cases. Very often, of course, there are no favorable currents of which advantage can be taken. At other times the winds are entirely adverse, for the phenomena of contrary winds at different heights are not reliable. I have been frequently disappointed, even when setting out with the hope of being able, thanks to a favorable current, to reach a given point, notably on one occasion when, during the war, I travelled from Rouen with letters and official despatches. I ascended with every ground for hoping that the wind would take my balloon to Paris, but was forced to interrupt my journey miles away from the capital.

"What must be the essential is a motor of sufficient power to turn a screw so as to generate a force of propulsion superior to the force of the wind. Of course, nobody expects that there will ever be discovered a motor powerful enough to generate a force superior to that of the strongest winds which may be met with in the air, but certainly one should be practicable of sufficient force to compete with ordinary air currents, such as in nine cases out of ten would be met with by the aëronaut. Tempests are not of such frequent occurrence as to discourage the experiment. A great step was taken by Henri Giffard, and I believe that if that great man had lived—he died by his own hand, discouraged when failing health interrupted his wonderful career, just at a time when he was preparing an experiment of the highest interest—I believe, I say, that the problem would already have been solved. His first experiments were with balloons propelled by a steam-motor. He was only twenty-six. It was in 1851 when he took out a patent for a system of balloon navigation by the use of steam power, and on the 24th of September,

1852, he made his first ascent at the Hippodrome. His balloon was elongated in shape, measuring forty-four metres from point to point, and eleven in diameter at its longest diameter.

"It was Giffard who established the fact that the balloon must be of an elongated model, so as to present the least surface to the friction of the air. In 1855 he constructed another balloon of elongated form, containing three thousand two hundred cubic metres of gas. Though winds were unfavorable, and the force of propulsion generated by the steam-motor inferior to that of the winds against which it had to battle, the balloon made a very good fight of it, and at the same time the usefulness of the rudder was established. Giffard was able to tack in the directions he wished, moving from right to left and from left to right in his efforts to escape the full force of the opposing currents. He may be said to have definitely proved the fact that the balloon, to be steered, must be fitted with a rudder, and that this may be made effective by a motor of sufficient power. It is to Giffard, whom I shall always consider as my master and my Mæcenas, that we owe it, that the problem of aërial navigation can no longer be treated as the Utopia of science. M. Pupuy de Lôme confirmed this by the remarkable ascent which he effected in 1872. De Lôme's motor was again of insufficient strength, yet certain results were obtained in the way of deviation from the current, and it was finally made clear that results could be expected from the elongated balloon fitted with steering gear and propelled by a screw. But the motor had yet, and has yet, to be found.



GIFFARD'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON IN FLIGHT, SEPTEMBER 24, 1852.

"If the steam-motor, in spite of the results obtained by Giffard and by De Lôme, has been abandoned, it is for a number of practical reasons. In the first place, it is very dangerous. Consider the peril of a furnace placed under a mass so inflammable as an immense body of hydrogen gas. One shudders to think of the accidents which might ensue in the air. For this reason alone the use of the steam-motor must be considered impracticable. Another objection, and a very serious one, is that the balloon worked by a steam-motor would always be diminishing weight as the fuel and the water were consumed; the former dissipating in gas and smoke and the latter in steam. The balloon, accordingly, would be constantly rising in the air, and the only way of lowering it would be by sacrificing its contents; that is to say, by diminishing its volume of gas, the result of which would be that its duration would be singularly shortened. Giffard knew of all these objections and had planned measures for overcoming them, which unfortunately he was never able to execute. Thus, by the use of a condenser, he hoped to collect the steam as it left the boiler, to reduce it to water, and, using it again, to avoid the loss of weight, which was such a fatal objection to the steam-boiler. He also proposed to use hydrogen gas as fuel, using for this purpose the gas which, as the balloon ascends and the pressure of the atmosphere diminishes, is forced from it. The balloon would thus have been self-feeding, and no fuel would have had to be carried, thus still further reducing the inconvenience caused by a constant loss of weight.

"Other experiments have been tried with compressed air-motors, gas-motors, and others. The objection to all these is their enormous weight.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE ELECTRIC MOTOR.

"My opinion is, that the only motor which will solve the question is the electric motor. It was I who first took out a patent for this idea, my patent being for 'the application of electricity to aërial navigation.' That was in 1881, and in a note communicated to the Academy of Sciences I explained the advantages of the electric motor. In the first place, it works without a furnace. Secondly, its weight never diminishes nor increases during its working, and it is set in motion with the greatest ease. Assisted by M. Gaston Plante and other savants and engineers, I was at last able to realize my project of an electric motor. A reduced model of the electric balloon was exhibited at the Electricity Exhibition in 1881. It was inflated with pure hydrogen, and the screw, worked by an electric motor, attained a speed of three metres a second. It was not, however, until 1883 that, with the help and collaboration of my brother, Albert Tissandier, I was able to construct a balloon worked by an electric motor for actual navigation. Our balloon, following the principles verified by the experiments of De Lôme and of Giffard, was of elongated form, measuring twenty-eight metres from point to point, and having a diameter of nine metres at its broadest part. The tissue was of calico, glazed with a varnish specially invented for the purpose by M. Arnoul of Saint Ouen-l'Aumone. The volume of the balloon was ten hundred and sixty cubic metres. Our motor was not, however, of sufficient force to overcome that of the wind, and the best result obtained was that we remained stationary. When sailing with the wind, however, our screw propelled us in a very satisfactory manner. We were delighted with the easy working of the motor, and the result of this experiment was to confirm absolutely the principle that it is the electric motor that must be used. Although we did not make headway against a wind blowing at a rate of three metres the second, we were able to resist it and to deviate from its current by tacking, with the greatest facility.

"In September, 1884, having in the meanwhile improved our rudder, we made another ascent with an improved machine, and, heading against a wind blowing at the rate of four metres the second, were able to progress against it for about a quarter of an hour. Unfortunately, we had only enough material to work our motor for a limited period, and were driven to interrupt our voyage about an hour too early. At that time the wind was blowing with a force very much inferior to that of our motor,

CAR OF THE "ZENITH" IN THE ASCENSION OF APRIL 15, 1875, WHEN MM. CROCE-SPINELLI AND SIVEL WERE KILLED. SIVEL, ON THE LEFT, IS CUTTING LOOSE THE BALLAST-SACKS FILLED WITH SAND. TISSANDIER, IN THE CENTRE, IS OBSERVING THE BAROMETRES. CROCE-SPINELLI, HAVING JUST FINISHED SOME OBSERVATIONS OF THE SPECTROSCOPE, IS TAKING A DRAUGHT OF OXYGEN.

which was one of four metres to the second, and had we been able to continue its working we could have sailed back to Paris as easily as if, instead of being in a balloon, we had been in a screw steamer on a calm sea. Altogether, both my brother and myself had every reason to be satisfied with the result of our experiments, and to consider that a step had been taken toward the solution of the problem on which the whole future of ballooning will depend. We were unable to continue our experiments, because we had not the necessary funds; and this was also to a great extent the reason why we did not obtain better results at the time. Our material was altogether insufficient, our motors too weak, but we were not able to afford anything more expensive. Another reason why we do not continue our experiments—for perhaps money could be found for executing them on a really practical scale—is, that we do not wish to enter into competition with the aëronauts at Chalais-Meudon, who are supported by, and work for, the French Ministry of War. The director of the Chalais-Meudon works is Captain Rénard, who, in collaboration with Captain Krebs, took up my screw at the bow, which screw was worked by a very powerful dynamo of special construction. The ascent took place on the 4th of August, the trip lasting twenty-three minutes, during which a space of four and a third miles was covered, the balloon being guided from start to finish with a precision which can only be compared to that with which a screw steamer is manœuvred in the water. Again, in 1885, another ascent was made with a perfected balloon. The balloon was steered towards Paris, and returned to the point of departure with the greatest ease and precision.

"The result of these experiments is, that with elongated balloons fitted with a screw propeller, generating a force of speed of from three to six metres the second, the aëronaut can travel in whatever direction he chooses for a limited space of time, provided that the weather be favorable; that is to say, provided the speed of any head-wind he may encounter be not superior to the speed generated by the motor carried, and working on his balloon. This result shows what remains to be done; we must improve the motors in point both of speed and of weight. It is also clear that the bigger the balloon the better the results to be looked for; because, while the resistance only increases in proportion to the surface presented, the ascensional force increases in proportion to the cube of its dimensions. All the objections made to the possibility of steering balloons have one after another been proved futile. It has been said that balloons cannot resist the pressure of the air, and that they must be torn to pieces after a short passage. But it has been established that a well-constructed balloon of elongated form can travel without any such danger for a very long distance, and that, by increasing the solidity of the material of which it is made, this danger can be entirely removed. I think that the balloon which will finally solve the problem will be one of an even more elongated form than any tried up to the present time. It will have a screw, because that is the best means of propulsion known to-day. But while I believe the balloon of the future will be worked by electricity, I do not see why experiments should not be continued with the steam motor; for, by the use of condensers, such as were suggested, and, but for his unfortunate death, would have been experimented on, by Henri Giffard, and by isolating the furnace with metal work, the objections and danger would be reduced to a minimum. Similarly the gas motor might be experimented with further, provided its great intrinsic weight can be reduced to reasonable limits.*

"In conclusion," said M. Tissandier, "I may say that I am extremely hopeful that it may be given to me to see the problem which I have so long worked at solved even in my lifetime. All that is required is time, money, and perseverance."

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* The requirement of lightness in the material of construction, it may be added to what M. Tissandier says above, seems to be fully met in aluminium, which has now become a commercial metal. This has only one-third the specific gravity of steel, and its tensile strength is equal to that of malleable iron.

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON'S REMAINS FROM ST. HELENA TO THE BANKS OF THE SEINE IN 1840.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard.

It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so well.—Testament of Napoleon, 2d Clause.

He wants not this; but France shall feel the want
Of this last consolation, though so scant;
Her honor, fame, and faith demand his bones,
To rear above a pyramid of thrones;
Or carried onward, in the battle's van,
To form, like Guesclin's dust, her talisman.
But be it as it is, the time may come,
His name shall beat the alarm like Ziska's drum.
—Byron, in *The Age of Bronze.*

THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES SURPRISED.

ON May 12, 1840, Louis Philippe being king of the French people, the Chamber of Deputies was busy with a discussion on sugar tariffs. It had been dragging somewhat, and the members were showing signs of restlessness. Suddenly the Count de Rémusat, then Minister of Interior, appeared, and asked a hearing for a communication from the government.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the king has ordered his Royal Highness Monseigneur the Prince de Joinville* to go with his frigate to the island of St. Helena, there to collect the remains of the Emperor Napoleon."

A tremor ran over the House. The announcement was utterly unexpected. Napoleon to come back! The body seemed electrified, and the voice of the minister was drowned for a moment in applause. When he went on, it was to say:

"We have come to ask for an appropriation which shall enable us to receive the remains in a fitting manner, and to raise an enduring tomb to Napoleon."

"*Très bien! Très bien!*" cried the House.

"The government, anxious to discharge a great national duty, asked England for the precious treasure which fortune had put into her hands.

"The thought of France was welcomed as soon as expressed. Listen to the reply of our magnanimous ally:

"'The government of her Majesty hopes that the promptness of her response will be considered in France as a proof of her desire to efface the last traces of those national animosities which armed France and England against each other in the life of the emperor. The government of her Majesty dares to hope that if such sentiments still exist in certain quarters, they will be buried in the tomb where the remains of Napoleon are to be deposited.'"

COUNT BERTRAND.

The reading of this generous and dignified communi-

*The Prince de Joinville was the third son of Louis Philippe.

cation caused a profound sensation, and cries of "*Bravo! bravo!*" reëchoed through the hall. The minister, so well received, grew eloquent.

"England is right, gentlemen; the noble way in which restitution has been made will knit the bonds which unite us. It will wipe out all traces of a sorrowful past. The time has come when the two nations should remember only their glory. The frigate freighted with the mortal remains of Napoleon will return to the mouth of the Seine. They will be placed in the Invalides. A solemn celebration and grand religious and military ceremonies will consecrate the tomb which must guard them forever.

"It is important, gentlemen, that this august sepulchre should not remain exposed in a public place, in the midst of a noisy and inappreciative populace. It should be in a silent and sacred spot, where all those who honor glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune, can visit it and meditate.

"He was emperor and king. He was the legitimate sovereign of our country. He is entitled to burial at Saint-Denis. But the ordinary royal sepulchre is not enough for Napoleon. He should reign and command forever in the spot where the country's soldiers repose, and where those who are called to defend it will seek their inspiration. His sword will be placed on his tomb.

KING LOUIS PHILIPPE.

"Art will raise beneath the dome of the temple consecrated to the god of battles, a tomb worthy, if that be possible, of the name which shall be engraved upon it. This monument must have a simple beauty, grand outlines, and that appearance of eternal strength which defies the action of time. Napoleon must have a monument lasting as his memory. . . .

"Hereafter France, and France alone, will possess all that remains of Napoleon. His tomb, like his fame, will belong to no one but his country. The monarchy of 1830 is the only and the legitimate heir of the past of which France is so proud. It is the duty of this monarchy, which was the first to rally all the forces and to conciliate all the aspirations of the French Revolution, fearlessly to raise and honor the statue and the tomb of the popular hero. There is one thing, one only, which does not fear comparison with glory—that is liberty." *

Throughout this speech, every word of which was an astonishment to the Chamber, sincere and deep emotion prevailed. At intervals enthusiastic applause burst forth. For a moment all party distinctions were forgotten. The whole House was under the sway of that strange and powerful emotion which Napoleon, as no other leader who ever lived, was able to inspire.

When the minister followed his speech

* "Le Moniteur Universel," May 13, 1840.

by the draft of a law for a special credit of one million francs, a member, beside himself with excitement, moved that rules be laid aside and the law voted without the legal preliminaries. The president refused to put so irregular a motion, but the House would not be quiet. The deputies left their places, formed in groups in the hemicycle, surrounded the minister, congratulating him with fervor. They walked up and down, gesticulating and shouting. It was fully half an hour before the president was able to bring them to order, and then they were in anything but a working mood.

"The president must close the session," cried an agitated member; "the law which has just been proposed has caused too great emotion for us to return now to discussing sugar."

But the president replied very properly, and a little sententiously, that the Chamber owed its time to the country's business, and that it must give it. And, in spite of their excitement, the members had to go back to their sugar.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "GRANDE PENSÉE."

But how had it come about that the French government had dared burst upon the country with so astounding a communication? There were many explanations offered. A curious story which went abroad took the credit from the king and gave it to O'Connell, the Irish agitator.*

LORD PALMERSTON.

As the story went, O'Connell had warned Lord Palmerston that he proposed to present a bill in the Commons for returning Napoleon's remains to France.

"Take care," said Lord Palmerston. "Instead of pleasing the French government, you may embarrass it seriously."

"That is not the question," answered O'Connell. "The question for me is what I ought to do. Now, my duty is to propose to the Commons to return the emperor's bones. England's duty is to welcome the motion. I shall make my proposition, then, without disturbing myself about whom it will flatter or wound."

"So be it," said Lord Palmerston. "Only give me fifteen days."

"Very well," answered O'Connell.

Immediately Lord Palmerston wrote to M. Thiers, then at the head of the French Ministry, that he was about to be forced to tell the country that England had never refused to return the remains of Napoleon to France, because France had never asked that they be returned. As the story goes, M. Thiers advised Louis Philippe to forestall O'Connell, and thus it came about that Napoleon's remains were returned to France.

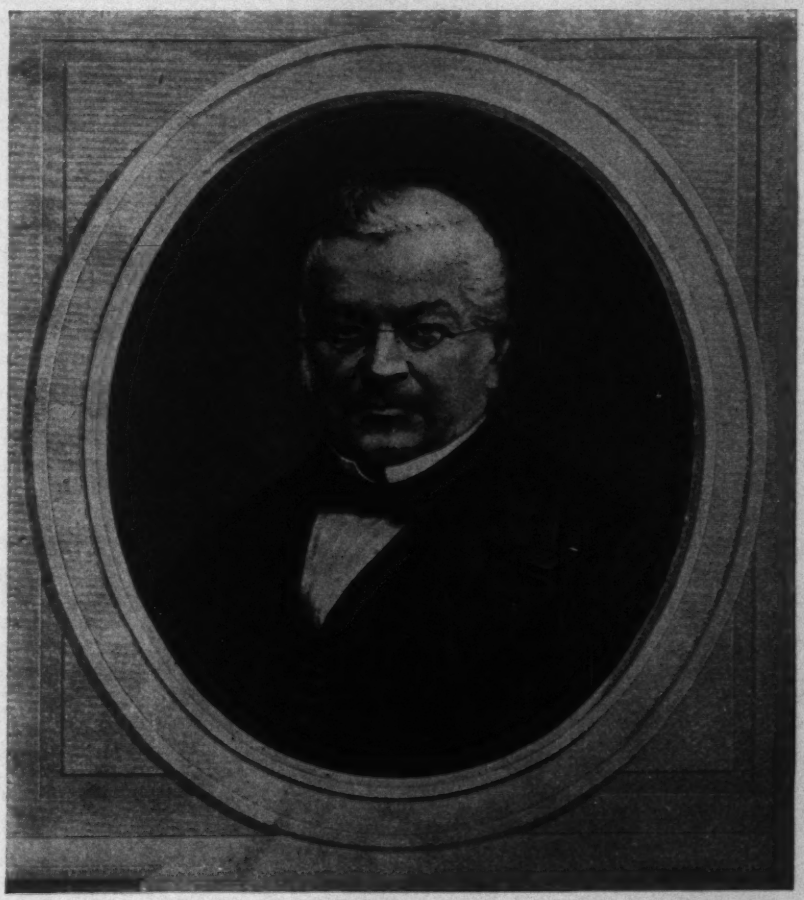
The *grande pensée*, as the idea was immediately called, seems, however, to have originated with M. Thiers, who saw in it a means of reawakening the waning interest in Louis Philippe. He believed that the very audacity of the act would create admiration and applause. Then, too, it was in harmony with the claim of the régime; that is, that the government of 1830 united all that was best in all the past governments of France, and so was stronger than any one of them. The mania of both king and minister for collecting and restoring made them think favorably of the idea. Already Louis Philippe had inaugurated galleries at Versailles, and hung them with miles of canvas, celebrating the victories of all his predecessors. In the gallery of portraits he had placed Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. beside Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre, and Napoleon and his marshals.

He had already replaced the statue of Napoleon on the top of the Column Vendôme. He had restored cathedrals,

* "Histoire de la vie politique et privée de Louis Philippe," par M. A. Dumas, vol. ii., page 152.

churches, and chateaux, put up statues and monuments, and all this he had done with studied indifference to the politics of the individuals honored.

Yet while so many little important personages were being exalted, the remains of the greatest leader France had ever known, were lying in a far-away island. Louis Philippe felt that no monument he could build to the heroes of the past would equal the honor of restoring Napoleon's remains.



THIERS.

The matter was simpler, because it was almost certain that England would not block the path. The *entente cordiale*, whose base had been laid by Talleyrand nearly ten years earlier, had become comparatively solid peace, and either nation was willing to go out of the way, if necessary, to do the other a neighborly kindness. France was so full of good will that she was even willing to ask a favor.

The proposal was so sudden that even Guizot, then French ambassador at London, was almost overpowered by his orders * to sound the British ministry on the subject. Had the Emperor Napoleon no more partisans or heirs? Were the attempts of Joseph in 1830, of Louis Napoleon in 1836, forgotten? Was it the business of Louis Philippe to resurrect a rival? Would Napoleon's tomb be a gage of security within, a symbol of peace without? His first moment of surprise passed, however, Guizot accepted the sentimental explanation of the enterprise, and played his part with zest. "The consequences are none of my business," he told his London friends who were alarmed at the idea. "Free countries are three-decked vessels living in the midst of tempests. They rise and fall, and the very waves which rack them, send them ahead. I like this life, this spectacle. It is worth living for! And there are so few things of which one can say that!"

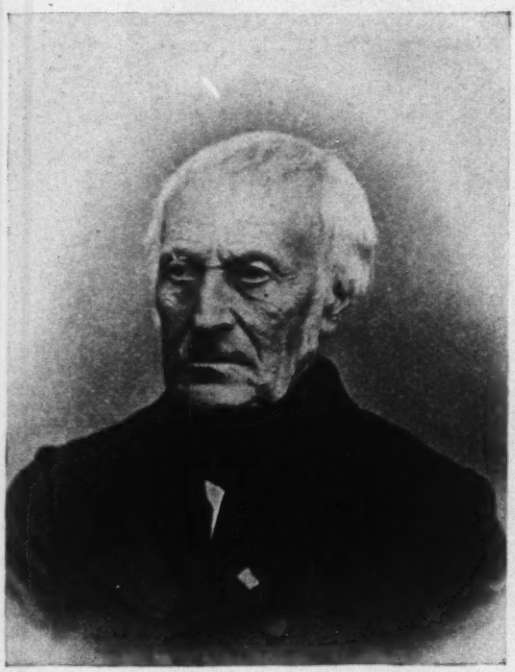
* "Mémoirs pour servir à l'histoire de mon temps," par M. Guizot, v. 3. p. 106.

Two days after Guizot had explained the project to Lord Palmerston, and made his request, he had his reply.

The remains of the "emperor" were at the disposition of the French. Of the "emperor," notice! After twenty-five years England recalled the act of her ministers in July, 1815, and recognized that France made Napoleon emperor as well as general. It is easy to be just where one is not afraid.

HOW THE COUNTRY RECEIVED THE NEWS.

The announcement that Napoleon's remains were to be brought back, produced the same effect upon the country at large that it had upon the Chamber—a moment of acute emotion, of all-forgetting enthusiasm. But in the Chamber and the country the feeling was short-lived. The political aspects of the bold movement were too conspicuous. A chorus of criticisms and forebodings arose. It was more of M. Thiers' claptrap, said those opposed to the English policy of the government. What particularly angered this party, was the words "magnanimous ally" in the minister's address.



GUIZOT.

The Bonapartes feigned to despise the proposed ceremony. It was insufficient for the greatness of their hero. One million francs could not possibly produce the display the object demanded. Another point of theirs was more serious. The emperor was the legitimate sovereign of the country, they said, quoting from the minister's speech to the Chamber, and they added: "His title was founded on the *senatus consultum* of the year 12, which, by an equal number of suffrages, secured the succession to his brother Joseph. It was then unquestionably Joseph Bonaparte who was proclaimed emperor of the French by the Minister of the Interior, and amid the applause of the deputies."

Scoffers said that Louis Philippe must have discovered that his soft mantle of popularity was about worn out, if he was going to make one of the old gray redingote of a man whom he had called a monster. The Legitimists denied that Napoleon was a legitimate sovereign with a right to sleep at Saint-Denis like a Bourbon or a Valois. The Orleanists were wounded by the hopes they saw inspired in the Bonapartists by this declaration. The Republicans resented the honor done to the man whom they held up as the greatest of all despots.

There was a conviction among many that the restoration was premature, and probably would bring on the country an agitation which would endanger the stability of the throne. It was tempting the Bonaparte pretensions certainly, and perhaps arousing a tremendous popular sentiment to support them. Lamartine warned the Chamber in an eloquent address.

"The ministers assure us that the throne will not shrink beside such a tomb. Will these ovations, this cortége, this posthumous crowning of what they call a legitimacy, this great movement given by the impulsion of the government itself to the sentiment of the masses, this shock to the popular imagination, these prolonged and touching spectacles, these recitals, these popular publications, these editions of the Napoleonic idea five hundred million copies strong, these bills of indemnity given to a happy despotism, this adoration of success—will all this have no danger for the future of representative monarchy?" *

While the press and government, the clubs and *cafés*, discussed the political side of the question, the populace quietly revived the Napoleon legend. Within two days after the government had announced its intentions, commerce had begun to take advantage of the financial possibilities in the approaching ceremony. New editions of the "Lives" of Napoleon which Vernet and Raffet had illustrated, were advertised. Dumas' "Life" and Thiers' "Consulate and

* "Le Moniteur Universel," May 27, 1840.

Empire" were announced. Memoirs of the period, like those of the Duchesse d'Abrantès and of Marmont, were revived.

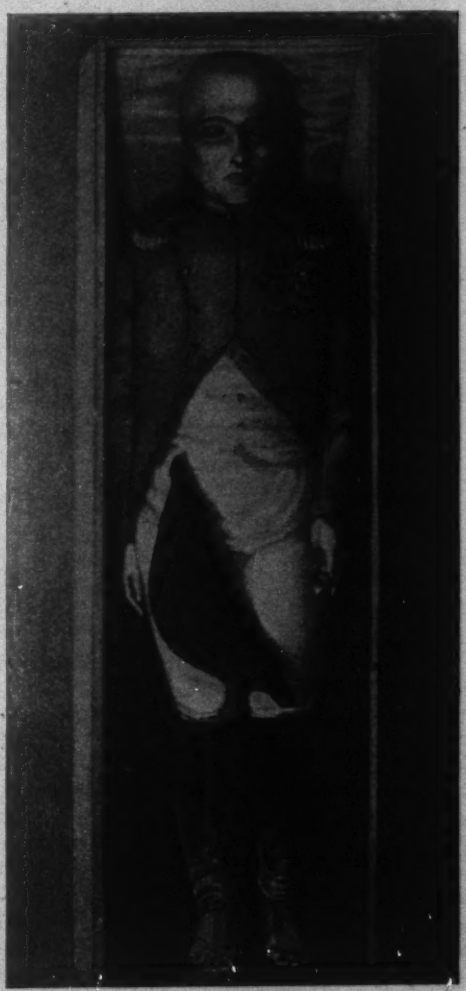
As on the announcement of Napoleon's death in 1821, there was an inundation of pamphlets in verse and prose; of portraits and war compositions, lithographs, engravings, and wood-cuts; of thousands of little objects such as the French know so well how to make. The shops and street carts were heaped with every conceivable article *à la Napoléon*. In a short time the country was experiencing a movement similar in character to that which has swept over France during the last two years, with this difference: In 1840 there was a deep and sincere personal affection for Napoleon still existing among thousands of old soldiers who had served under him. This gave a genuineness to the feeling, quite unlike anything to be seen in France to-day, where there is more or less affectation in the cult professed. There was, too, in 1840, a decided political character to the movement. The imperial cause had hosts of defenders then. To-day there is only the feeblest political force in the Napoleon movement. The present interest is preëminently literary.

Day by day the legend grew among the people. It was fed in a thousand ways. There were numbers of thrilling public presentations, as when Bertrand sent to Louis Philippe his master's sword, to be put upon the coffin when it should reach France. There was a revival of the tales of the Empire, and hundreds of old men related, about the *café* tables, stories like those of General Marbot, rife with heroism, adventure, pathos, and wit. The preparations for the expedition excited great curiosity. Thousands went to see the splendid ebony casket made to receive the remains. The *chambre ardente* prepared in the "Belle Poule," the vessel which was to conduct the Prince de Joinville, the commander of the expedition, and his suite, to St. Helena, was the object of numberless pilgrimages during all the time that the vessel lay in the harbor of Toulon. The Napoleon legend grew as the people gazed.

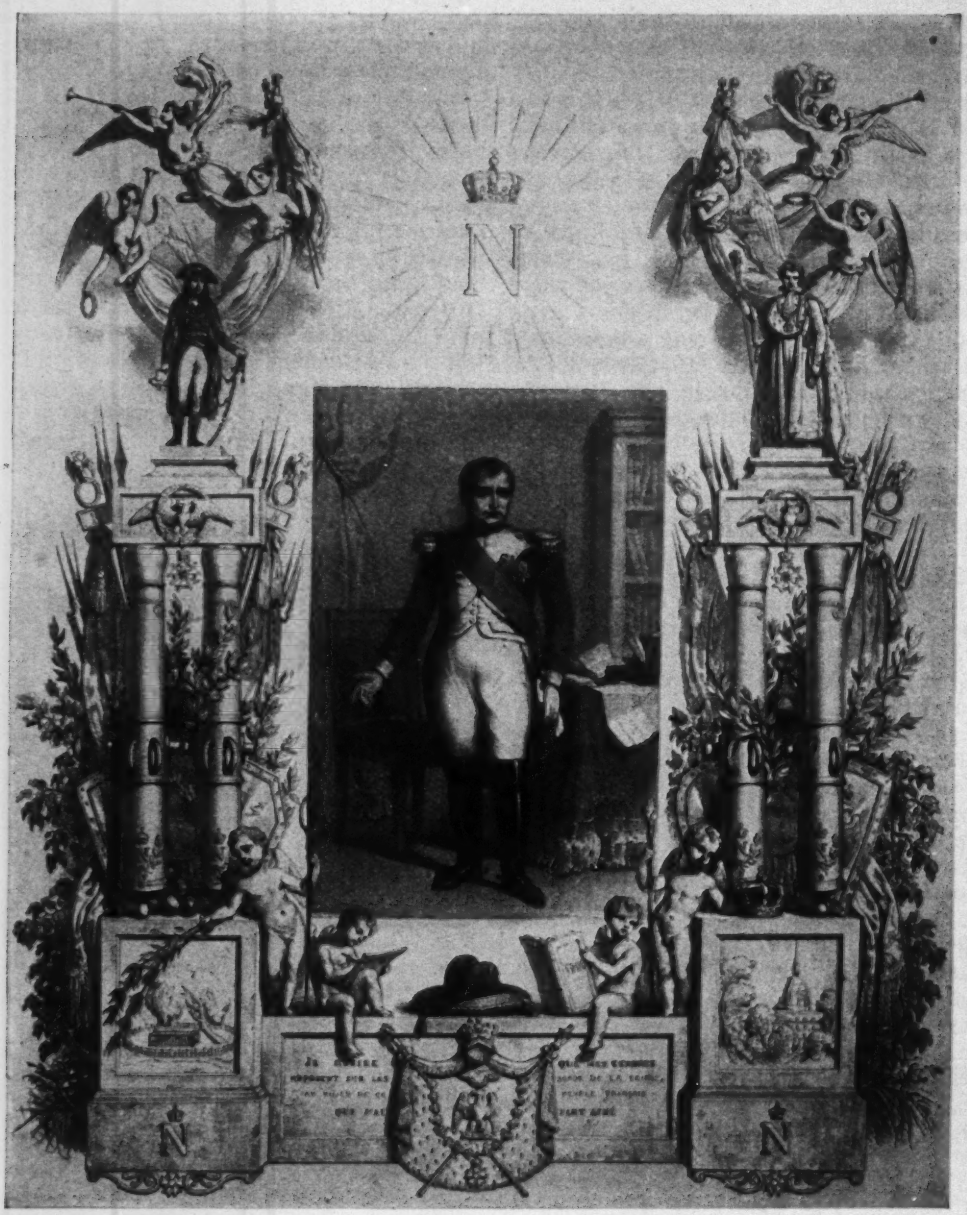
THE VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA.

On July 7th the "Belle Poule" sailed from Toulon accompanied by the "Favorite." The commander of the expedition, the Prince de Joinville, had not received his orders to go on the expedition with great pleasure. Two of his brothers had just been sent to Africa to fight, and he envied them their opportunities for adventures and glory; and, besides, he was sick of a most plebeian complaint, the measles. "One day as I lay in high fever," he says in his "Memoirs," "I saw my father appear, followed by M. de Rémusat, then Minister of the Interior. This unusual visit filled me with astonishment, and my surprise increased when my father said, 'Joinville, you are to go out to Saint Helena and bring back Napoleon's coffin.' If I had not been in bed already I should have fallen down flat, and at first blush I felt nowise flattered when I compared the warlike campaign my brothers were on with the undertaker's job I was being sent to perform in the other hemisphere. But I served my country, and I had no right to discuss my orders."

If the young prince was privately a little ashamed of his task, publicly he adapted



NAPOLEON'S BODY AS IT APPEARED AT THE DISINTERMENT IN ST. HELENA.

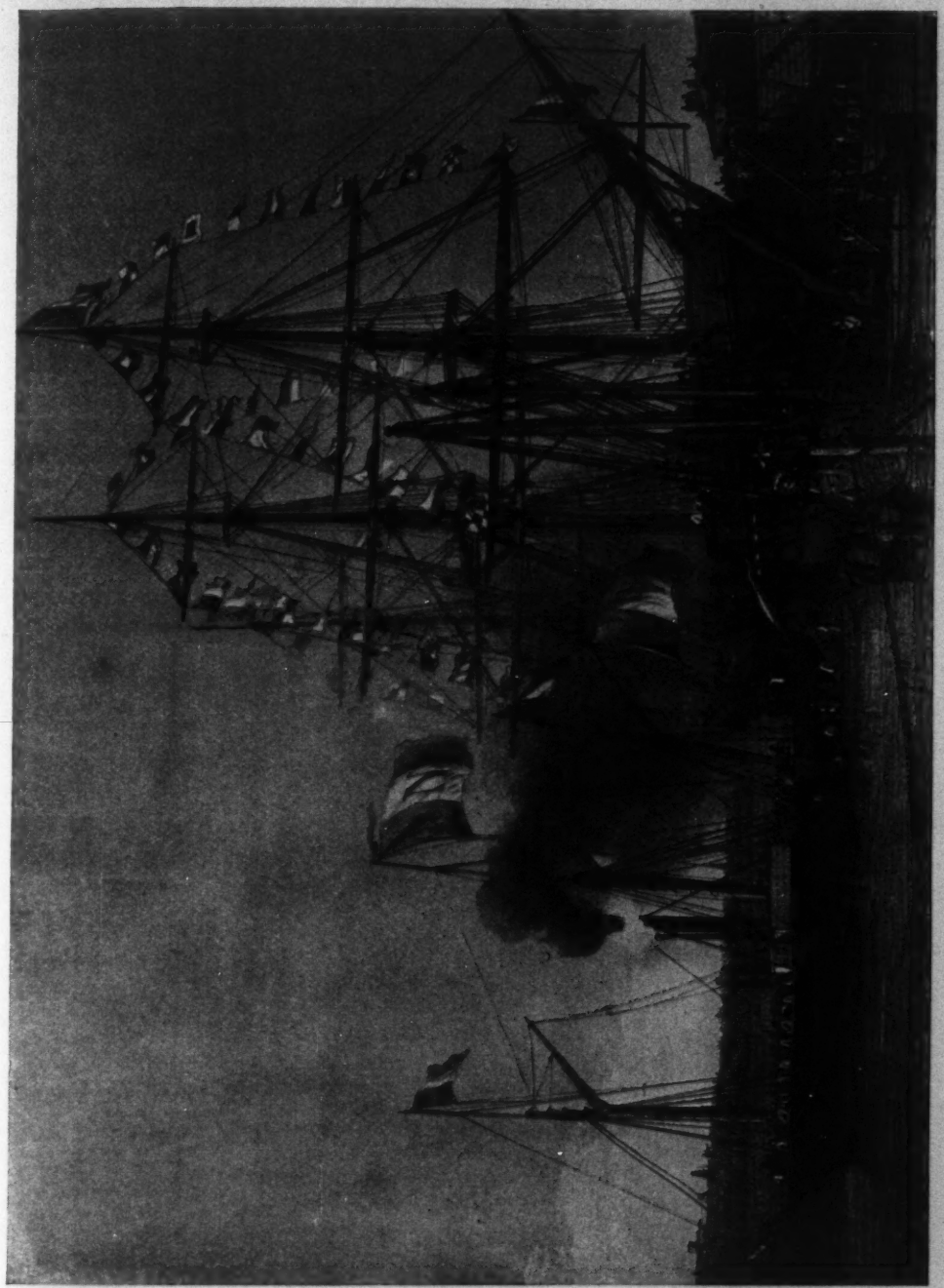


FRONTISPIECE TO THE SUCCEEDING SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED.

himself admirably to the occasion. In his suite were several old friends of Napoleon: the Baron las Cases, General Gourgaud, Count Bertrand, and four of his former servants. All of these persons had been with him at St. Helena. Marchand, one of the executors of the emperor, was on the "Favorite."

Save once, France heard nothing of the expedition from its sailing on July 7th until its return to Cherbourg on November 30th. But the silence only made the mission loom larger. The mystery and uncertainty gave solemnity and majesty to the enterprise.

A rude blow to the really solemn temper of the country came in August, when Louis Napoleon, son of the ex-King of Holland, afterwards Napoleon III., landed one morning at Boulogne-sur-Mer with some sixty followers and a *tame eagle*, and attempted to excite a revolution. In the proclamations which he scattered, he told the people that he came to discharge the providential mission left him by the martyr of St. Helena, and he assured them that the remains



RECEIVING NAPOLEON'S BODY ON THE "BELLE POULE," AT ST. HELENA, OCTOBER 15, 1840.

of Napoleon returned from exile with sentiments of love and reconciliation. The attempt was a ridiculous fiasco, and the young man was promptly shut up at Havre. He received little sympathy for his weak imitation of the return from Elba—the French only applaud success, and they emphatically oppose any interruption of what promises to be a great spectacle—but the government began seriously to turn public attention into other channels. Trouble with England over the Eastern question assisted them materially in this.

And in the meantime where was the "Belle Poule"? A voyage of sixty-six days brought her, on October 8th, to St. Helena, where she was welcomed by the English with every honor. Indeed, through-

out the affair the attitude of the English was dignified and generous. They showed plainly their desire to satisfy and flatter the pride and sentiment of the French.

EXHUMATION OF THE BODY.

It had been decided that the exhumation of the body and its transfer to the French should take place on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of Napoleon at the island. The disinterment was begun at midnight on October 15th, the English conducting the work, and a number of the French, including those of the party who had been with Napoleon at his death, being present. The work was one of extraordinary difficulty, for the same remarkable precautions against escape were taken in Napoleon's death as had been in his life.

The grave in the valley of Napoleon, as the place had come to be called, was surrounded by an iron railing set in a heavy stone curb. Over the grave was a covering of six-inch stone which admitted to a vault eleven feet deep, eight feet long, and four feet eight inches broad. The vault was apparently filled with earth, but digging down some seven feet a layer of Roman cement was found; this broken, laid bare a layer of rough-hewn stone ten inches thick, and fastened together by iron clamps. It took four and one-half hours to remove this layer. The stone up, the slab forming the lid of the interior sarcophagus was exposed, enclosed in a border of Roman cement strongly attached to the walls of the vault. So stoutly had all these various coverings been sealed with cement and bound by iron bands, that it took the large party of laborers ten hours to reach the coffin.

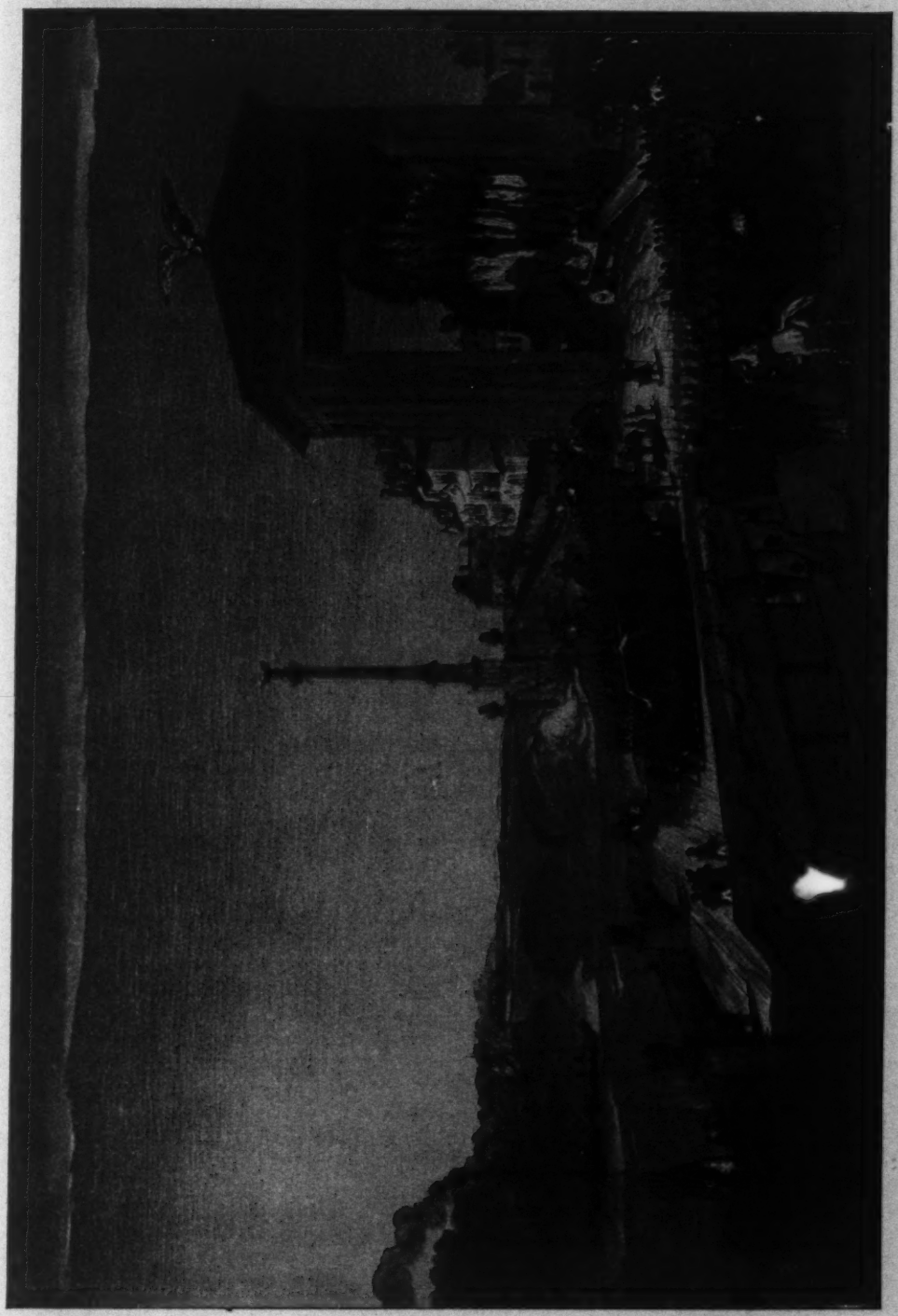
As soon as exposed the coffin was purified, sprinkled with holy water, consecrated by a *De Profundis*, and then raised with the greatest care, and carried into a tent which had been prepared for it. After the religious ceremonies, the inner coffins were opened. "The outermost coffin was slightly injured," says an eye-witness; "then came one of lead, which was in good condition, and enclosed two others—one of tin and one of wood. The last coffin was lined inside with white satin, which, having become detached by the effect of time, had fallen upon the body and enveloped it like a winding-sheet, and had become slightly attached to it.

"It is difficult to describe with what anxiety and emotion those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that was left of the Emperor Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, we could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the least perishable part of the costume to evidence the identity of the body. But when Dr. Guillard raised the sheet of satin, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The emperor himself was before their eyes! The features of the face, though changed, were perfectly recognizable; the hands extremely beautiful; his well-known costume had suffered but little, and the colors were easily distinguished. The attitude itself was full of ease, and but for the fragments of satin lining which covered, as with fine gauze, several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we still saw Napoleon lying on his bed of state." *

A solemn procession was now formed, and the coffin borne over the rugged hills of St. Helena to the quay. "We were all deeply impressed," says the Prince de Joinville, "when the coffin was seen coming slowly down the mountain side to the firing of cannon, escorted by British infantry with arms reversed, the band playing, to the dull rolling accompaniment of the drums, that splendid funeral march which English people call the *Dead March in Saul*."

At the head of the quay, the Prince de Joinville, attended by the officers of the French vessels, was waiting to receive the remains of the emperor. In the midst of the most solemn military funeral rites the French embarked with their precious charge. "The scene at that moment was very fine," continues the prince. "A magnificent sunset had been succeeded by a twilight of the deepest calm. The British authorities and the troops stood motionless on the beach, while our ship's guns fired a royal salute. I stood in the stern of my long boat, over which floated a magnificent tricolor flag, worked by the ladies of St. Helena. Beside me were the generals and superior officers. The pick of my topmen, all in white, with crape on their arms, and bareheaded like ourselves, rowed the boat in silence, and with the most admirable precision. We advanced with majestic slowness, escorted by the boats bearing the staff. It was very touching, and a deep national sentiment seemed to hover over the whole scene."

* "Le Moniteur Universel," December 13, 1840.



TRANSFER OF NAPOLEON'S BODY FROM THE VESSEL TO THE FUNERAL CAR AT PARIS, DECEMBER 15, 1840.

But no sooner did the coffin reach the French cutter than mourning was changed to triumph. Flags were unfurled, masts squared, drums set a-beating, and *salvos* poured from forts and vessels. The emperor had come back to his own!

RETURN TO FRANCE.

Three days later the "Belle Poule" was *en route* for France. One incident alone marked her return. A passing vessel brought the news that war had been de-

clared between France and England. The Prince de Joinville was only twenty-two, a hot-headed youth, and the news of war immediately convinced him that England had her fleet out watching for him, ready to carry off Napoleon again. He rose to the height of his fears. The elegant furnishings of the saloons of his vessel were torn out and thrown overboard to make room to put in batteries; the men were made ready for fighting, and everybody on board was compelled to take an oath to sink the vessel before allowing the remains to be taken. This done, the "Belle Poule" went her way peacefully to Cherbourg, where she arrived on November 30th, forty-three days after leaving St. Helena.

The town of Cherbourg owes much to Napoleon—her splendid harbors, and great tracts of land rescued from the sea—and she honored the return of his remains with every pomp. Even the poor of the town were made to rejoice by lavish gifts in the emperor's honor; and one of the chief squares—one he had redeemed from the sea—became the Place Napoleon.

The vessels lay eight days at Cherbourg, for the arrival had been a fortnight earlier than was anticipated, and nothing was ready for the celebration in Paris; but the time was none too long for the thousands who flocked in interminable processions to the vessels. When the vessels left for Havre, Cherbourg was so excited that she did what must have seemed to the nervous inhabitants an extravagance, even in Napoleon's honor. She fired a *thousand* guns!

FROM CHERBOURG TO PARIS.

The passage of the flotilla from Cherbourg to Paris took seven days. At almost every town and hamlet elaborate demonstrations were made. At Havre and Rouen they were especially magnificent.

A striking feature of the river cortége was the ceremonies at the various bridges under which the vessels passed. The most elaborate of these was at Rouen, where the central arch of the suspension bridge had been formed into an immense arch of triumph. The decorations were the exclusive work of wounded legionary officers and soldiers of the Empire. When the vessel bearing the coffin passed under, the veterans showered down upon it wreaths of flowers and branches of laurel.

These elaborate and grandiose ceremonies were not, however, the really touching feature of the passage. The hill-sides and river-banks were crowded with people from all the surrounding country, who sometimes even pressed into the river in order better to see the vessels. Those on the flotilla saw aged peasants firing salutes with ancient muskets, old men kneeling with uncovered heads on the sod, and others their heads in their hands weeping—these men were veterans of the Empire paying homage to the passage of their hero.

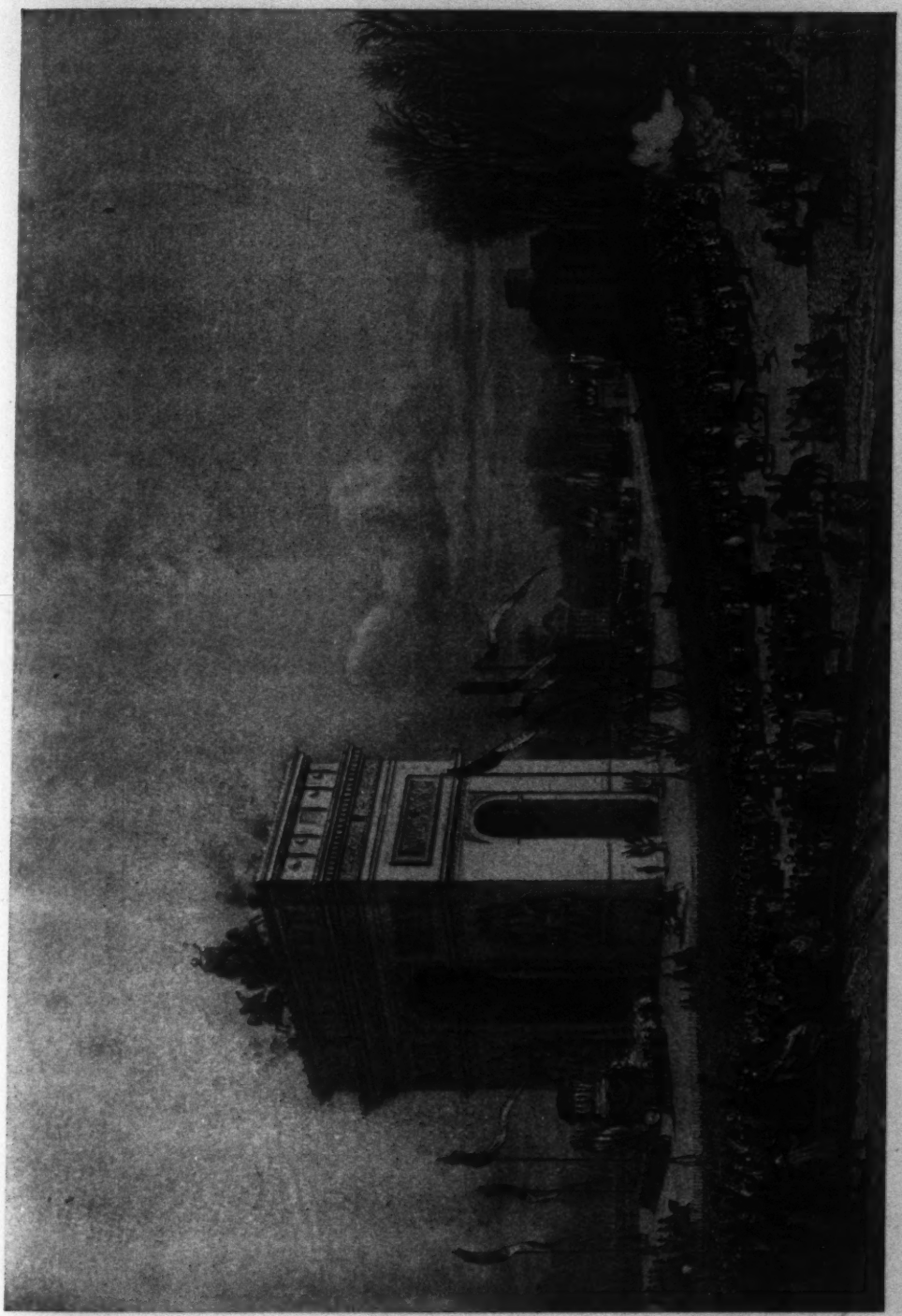
It was on the afternoon of December 14th, just as the sun was setting radiantly behind Mt. Valerian, that the flotilla reached Courbevoie, a few miles from Paris, where Napoleon's body was first to touch French soil. The bridge at Courbevoie, the islands of Neuilly, the hills which rise from the Seine, were crowded, far as the eye could reach, with a throng drawn from the entire country around.

The flotilla as it approached was a brilliant sight. At the head was the "Dorade," a cross at her prow, and, behind, the coffin. It was dressed in purple velvet, surrounded by flags and garlands of oak and cypress, surmounted by a canopy of black velvet ornamented with silver and masses of floating black plumes. Between cross and coffin stood the Prince de Joinville in full uniform, and behind him Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud and the Abbé Coquereau, almoner of the expedition. The vessels following the "Dorade" bore the crews of the "Belle Poule" and the "Favorite" and the military bands. A magnificent funeral boat, on whose deck there was a temple of bronzed wood, hung with splendid draperies of purple and gold, brought up the official procession. Behind followed numberless craft of all descriptions. Majestic funeral marches and *salvos* of artillery accompanied the advance.

At Courbevoie the flotilla anchored. Notwithstanding the intense cold, thousands of people camped all night on the hill-sides and shores, their bivouac fires illuminating the landscape.

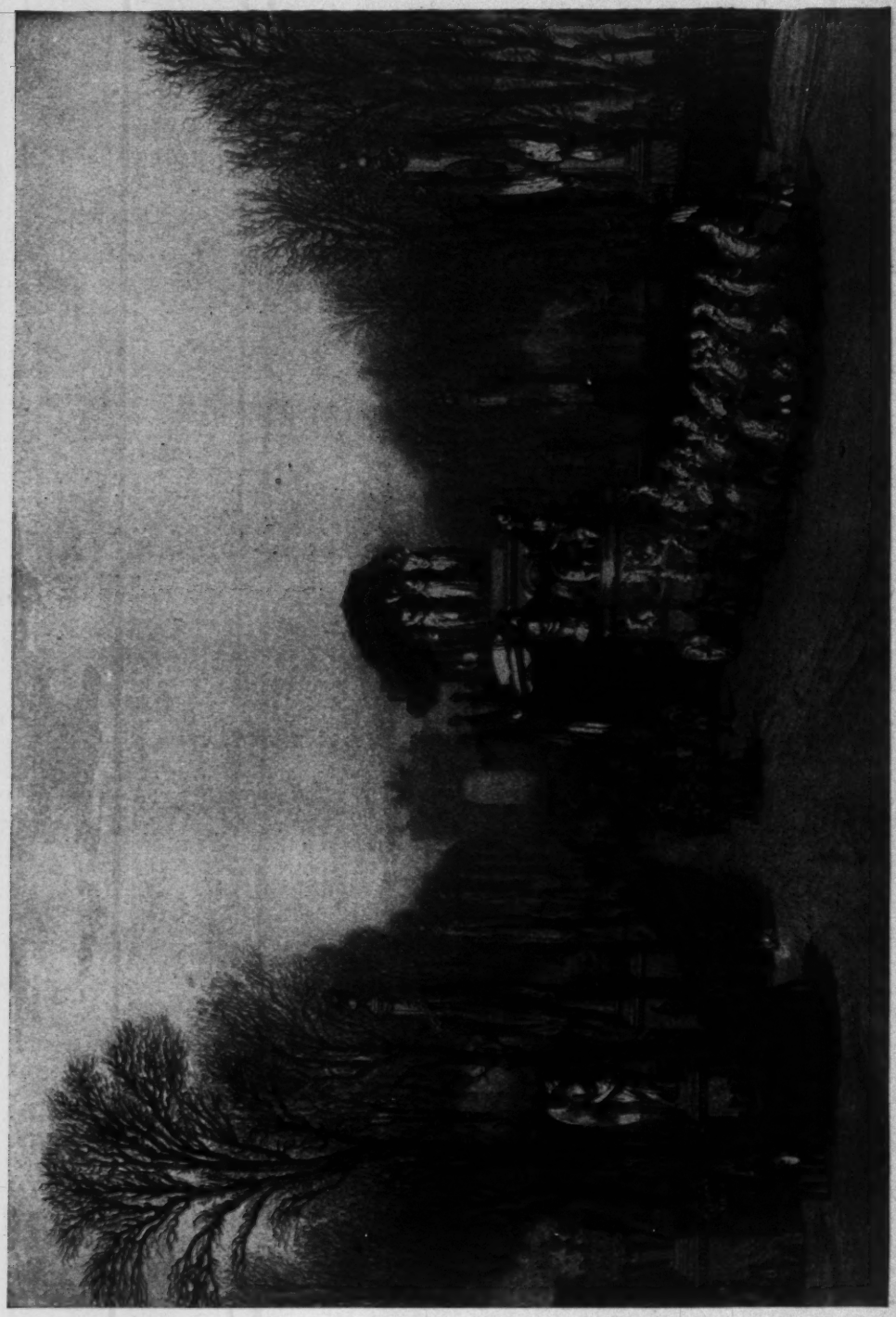
DECEMBER 15, 1840.

Only those who have seen Paris on the day of a great *fête* or ceremony can picture to themselves the 15th of December, 1840. The day was intensely cold, eight degrees below the freezing point, but at five o'clock in the morning, when the drums began beating, and the guns booming, the populace poured forth, taking up their positions along the line of the expected procession. This line was fully three miles in length,



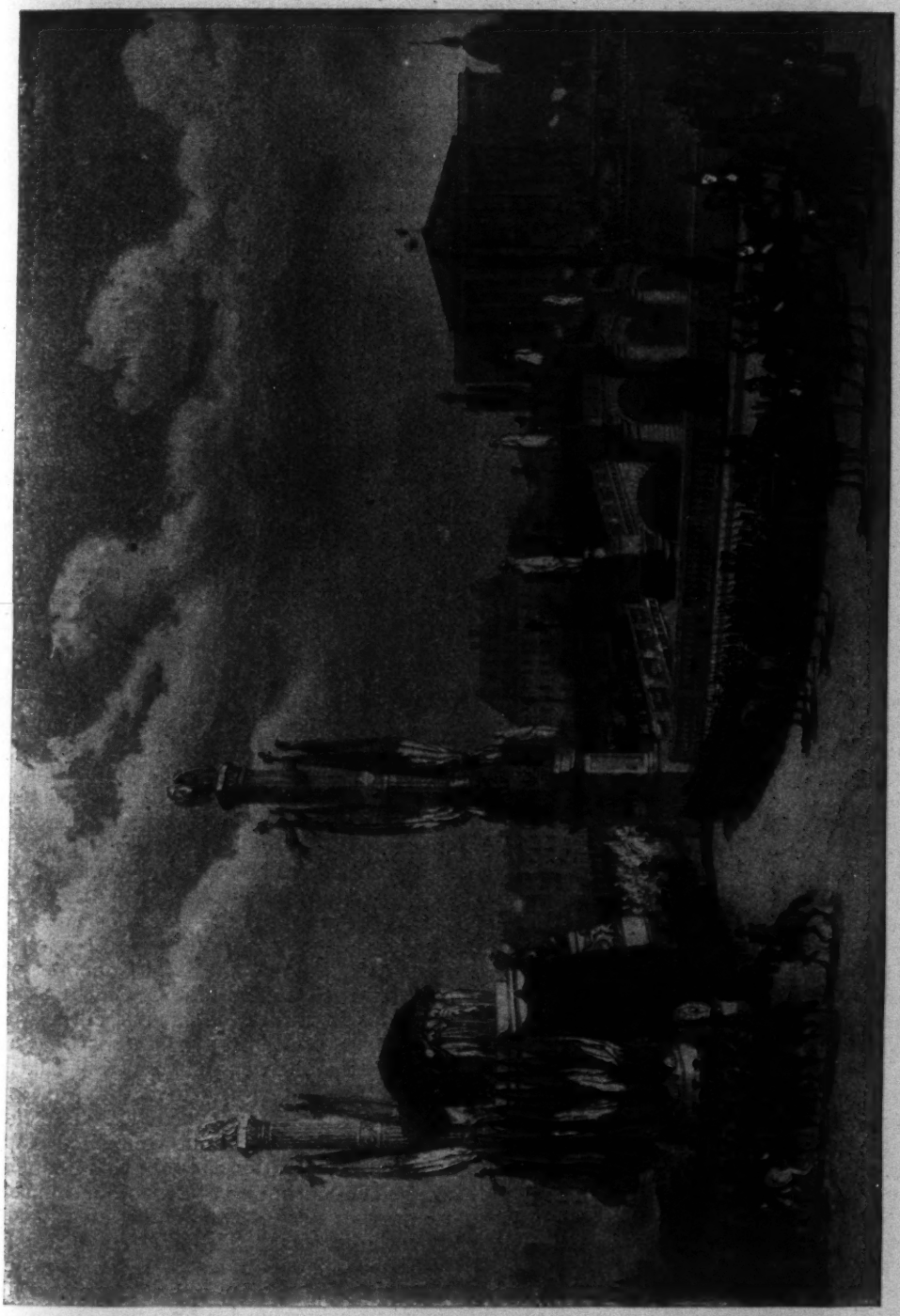
THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PARIS. FUNERAL CAR PASSING UNDER THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

and ran from Courbevoie to the Arc de Triomphe by way of Neuilly, thence down the Champs Elysées, across the Place and Bridge de la Concorde, and along the *quai* to the Esplanade des Invalides. From one end to the other it was packed on either side a hundred deep, before nine o'clock. The journals of the day compute the number of visitors expected in Paris as about half a million. Inside and outside of the Hôtel des Invalides alone, thirty-six thousand places were given to the Minister of



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PARIS. FUNERAL CAR PASSING DOWN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

the Interior, and that did not cover *one-tenth* of the requests he received. It is certain that nearly a million persons saw the entry of Napoleon's remains. The people hung from the trees, crowded the roofs, stood on ladders of every description, filled the windows, and literally swarmed over the walks and grass plots. A brisk business went on in elevated positions. A ladder rung cost five francs ($1.00); the man who had a cart across which he had laid boards, rented standing-room at from



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PARIS. FUNERAL CAR CROSSING THE PONT DE LA CONCORDE.

five to ten francs. As for windows and balconies—they sold for fabulous prices, in spite of the fact that the placard *fenêtres et balcons à louer* appeared in almost every house from Neuilly to the Invalides, even in many a magnificent hotel of the Champs Elysées. Fifty francs ($10.00) was the price of the meanest window; a good one cost one hundred francs ($20.00); three thousand francs ($600.00) were paid for good balconies. One speculator rented a vacant house for the day for five thousand francs ($1,000.00), and made money on his investment.

The crowd made every preparation to keep warm; some of them carried foot-stoves filled with live coals, others little hand-warmers. At intervals along the procession great masses of the spectators danced to keep up their circulation. Venders of all sorts of articles did a thriving business. Every article was, of course, Napoleonized; one even bought *gauffrettes* and *Madeleines* cut out in the shape of Napoleons. There were badges of every form, imperial eagles, B's, crowns, even the *petit chapeau*. Many pamphlets in prose and verse had a great sale, especially those of Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo, and Barthelemy; though all these stately odes were far outstripped by one song, thousands upon thousands of copies of which were sold. It ran:

"Premier capitaine du monde
Depuis le siége de Toulon,
Tant sur la terre que sur l'onde
Tout redoutait Napoleon,
Du Nil au nord de la Tamise!
Devant lui l'ennemi fuyait,
Avant de combattre, il tremblait
Voyant sa redingote grise." *

The cortége which had brought this crowd together was magnificent in the extreme. A brilliant military display formed the first portion: *gendarmerie*, municipal guards, officers, infantry, cavalry, artillery, cadets from the important schools, national guards. But this had little effect on the crowd. The genuine interest began when Marengo, Napoleon's famous battle-horse, appeared—it was not Marengo, but it looked like him, which for spectacular purposes was just as well; and the saddle and bridle were genuine—the defile now became exciting. The commission of St. Helena appeared in carriages, then the Marshals of France, the Prince de Joinville, the crews of the vessels which had been to St. Helena, finally the funeral car, a magnificent creation over thirty feet high, its design and ornaments symbolic. Sixteen black horses in splendid trappings drew the car, whose funeral pall was held by a marshal and an admiral of France, by the Duc de Reggio and General Bertrand.

The passing of the car was everywhere greeted with sincere emotion, profound reverence.

* The greatest captain, all agree,
Since the siege of Toulon;
On the earth, as on the sea,
All yielded to Napoleon.
His enemies fled, full of dismay,
Beyond the Thames from off the Nile,
Before the fight, trembling the while
If they but saw his redingote gray.

Even the opposition recognized the genuineness of the feeling; many of them owned to sharing it for one moment of self-forgetfulness, and they began to ask themselves, as Lamartine had asked the Chamber six months before, what they had been thinking to allow the French heart and imagination to be so fired? Even cynical Englishmen who looked on with stern or contemptuous countenances, said to themselves meditatively that night, as they sat by their fire resting, "Something good must have been in this man, something loving and kindly, that has kept his name so cherished in the popular memory and gained him such lasting reverence and affection." *

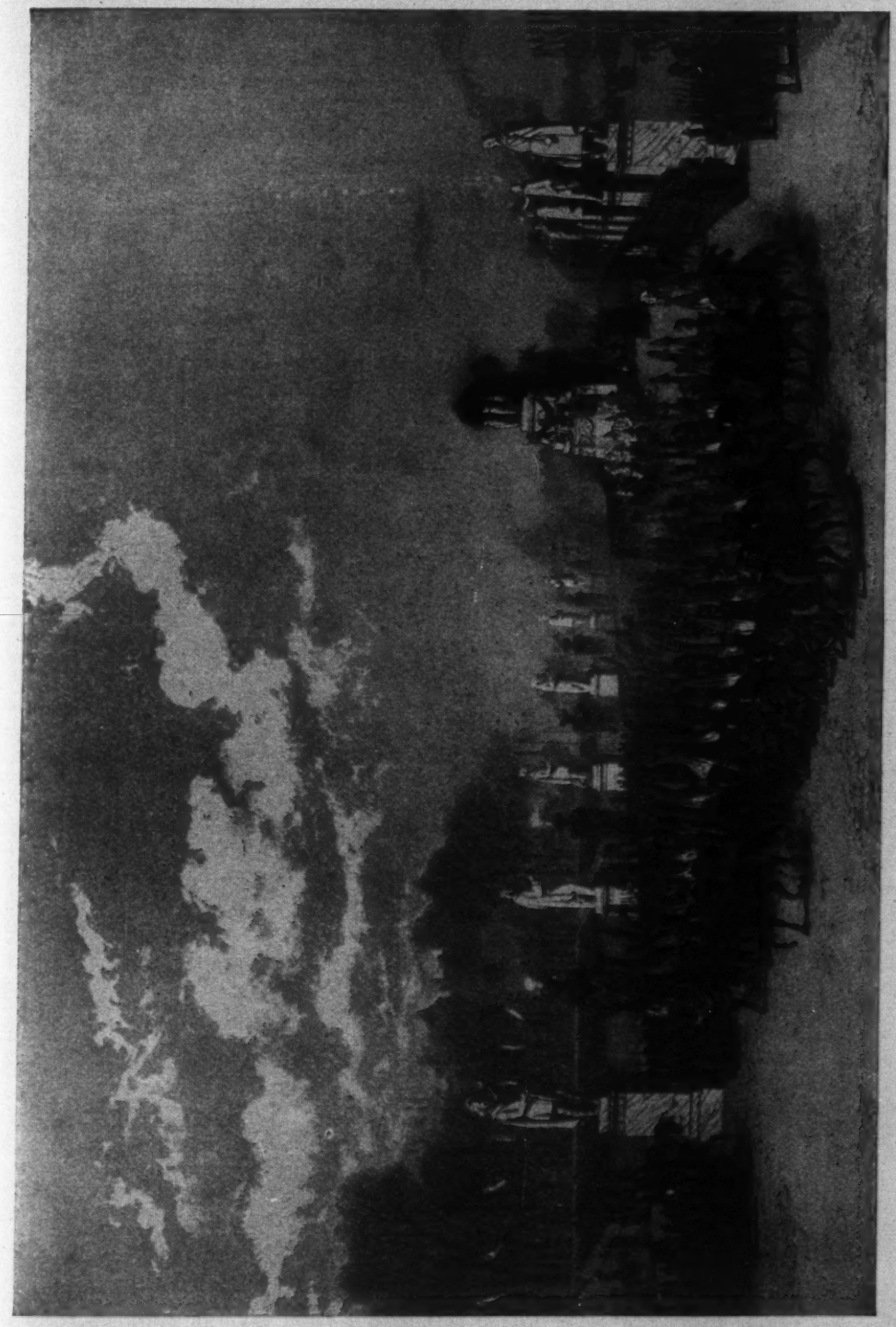
Following the car came those who had been intimately associated with the emperor in his life—his aides-de-camp and civil and military officers. Many of them had been with him in famous battles; some were at Fontainebleau in 1814, others at Malmaison in 1815. The veterans of the Imperial Guard followed; behind them a deputation from Ajaccio.

From Courbevoie to the Hôtel des Invalides, one walked through a hedge of elaborate decorations—of bees, eagles, crowns, N's; of bucklers, banners, and wreaths bearing the names of famous victories; of urns blazing with incense; of rostral columns; masts bearing trophies of arms and clusters of flags; flaming tripods; allegorical statues; triumphal arches; great banks of seats draped in imperial purple and packed with spectators, and phalanges of soldiers.

On the top of the Arc de Triomphe was an imposing apotheosis of Napoleon. Each side of the Pont de la Concorde was adorned with huge statues. On the Esplanade des Invalides the car passed between an avenue of thirty-two statues of great French kings, heroes and heroines—Charles Martel, Charlemagne, Clovis, Bayard, Jean d'Arc, Latour d'Auvergne, Ney. The chivalry and valor of France welcomed Napoleon home. Oddly enough, this hedge of statues ended in one of Napoleon himself; the incongruity of the arrangement struck even the *gamins*. "Tiens," cried one urchin, "voilà comme l'empéreur fait la queue à lui-même." † ("Hello, see there how the emperor brings up his own procession.")

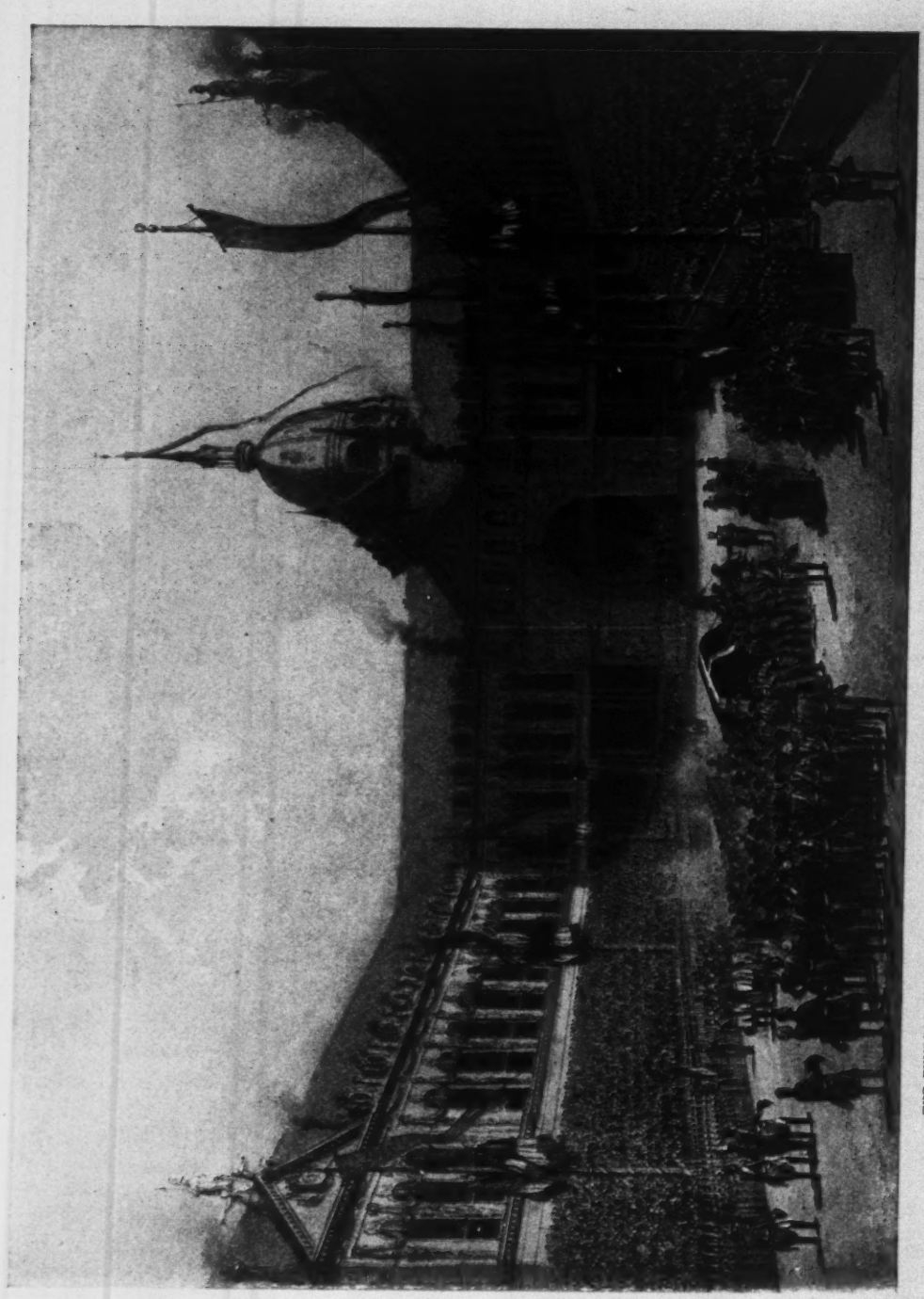
The effect of the pageant was greatly increased by the splendor of the day. A "Napoleonic day," said the crowd, and they recalled how the emperor was said in his

* "Second Funeral of Napoleon." By Michael Angelo Titmarsh (Thackeray).
† "The London Times," December 18, 1840.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PARIS. FUNERAL CAR PASSING UP THE AVENUE OF KINGS IN THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES.

lifetime invariably to have had the sunshine at the critical point of his *fêtes*. It certainly was so on the return from St. Helena. The day that the body was exhumed was dreary until the transfer was made to the French; then the sun shone out gloriously. At Havre, at the moment the vessel entered the Seine, the sun arose. "Napoleon reëntered France encircled by glory," said Montholon. "The sun of Austerlitz saluted the return of the hero." At Courbevoie, on the morning of



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PARIS. TRANSFERRING THE COFFIN INTO THE CHURCH OF THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDES.

the 15th, the sun came out just as the coffin was taken from the boat first to touch the soil of France.

DISTURBANCES DURING THE CEREMONY.

The procession passed quietly from one end to the other of the route, to the great relief of the authorities. Difficulty was anticipated from several sources: from the Anglophobes, the Revolutionists, the Legitimists, the Bonapartists, and the great mass of dissatisfied, who, no matter what form of rule they are under, are always against the government. The greatest fear seems to have been on the part of the

English. Thackeray, who was in town at the time, gives an amusing picture of his own nervousness on the morning of the 15th.

"Did the French nation, or did they not, intend to offer up some of us English over the imperial grave? And were the games to be concluded by a massacre? It was said in the newspapers that Lord Granville had despatched circulars to all the English residents in Paris, begging them to keep their homes. The French journals announced this news, and warned us charitably of the fate intended for us. Had Lord Granville written? Certainly not to me. Or had he written to all *except me?* And was I *the victim*—the doomed one?—to be seized directly I showed my face in the Champs Elysées, and torn in pieces by French patriotism to the frantic chorus of the Marseillaise? Depend on it, Madame, that high and low in this city on Tuesday were not altogether at their ease, and that the bravest felt no small tremor And be sure of this, that as his Majesty Louis Philippe took his nightcap off his royal head that morning, he prayed heartily that he might at night put it on in safety."

Fortunately Thackeray's courage conquered, and so we have the entertaining "Second Funeral of Napoleon," by "Michael Angelo Titmarsh."

In spite of all forebodings, the hostile displays were nothing more than occasional cries of "*A bas les Anglais*," a few attempts to promenade the tricolor flag and drown *le premier capitaine du monde* by the Marseillaise, and a strong indignation when it was learned that the representatives of the Allies had refused to be present at the final ceremony.

Most of the observers of the funeral attributed the good order of the crowd to the cold. A correspondent of the "National Intelligence" of that date says:

"If this business had fallen in the month of June or July, with all its excitements, spontaneous and elaborate, I should have deemed a sanguinary struggle between the government and the mob certain or highly probable. The present military array might answer for an approaching army of Cossacks. Forty or fifty thousand troops remain in the barracks within and camps without, besides the regular soldiery and National Guards in the field, ready to act against the domestic enemy.

"*Providentially* the cold increased to the utmost keenness; the genial currents of the insurrectionary and revolutionary soul were frozen."

AT THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

The climax of the pageant was the temple of the Invalides. The spacious church was draped in the most magnificent and lavish fashion, and adorned with a perfect bewilderment of imperial emblems. The light was shut out by hangings of violet velvet; tripods blazing with colored flames, and thousands upon thousands of waxen candles in brilliant candelabra lighted the temple. Under the dome, in the place of the altar, stood the catafalque which was to receive the coffin.

From early in the morning the galleries, choir, and tribunes of the Invalides were packed by a distinguished company. There were the Chambers of Deputies and Lords —neither of which had been represented in the cortége—the judicial and educational bodies, the officers of army and navy, the ambassadors and representatives of foreign governments, the king, and the court.

But none of these dignitaries were of more than passing interest that day. The centre of attention, until the coffin entered, was the few old soldiers of the Empire to be seen in the company; most prominent of these was Marshal Moncey, the decrepit governor of the Invalides. His history was one of the greatest valor, and Napoleon never had a more devoted soldier.

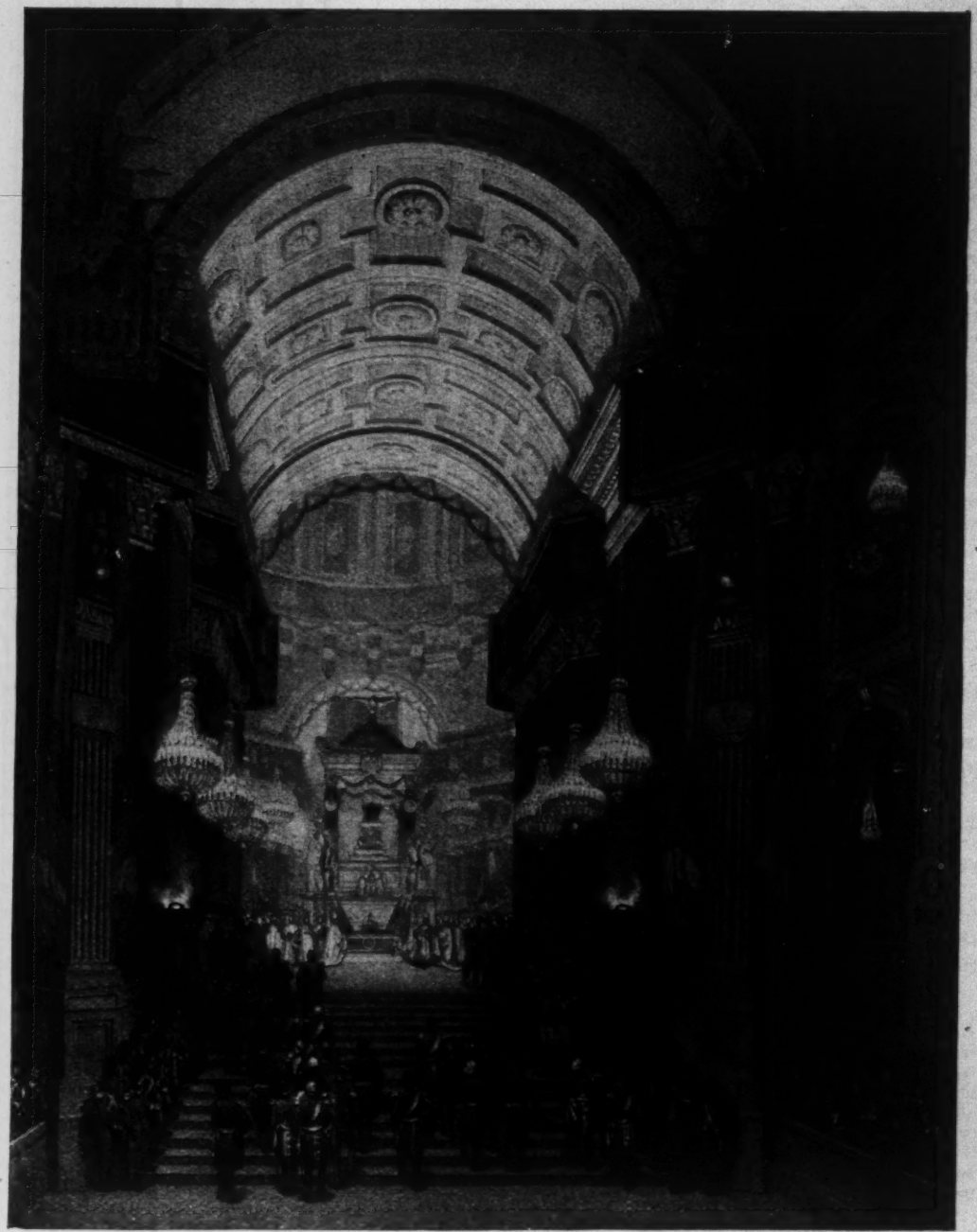
He was ill when the remains of the emperor returned. It was believed he would die, and, for days before the funeral, he asked his physician every morning: "Doctor, shall I live till the 15th?" And then he would beg: "Give me until then, and I will die contented." He was alive, and just before the cannon announced the arrival of the coffin, he was wheeled into the church.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the Archbishop of Paris, preceded by a splendid cross-bearer, and followed by sixteen incense boys and long rows of white-clad priests, left the church to meet the procession. They returned soon. Following them were the Prince de Joinville and a select few from the grand cortége without; in their midst, Napoleon's coffin.

As it passed, the great assemblage was swayed by an extraordinary emotion. There is no one of those who have described the day who does not speak of the sudden, intense agitation which thrilled the company, whether he refers to it half-humorously as Thackeray, who told how "everybody's heart was thumping as hard as possible," or cries with Victor Hugo:

"Sire: En ce moment-là, vouz aurez pour royaume,
Tous les fronts, tous les cœurs qui battront sous le ciel,
Les nations feront asseoir votre fantôme,
Au trone universel." *

* Sire, in that moment your kingdom will be on every brow, in every heart which beats under heaven. The nations will seat your phantom on a universal throne.

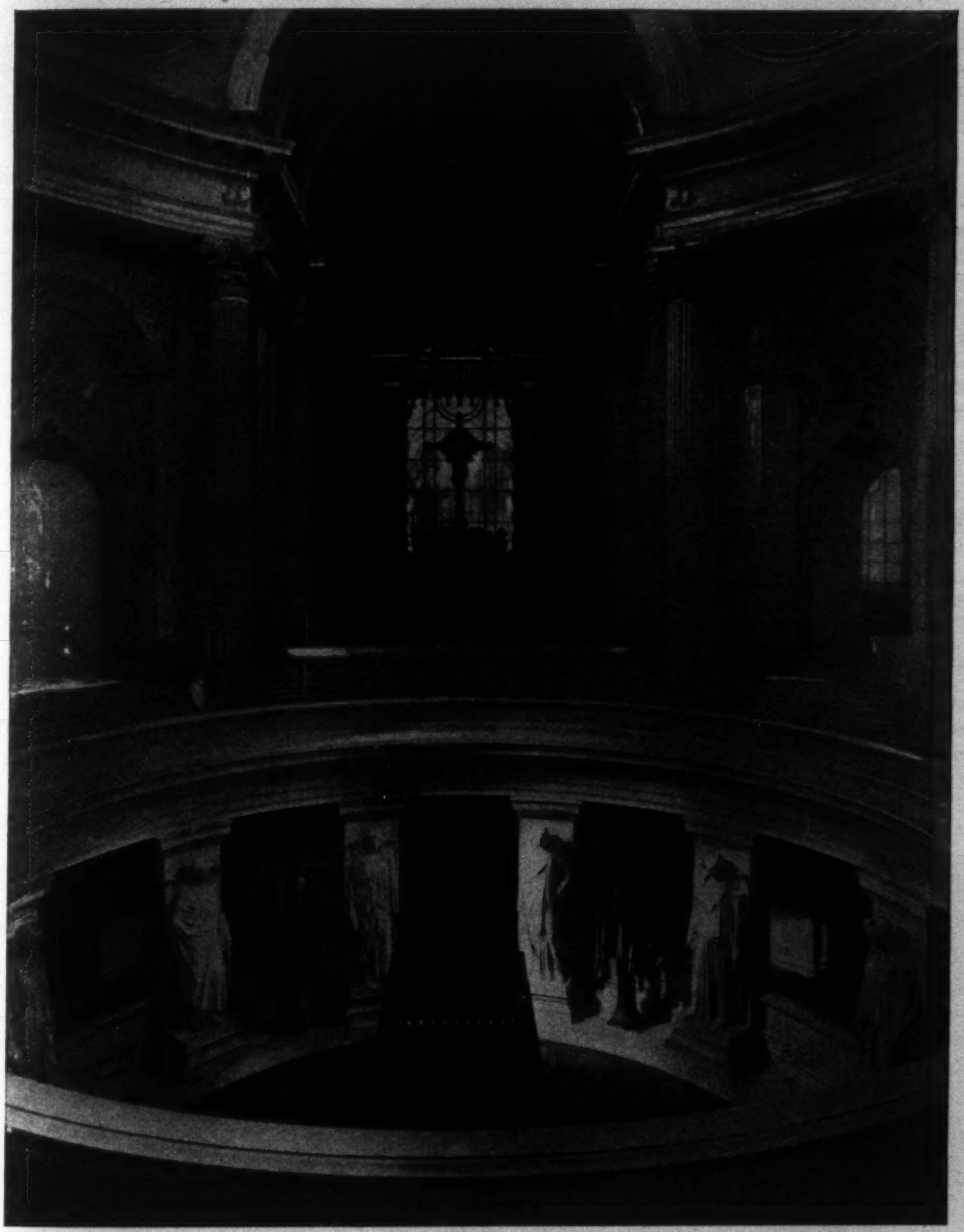


THE FUNERAL MASS IN THE CHURCH OF THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDES. THE CATAFALQUE ON WHICH THE COFFIN RESTS IS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

The king descended from his throne and advanced to meet the cortége. "Sire," said the Prince de Joinville, "I present to you the body of Napoleon, which, in accordance with your commands, I have brought back to France."

"I receive it in the name of France," replied Louis Philippe.

Such at least is what the "Moniteur" affirms was said, but the "Moniteur" is an official journal whose business is, not to tell what really happened, but what would have happened if the government had had its way. The Prince de Joinville gives a different version: "The king received the body at the entrance to the nave, and there



NAPOLEON'S TOMB IN THE CHURCH OF THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDES AS IT APPEARS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

rather a comical scene took place. It appears that a little speech which I was to have delivered when I met my father, and also the answer he was to give me, had been drawn up in council, only the authorities had omitted to inform me concerning it. So when I arrived I simply saluted with my sword, and then stood aside. I saw, indeed, that this silent salute, followed by retreat, had thrown something out; but my father, after a moment's hesitation, improvised some appropriate sentence, and the matter was afterwards arranged in the 'Moniteur.'"

Beside the king stood an officer, bearing a cushion; on it lay the sword of Austerlitz. Marshal Soult handed it to the king, who, turning to Bertrand, said:

"General, I commission you to place the emperor's glorious sword on the bier."

And Bertrand, trembling with emotion, laid the sword reverently on his idol's coffin. The great company watched the scene in deepest silence. The only sound

which broke the stillness was the half-stifled sobs of the gray-haired soldiers of the Invalides, who stood in places of honor near the catafalque.

The king and the procession returned to their places, and then followed a majestic funeral mass. The *requiem* of Mozart, as rendered that day by all the great singers of Paris, is one of the historic musical performances of France. The archbishop then sprinkled the coffin with holy water, the king taking the brush from him for the same sacred duty.

The funeral was over. Napoleon lay at last "on the banks of the Seine, among the people whom he had so loved."

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

For eight days after the ceremony the church remained open to the public, and in spite of the terrible cold thousands stood from morning until night waiting patiently their turn to enter. After hours of waiting, they frequently were sent away, only to come back earlier the next day. In this company were numbers of veterans of the imperial army who had made the journey to Paris from distant parts of the kingdom. In the delegation of old soldiers from Belgium were many who had walked part of the way, not being able to pay the coach fare the entire distance.

Banquets and dinners followed the funeral. At one of these, a "sacred toast to the immortal memory" was drunk *kneeling*. In a dozen theatres of Paris the translation of the remains was dramatized. At the Porte Saint-Martin, the actor who took the part of Sir Hudson Lowe had a season of terror, he being in constant danger of violence from the wrought-up audience.

The advertising columns of the newspapers of the day blazed for weeks with announcements of Napoleonized articles; the holiday gifts prepared for the booths of the boulevards and squares, and for the magnificent shops of the Palais Royal and the fashionable streets, whatever their nature—to eat, to wear, to look at—were made up as memorials. Paris seemed to be Napoleon-mad.

In the February following the funeral, the coffin of Napoleon was transferred from the catafalque in the centre of the church to a *chapelle ardente* in the basement at one side. The chapel was richly draped in silk and gold, and hung with trophies. On the coffin lay the imperial crown, the emperor's sword, and the hat which he had worn at Eylau, and which he had given to Gros when he ordered the battle of Eylau painted. Over the coffin waved the flags taken at Austerlitz.

Here Napoleon's body lay until the mausoleum was finished. This magnificent structure was designed by Visconti, the eminent architect, who had also planned the entire decorations of the 15th of December. Visconti utterly ignored the appropriations in executing the monument, ordering what he wanted, regardless of its cost. For the marble from which Pradier made the twelve colossal figures around the tomb, he sent to Carrara; the porphyry which was used to inclose the coffin, he obtained in Finland.

In this magnificent sepulchre Napoleon still sleeps. Duroc and Bertrand lie on either side of the entrance to the chamber, guarding him in death as in life; and to the right and left of the entrance to the church are the tombs of his brothers Jerome and Joseph. On the stones about him are inscribed the names he made glorious; over him are draped scores of trophies; attending him are the veterans of the Invalides.

> "Qu'il dorme en paix sous cette voûte!
> C'est un casque bien fait, sans doute,
> Pour cette tête de géant." *

* "Let him rest in peace beneath this dome. It is a helmet made for a giant's head."

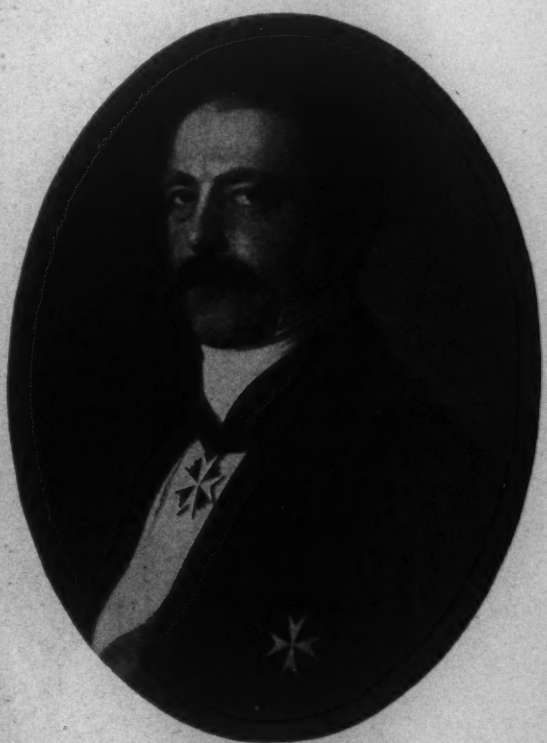
"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

PRINCE BISMARCK.

PRINCE Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck was born April 1, 1815, of a very old and sturdy German family. He was put early to school, attended several universities, and served his term in the army. His political life began in 1846, when he was elected a member of the diet of his province, Saxony. The next year he went to Berlin as a representative in the General Diet, and immediately attracted attention by the force and boldness of his speeches. In 1851 he began his diplomatic career as secretary to the Prussian member of the representative Assembly of German Sovereigns at Frankfort. He has been described at this time as "in the bloom of early manhood; of very tall, stalwart, and imposing mien, with blue gray, penetrating, fearless eyes; of a bright, fresh countenance, with blond hair and beard." In 1859 he was sent as ambassador to Russia. In 1862 he was transferred to Paris; but a few months later he was made minister of foreign affairs. He inaugurated his ministry by the summary dissolution of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, because it refused to pass the budget proposed by the throne, curtly informing the body that the king's government would be obliged to do without its sanction. Five times the deputies were dismissed in this fashion. Bismarck was denounced on all sides as a usurper and despot, and for the time was bitterly hated. But as his profound project, already conceived, of uniting the German states into a compact empire, with Prussia at the head, and the King of Prussia emperor, unfolded itself, and advanced, by one brilliant stroke of statesmanship after another, toward fulfilment, the early distrust was forgotten, and he became, in spite of his "iron hand" and his apparent contempt for popular rights, a popular idol. The short, sharp war of 1866, which ended in the humiliation of Austria at Königgrätz, and the termination of Austrian dominance in Germany, began a national progress, under Bismarck's sagacious and strong direction, which came to its consummation at the close of the war with France, when, on January 18, 1871, in the palace of the French kings, at Versailles, William I., King of Prussia, was proclaimed Emperor of united Germany. In 1890, differences with the present Emperor, William II., led to Bismarck's retirement from public life. There are at the present moment, however, signs of a reconciliation, and it may be that, despite his eighty years, he will again become the guiding spirit of the German state.

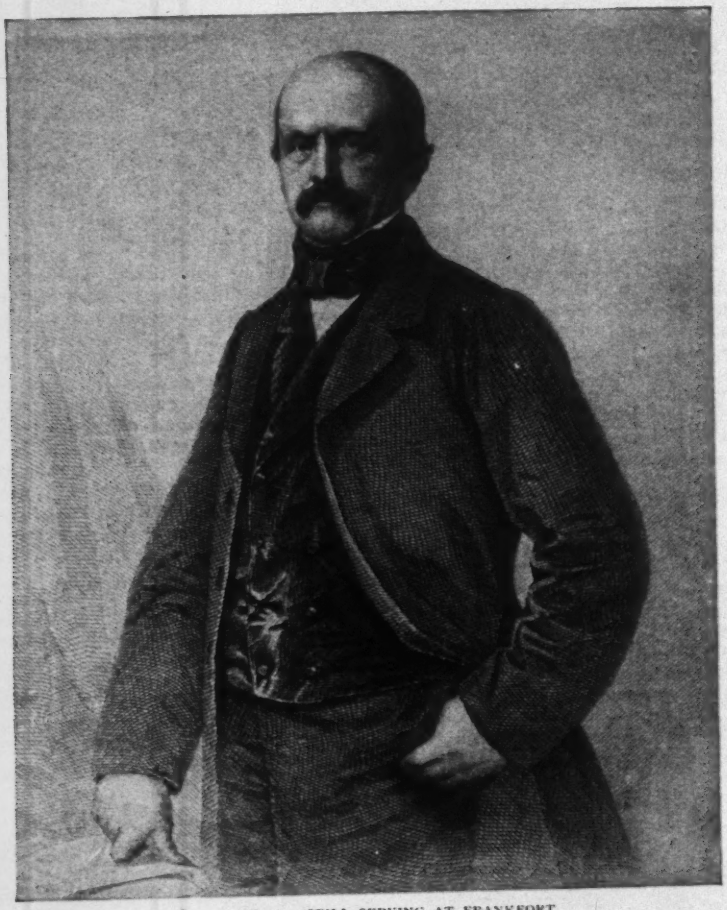
BISMARCK IN 1834. AGE 19.

Student in the University of Göttingen.

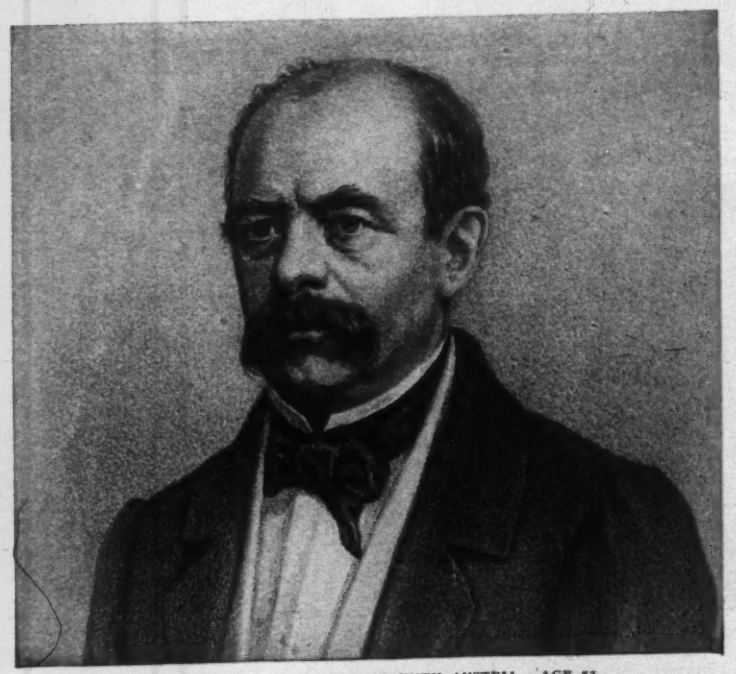


1851. AGE 36.

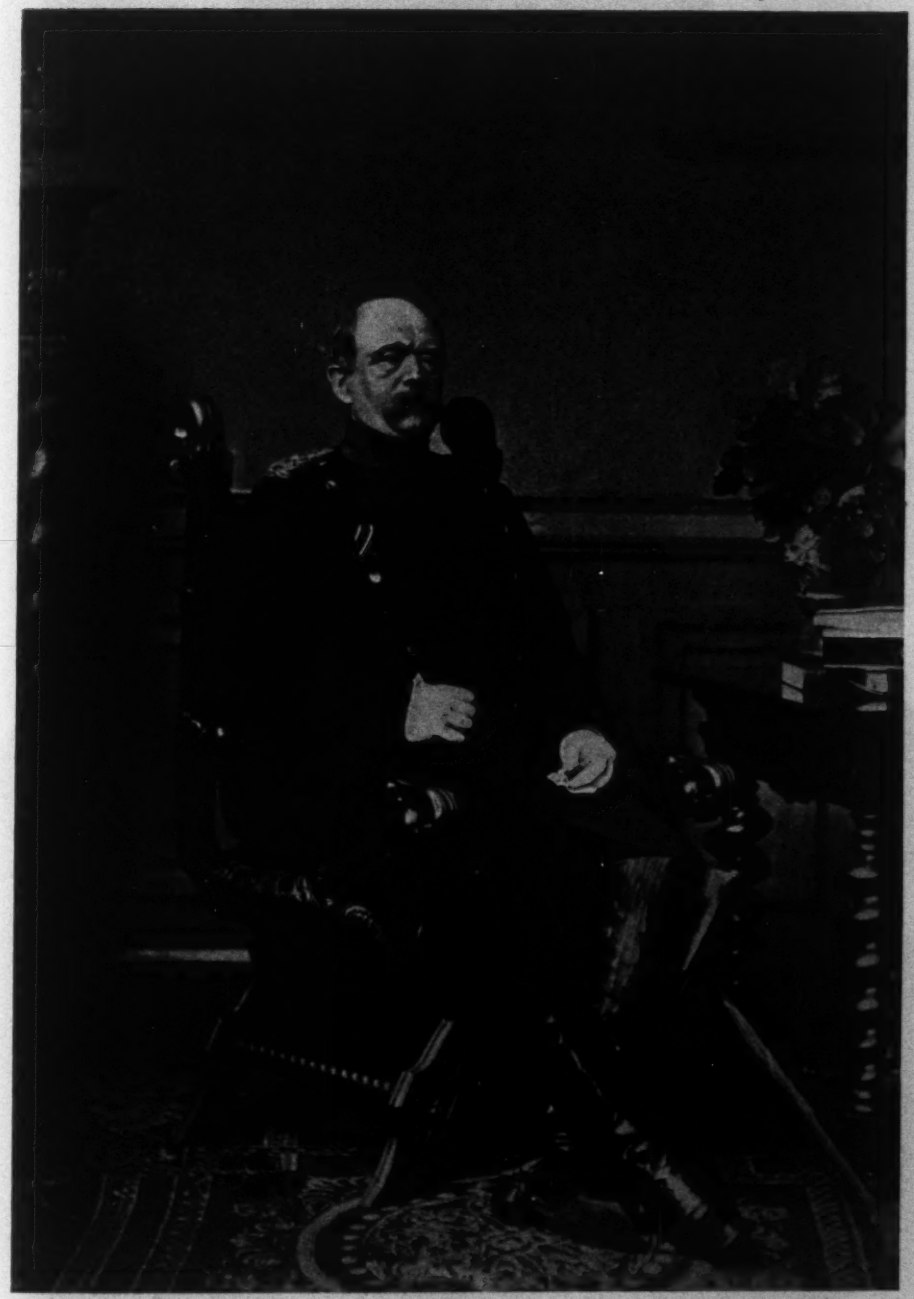
Diplomatist at Frankfort. From a photograph by A. Bockmann, Strasburg.



1854. AGE 39. STILL SERVING AT FRANKFORT.



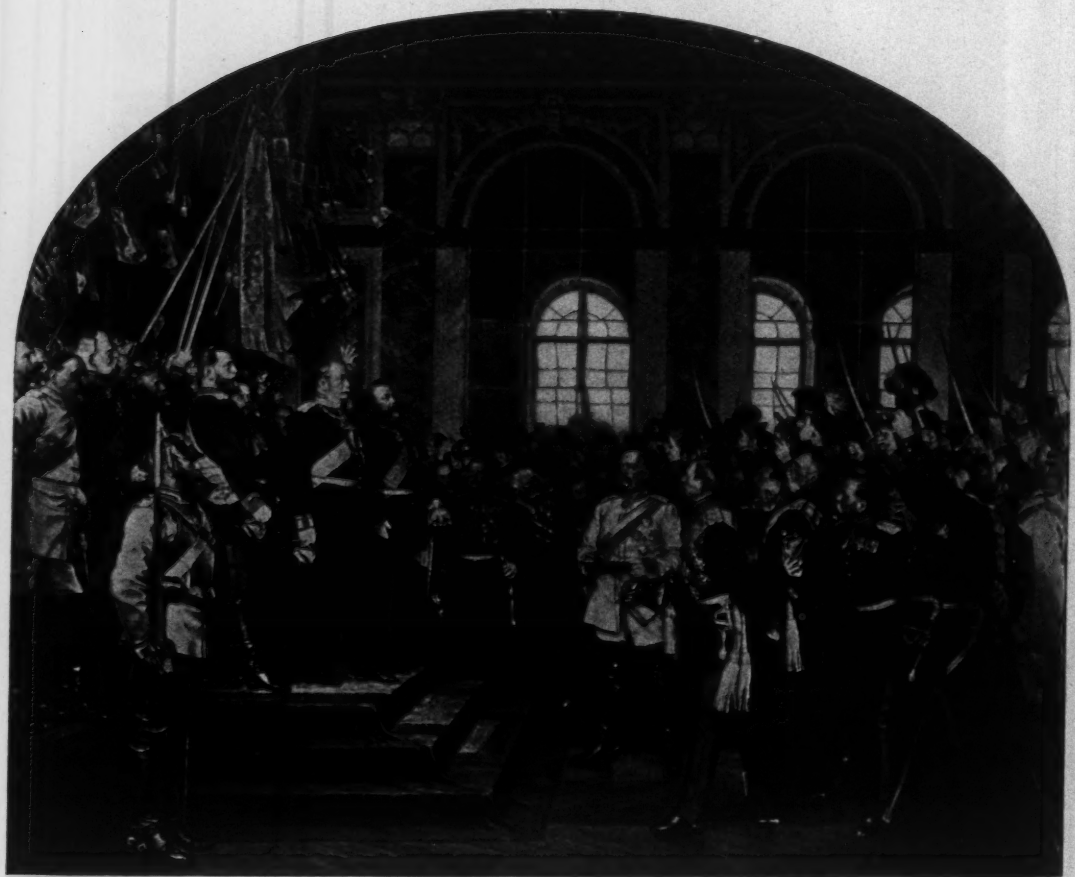
1866, THE YEAR OF THE WAR WITH AUSTRIA. AGE 51.



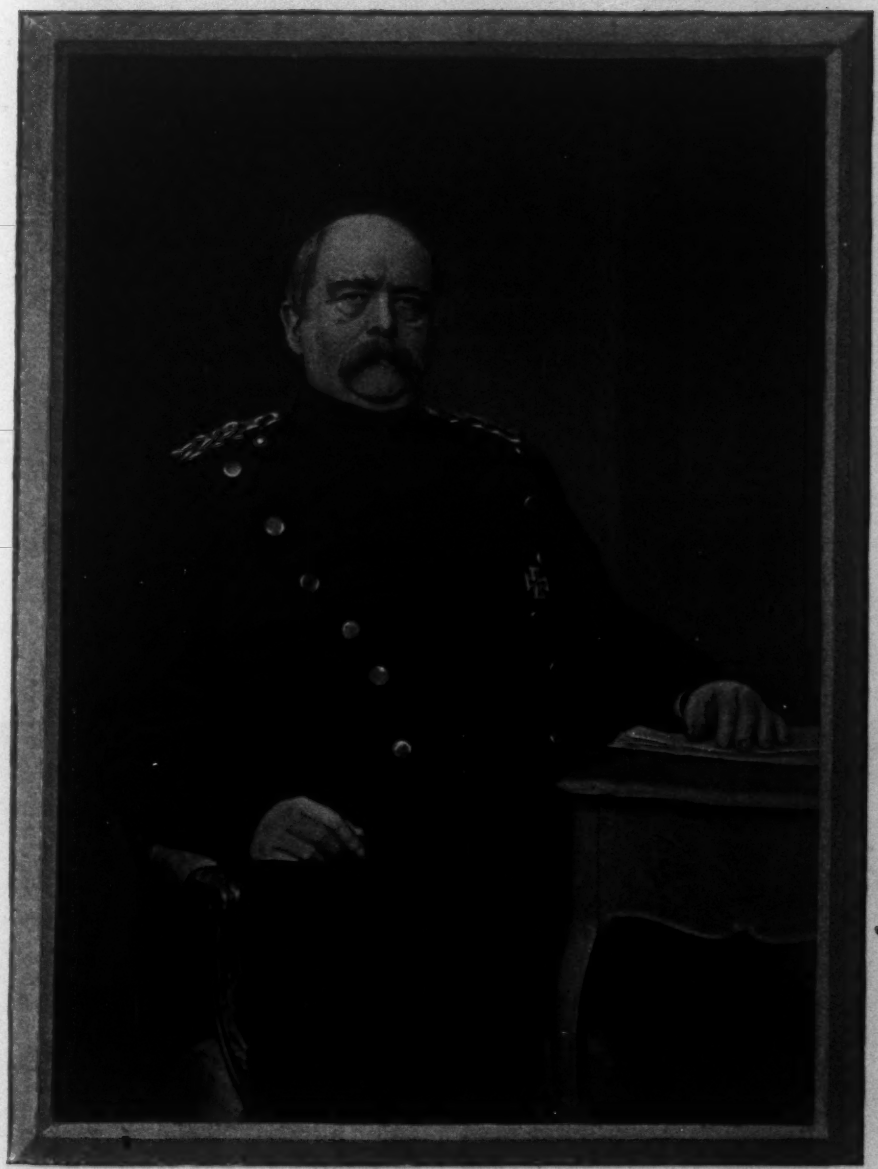
BISMARCK IN 1871. AGE 56.

From a photograph by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin. On January 18, 1871, the war with France having been brought to a triumphant close, Bismarck had the satisfaction of seeing King William of Prussia crowned Emperor of united Germany in the palace of the French kings, at Versailles, himself becoming at the same time Chancellor of the German Empire. The formal treaty of peace with France was signed a month later.

BISMARCK IN 1871. AGE 56.



PROCLAIMING WILLIAM I. EMPEROR. VERSAILLES, JANUARY 18, 1871. BISMARCK, IN WHITE UNIFORM, STANDS JUST BEFORE THE THRONE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY.

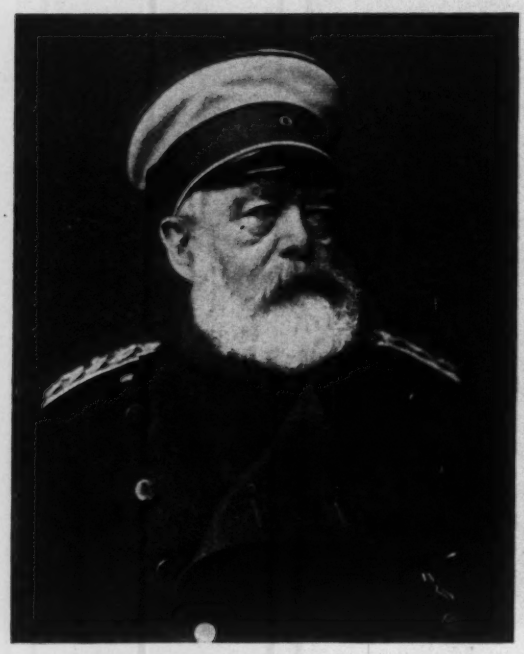


BISMARCK IN 1877. AGE 62.

On the eve of the Congress of Berlin, wherein the European powers, largely under Bismarck's guidance, fixed the relations of Turkey. From a photograph by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin.

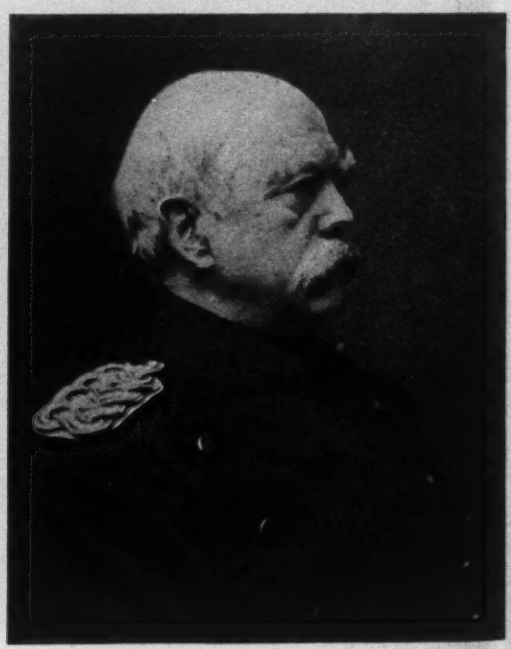
BISMARCK IN 1880. AGE 65.

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co., Paris.



1883. AGE 68.

From a photograph by Loescher and Petsch, Berlin.

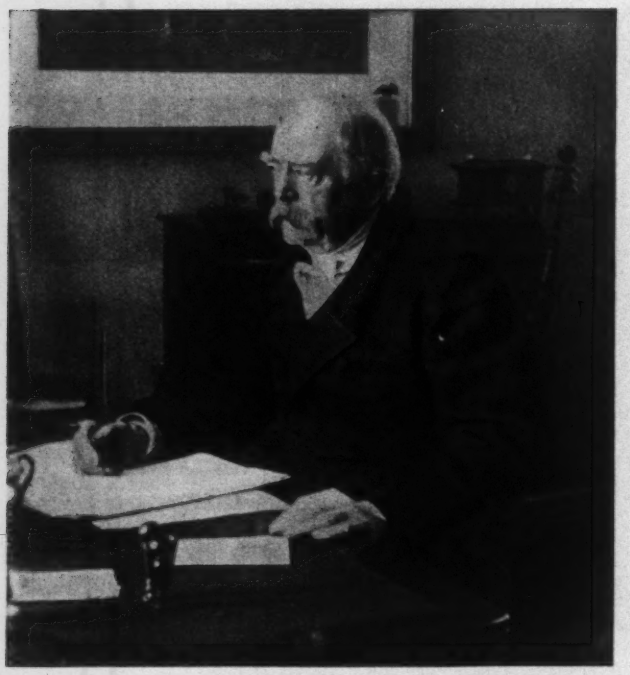


1885. AGE 70.

From a photograph by Loescher and Petsch, Berlin.

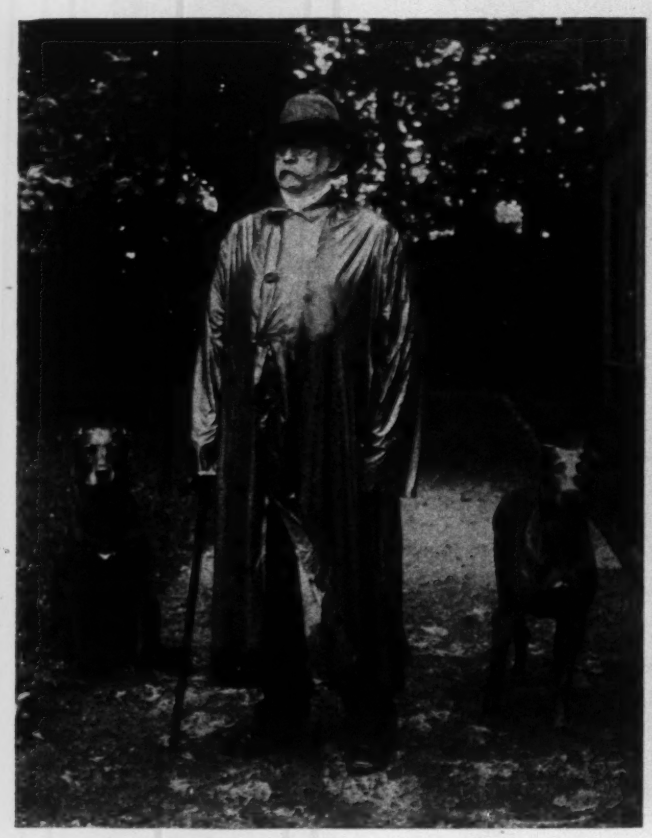
BISMARCK IN 1885. AGE 70.

From a photograph by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin. Bismarck's seventieth birthday was celebrated as a great national event in Germany, as have been his succeeding birthdays.



BISMARCK IN 1886. AGE 71.

From a photograph taken at Friedrichsruh by A. Bockmann, Strasburg.



BISMARCK IN 1886. AGE 71.

From a photograph by A. Bockmann, Lübeck.

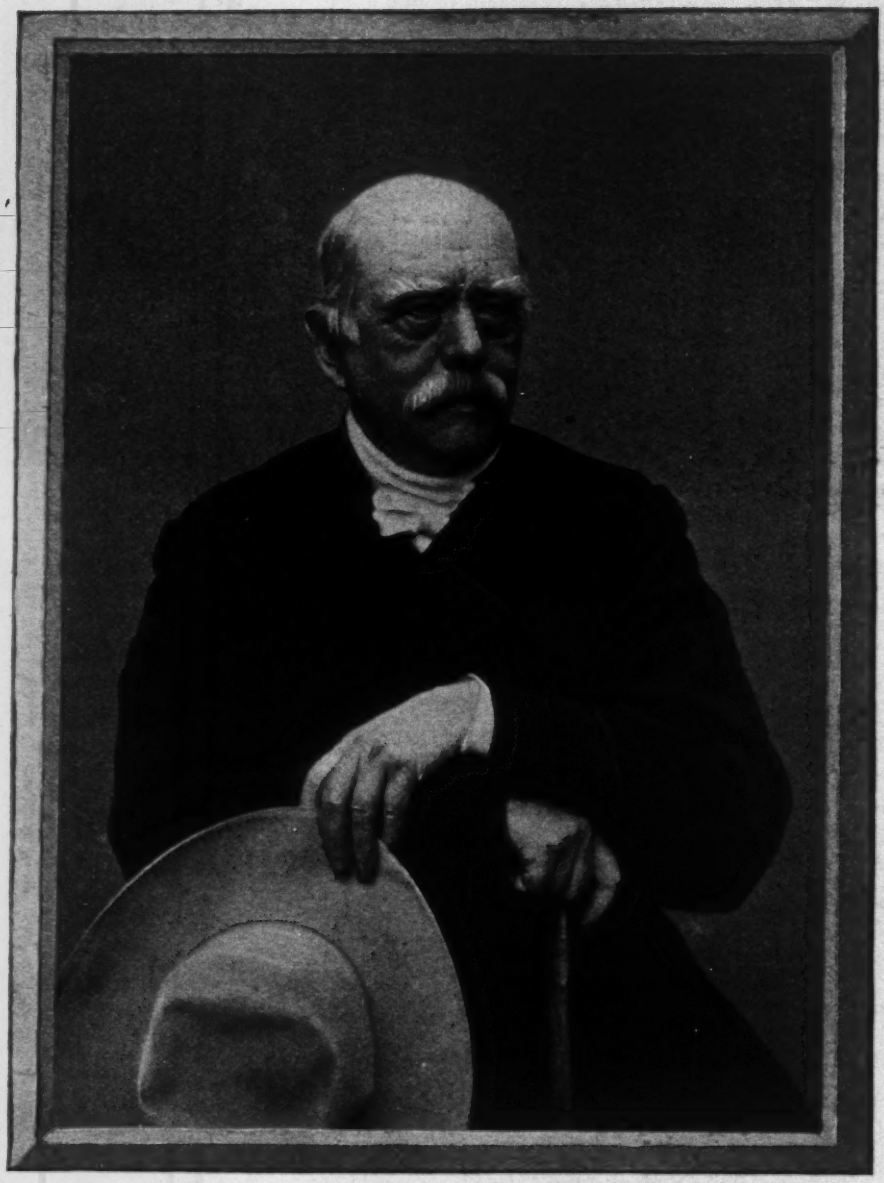
BISMARCK IN 1887. AGE 72.

From a photograph by M. Ziesler, Berlin.

EMPEROR FREDERICK AND PRINCE BISMARCK. 1888.
From a photograph by M. Fiesler, Berlin.

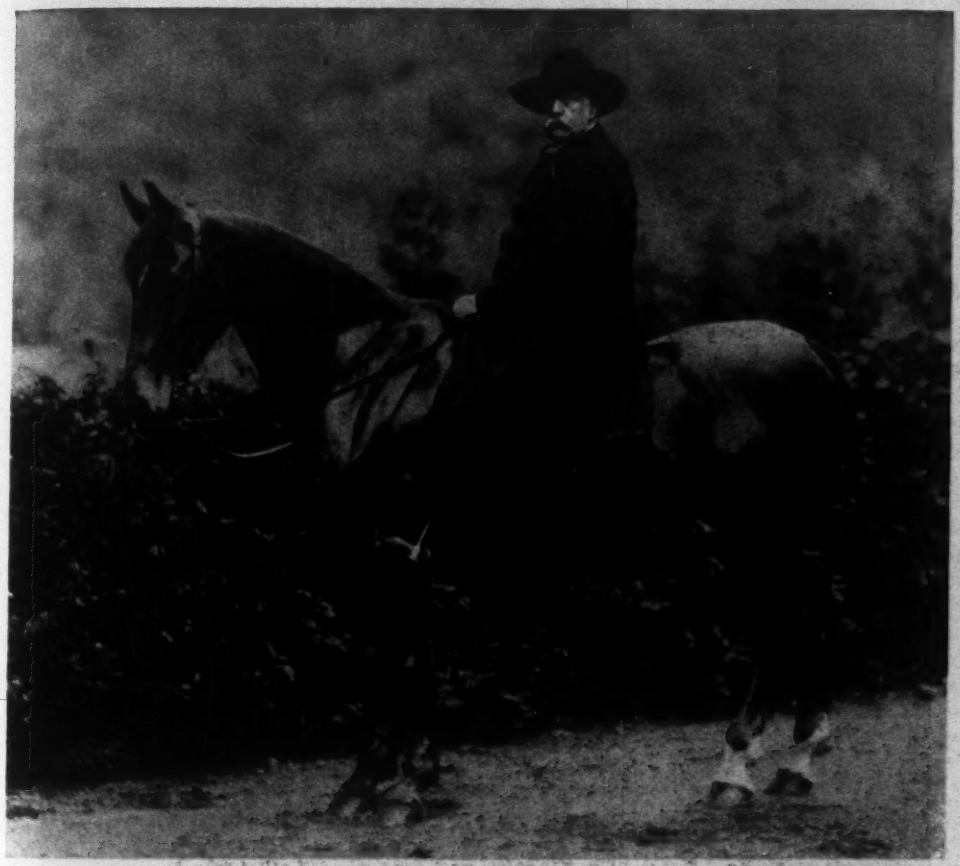
1889. AGE 74.
From a photograph by M. Fiesler, Berlin.

1889. AGE 74.
From a photograph by Jul. Braatz, Berlin.



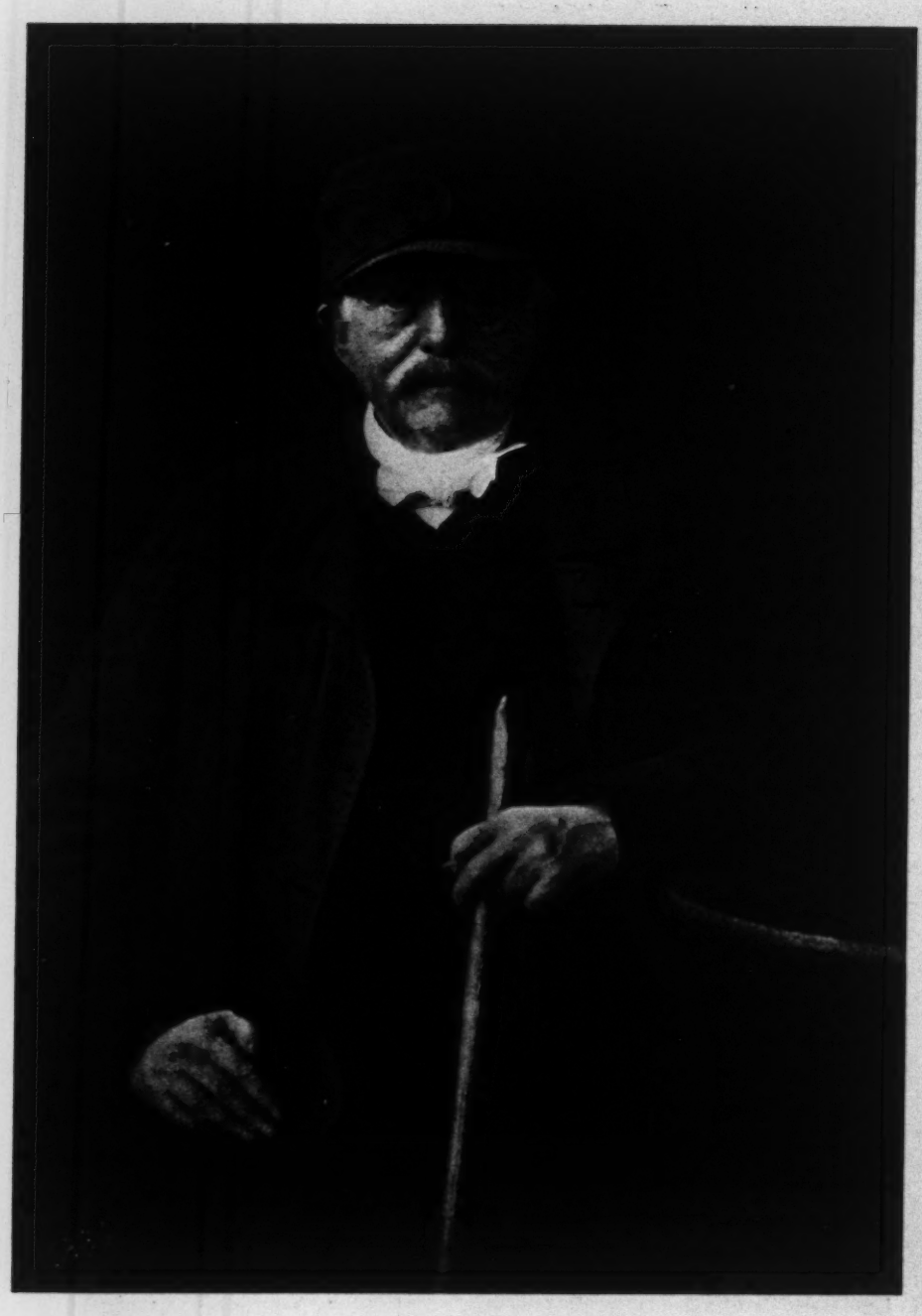
BISMARCK IN 1890. AGE 75.

In the spring of this year Bismarck's differences with William II. culminated in a retirement from office, which was practically a dismissal, after a continuous cabinet service of nearly thirty years. This portrait was taken at Friedrichsruh two months after his resignation. From a photograph by A. Bockmann, Strasburg.



BISMARCK IN 1890. AGE 75.
From a copyright photograph owned by Strumper & Co., Hamburg.

BISMARCK IN 1891. AGE 76.
Greeted by a body of students at Kissingen. From a photograph by Pilartz, Kissingen.



BISMARCK IN 1894. AGE 79.

From a photograph by Karl Hahn, Munich.

WHAT SHE COULD.

By Ian Maclaren,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

MAUD TREVOR was a genuine woman, and kept her accounts with the aid of six purses. One was an ancient housewife of her grandmother's, which used to be equipped with silk and thread and needles and buttons, and from a secret place yielded to the third generation a bank note of value. This capacious receptacle was evidently intended for the household exchequer, whose transactions were innumerable, and whose monthly budget depended for success on an unfailing supply of copper. Another had come from her mother, and was of obsolete design—a bag closed at both extremities, with a long, narrow slit in the middle, and two rings which compressed the gold into one end and the silver into the other. This was marked out by Providence for charity, since it made no provision for pennies, and laid a handicap of inconvenience on threepenny bits. It retained a subtle trace of an old-fashioned scent her mother loved, and recalled her mother going out on some errand of mercy—a St. Clare in her sacrifices and devotion. Purse three descended from her father, and was an incarnation of business—of chamois leather with a steel clasp that closed with a click, having three compartments within, one of which had its own clasp, and was reserved for gold. In this bank Maud kept the funds of a clothing society, whose more masterly bargains ran sometimes into farthings, and she was always haunted with anxiety lest a new farthing and a half sovereign should some day change places. A pretty little purse with ivory sides and silver hinges—a birthday gift of her girlhood—was large enough to hold her dress allowance, which Trevor had fixed at a most generous rate when he had barely four hundred a year, and had since forgotten to increase. One in sealskin had been a gift of engagement days, and held the savings of the year against birthday and Christmas presents—whose contents were the subject of many calculations. A cast-off purse of Trevor's had been devoted to Bertie, their only child, and from its resources came one way or other all he needed, but it happened that number six was constantly reënforced from the purse with the ivory sides.

Saturday forenoon was sacred to bookkeeping, and Maud used her bed as a table for this critical operation, partly because it was so much larger than an *escritoire*, but chiefly because you could empty the purses into little pools with steep protecting banks. Of course, if one sat down hurriedly, there was great danger of amalgamation, with quite hopeless consequences; and Trevor held over Maud's head the chance of his making this mistake. It was his way, till he grew too busy, to watch till the anxious face would suddenly brighten and a rapid change be made in the pools—the household contributing something to presents, and the dress purse to Bertie, while private and public charity would accommodate each other with change. Caresses were strictly forbidden in those times of abstruse calculation; and the Evil One, who stands at every man's elbow, once tempted Trevor to roll the counterpane into a bundle—purses, money, and all—but Maud, when he confessed, said that no human being would be allowed to fall into such wickedness.

Trevor was obliged to open her wardrobe fourteen days after the funeral, and the first thing he lighted upon was the purses. They lay in a row on an old account-book, a motley set indeed; but so absurd and tricky a spirit is pathos, they affected him more swiftly than the sight of a portrait. Was ever any one so faithful and conscientious, so self-forgetful and kind, so capable also and clever in her own sphere? Latterly he had sneered at the purses, and once, being vexed at something in a letter, he had told Maud she ought to have done with that folly and keep her accounts like an educated woman. "A girl of twelve would be ashamed." . . . What a merciless power memory wields! She only drooped her head, . . . it was on the sealskin purse the tear fell, and he saw the bend of the Wye at Tin-

Copyrighted, 1895, by Ian Maclaren.

tern where he had surprised her with that purse. He was moved to kiss away that tear, but his heart hardened. Why could she not be like the women he knew? . . . Well, he would not be troubled any longer with her simple ways . . . he could do as he pleased now with the purses. . . . A bitter madness of grief took possession of him, and he arranged them on the bed.

One was empty, the present purse, and he understood . . . the dress purse, of course, a little silver only . . . the rest had gone that he might have something beautiful. . . . He knew that it must be done sooner or later, and to-day was best, for his heart could be no sorer. . . . Yes, here they were, the ungiven gifts. For every person, from himself to the nurse; all wrapped in soft white paper and ready in good time. . . . She used to arrange everything on Christmas Eve . . . this year he had intended to stay at Cannes, . . . there would just have been Bertie and his mother, now. . . . But he must open it—an inkstand for his study in solid brass, with pens and other things complete; he noted every detail as if to estimate its value. It came back to him how she had cunningly questioned him about his needs before he left for Cannes, till he grew impatient. "Don't bother me about ink-bottles." Yes, the very words, and others . . . the secret writing of memory came out in this fire of sorrow. "Why won't women understand that a man can't answer questions about trifles when he has work on hand?" He could swear to the words, and he knew how Maud looked, although he did not see.

"Don't go away; you promised that you would sit beside me when I worked—hinder me? I suppose you are bidding for a kiss; you know the sight of your face inspires me." . . . That was ten years ago . . . he might have borne with her presence a little longer. . . . She never would come again . . . he would have no interruptions of that kind. . . .

Her gloves, sixes—what a perfect hand it was (smooths out the glove). His memory brings up a dinner-table. Mrs. Chatterby gives her opinion on Meredith's last novel and helps herself to salt; he sees a disgusting hand, with stumpy fingers and, for impudence, a street arab of a thumb. A vulgar little woman through and through, and yet because she picked up scraps from the monthlies, and had the trick of catch-words, people paid her court. And he had sometimes thought, but he knew better to-day . . . of all things in the world a glove is the surest symbol. Mended, too, very neatly . . . that he might have his hansoms.

It was the last thing he ever could have imagined, and yet it must be a diary—Maud's diary! Turns over the leaves, and catches that woman's name against whom he has suddenly taken a violent dislike.

"January 25. Was at Mrs. Chatterby's—how strange one does not say anything of her husband, yet he is the nicer of the two—and I think it will be better not to go again to dinner. One can always make some excuse that will not be quite untrue.

"'The dinner is in honor of Mr. Fynical, who is leaving his college and coming to live in London to do literary work,' as Mrs. Chatterby has been explaining for weeks, 'and to give tone to the weeklies.

"'The younger men are quite devoted to him, and we ought all to be so thankful that he is to be within reach. His touch reminds one of'—I don't know the French writer, but she does not always give the same name. 'We hope to see a great deal of him. So delightfully cynical, you know, and hates the *bourgeoisie*.'

"I was terrified lest I should sit next Mr. Fynical, but Mrs. Chatterby was merciful, and gave me Janie Godfrey's father. Edward says that he is a very able man, and will be Lord Chancellor some day; but he is so quiet and modest that one feels quite at home with him. Last summer he was yachting on the west coast of Scotland, and he described the sunset over the Skye hills; and I tried to give him a Devonshire sunrise. We both forgot where we were, and then Mrs. Chatterby asked me quite loud, so that every one looked, what I thought of 'Smudges.'

"The dinner-table seemed to wait for my answer, and I wish that the book had never come from the library; but I said that I had sent it back because it seemed so bitter and cruel, and one ought to read books which showed the noble side of life.

"'You are one of the old-fashioned women,' she replied. 'You believe in a novel for the young person,' with a smile that hurt me; and I told her that I had been brought up on Sir Walter Scott. I was trying to say something about his purity and chivalry, when I caught Mr. Fynical's eye, and blushed red. If I had only been silent, for I'm afraid every one was laughing, and Edward did not say one word to me all the way home.

"February 20. Another ordeal, but not

so unfortunate as the last. The Browne-Smythes are very kind friends, but I do think they are too much concerned about having clever people at their house. One evening Mrs. Browne-Smythe said she was happy because nothing had been talked about except translations of Homer. A certain guest was so miserable on that occasion that I begged Edward to leave me at home this time, but he said it would not be Greek again. It was science, however, and when we came in Mrs. Browne-Smythe was telling a very learned-looking person that she simply lived for fossils. A young lady beside me was talking about gases to a nervous man, who grew quite red, and tried to escape behind a table. I think she was wrong in her words, and he was too polite to correct her. To my horror, he was obliged to take me in to dinner, and there never could have been two people more deserving of pity, for I was terrified of his knowledge, and he was afraid of my ignorance. We sat in perfect silence till a fatherly old man, quite like a farmer, on my left, began to talk to me so pleasantly that I described our country people, and was really sorry when the ladies had to leave. Edward says that he is one of the greatest discoverers in the world, and has all kinds of honors. We became so friendly that he has promised to take tea with me, and I think he does not despise my simplicity. How I long to be cleverer for Edward's sake, for I'm sure he must be ashamed of me among those brilliant women. I cannot blame him; I am proud of my husband.

"May 15. I am quite discouraged, and have resolved never to go to any charitable committee again. Miss Tabitha Primmer used shameful language at the Magdalene meeting to-day, and Mrs. Wood-Ruler showed me that I had broken Law forty-three by giving a poor girl personal aid. It seems presumptuous on my part to criticise such able and diligent workers, but my mother never spoke about certain subjects, and it is agony for me to discuss them. When the vicar insisted on Sunday that thoughtful women were required for Christian service to-day, and that we must read up all kinds of books, and know all kinds of painful things, my heart sank. It does not seem as if there was any place left for simple folks like me. Perhaps it would be better to give up going out altogether, and live for Edward and Bertie. I can always do something for them, and their love will be enough reward.

"November 30. I have not slept all night, for I made a dreadful mistake about a new book that every one is reading, and Edward was so angry. He did not mean all he said, but he never called me a fool before. Perhaps he is right, and it is hard on him, who is so bright. Sometimes I wish—" And then there was no writing, only a tear mark. . . .

Afterwards he opened the letters that had come since her death, and this is what he read:

"MY DEAR TREVOR: The intelligence of Mrs. Trevor's death has given me a great shock of regret, and you will allow me to express my sympathy. Many men not given to enthusiasm had told me of her face and goodness, and before I had seen your wife I knew she was a very perfect type of womanliness. The few times I met her, Mrs. Trevor cast a certain spell over me—the nameless grace of the former days—and I felt myself unworthy in her presence. Once when a silly woman referred to one of the most miserable examples of decadent fiction, your wife spoke so nobly of true literature that I was moved to thank her; but I gathered from her face that this would not be acceptable. It seemed to me that the mask had fallen from a beautiful soul, and one man, at least, in whom there is too little reverence, took the shoes from off his feet. Pardon me if I have exceeded, and believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"BERNARD FYNICAL."

The next was from the F. R. S.:

"MY DEAR SIR: It is quite wrong for me, a stranger, to intrude on your grief, but I am compelled to tell you that an old fellow who only spoke to your wife once, had to wipe his spectacles over the 'Times' this morning. It came about this way. The lady I had taken in to dinner at the Browne-Smythes' gabbled about science till I lost my temper, and told her it would be a good thing if women would keep to their own sphere. Your wife was on the other side, and I turned to her in despair. She delighted me by confessing utter ignorance of my subject, and then she won my heart by some of the loveliest stories of peasant life in Devonshire I ever heard, so full of insight and delicacy. If the parsons preached like that I would be in church next Sunday. She put me in mind of a sister I lost long ago, who had the same low, soft voice and honest, trusty eyes. When she found I was a lonely man, your wife had pity on me, and asked me to call on her. But I had to go to America, and only returned two days ago. I intended to wish her a Happy New Year, but it's too late. I cannot get you out of my mind, and I thought it might comfort you to know how a fossil like myself was melted by that kind heart.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ARCHIBALD GILMORE."

The third was also from a man, but this time a lad in rooms whom Trevor had seen at the house:

"DEAR MR. TREVOR: You perhaps know that Mrs. Trevor allowed me to spend an hour with her of an evening, when I felt down-hearted or had any

trouble, but no one will ever know how much she did for me. When I came up to London my faith began to go, and I saw that in a short time I would be an Agnostic. This did not trouble me so much on my own account as my mother's, who is dead, and made me promise something on her deathbed. So I bought books and heard sermons on unbelief till I was quite sick of the whole business. Mrs. Trevor took me to hear your own clergyman, who did not help me one bit, for he was too clever and logical; but you remember I came home with you, and after you had gone to your study, I told Mrs. Trevor my difficulties, and she did me more good than all the books. She never argued nor preached, but when I was with her, one felt that religion was a reality, and that she knew more about it than any one I had met since I lost my mother. It is a shame to trouble you with my story when you are in such sorrow, and no one need tell you how noble a woman Mrs. Trevor was; but I could not help letting you know that her goodness has saved one young fellow, at least, from infidelity and worse.

"You will not mind my sending a cross to put on the coffin; it was all I could do.

"Yours gratefully,

"GEORGE BENSON."

There was neither beginning nor end to the fourth letter, but it was written in a lady's hand:

"I am a clergyman's daughter, who left her father's house and went astray. I have been in the Inferno, and have seen what I read in Dante while I was innocent. One day the old rectory rose up before my eyes, the roses hanging over my bedroom window, the birds flying in and out of the ivy, my father on the lawn, aged and broken through my sin, and I resolved that my womanhood should no longer be dragged in the mire. My home was closed years ago; I had no friends, so I went in my desperation to a certain Institute, and told my case to a matron. She was not unkindly, but the committee were awful, without either sympathy or manners; and when an unmarried woman wished to pry into the details of my degradation—but I can't tell a man the shame they would have put upon me—my heart turned to flint, and I left the place. I would have gone back to my life and perished, had it not not been for one woman who followed me out and asked me to go home with her for afternoon tea. Had she said one word about my past, I had flung myself away; but because she spoke to me as if I were still in the rectory, I could not refuse. Mrs. Trevor never once mentioned my sin, and she saved my soul. I am now a nurse in one of the hospitals, and full of peace. As long as I live I shall lay white flowers on her grave, who surely was the wisest and tenderest of women."

Trevor's fortitude was failing fast before this weight of unconscious condemnation, and he was only able to read one more, an amazing production, that had cost the writer great pains.

"HONORED SIR: Bill says as its tyking too much on the likes o' me to be addressing you on your missus' death, but it's not her husband that will despise a pore working woman oo's lost her best friend. When Bill 'ad the rumatiks and couldn't do no work, and Byby was a-growing that thin you could see thro' 'im, Mrs. Byles says to me, 'Mrs. 'Awkes, you goes to the Society for the Horganization of Female Toilers.' Says I, 'Wot is that?' and she declares, 'It's a set of ladies oo wants to 'elp women to work, and they 'ill see you gets it.' So I goes, and I saw a set of ladies sitting at a table, and they looks at me; and one with spectacles and a vice like an 'and-saw arsks me, 'Wot's yer name?' and ''Ow old are you?' and ''Ow many children have you?' and 'Are your 'abits temperate?' and then she says, 'If you pay a shilling we 'ill put your nyme down for work has an unskilled worker.' 'I 'avn't got a shilling, and Byby's dyin' for want of food.' 'This ain't a poor 'ouse,' says she; 'this is a Booro.' When I wos a-going down the stairs, a lady comes after me. 'Don't cry, Mrs. 'Awkes,' for she had picked up my name. 'I've some charring for you, and we 'ill go to get somethink for Byby.' If ever there wos a hangel in a sealskin jacket and a plain little bonnet, but the true lady hall hover, 'er name was Mrs. Trevor. Bill, he looked up from that day, and wos on his keb in a week, and little Jim is the biggest byby in the court. Mrs. Trevor never rested till I got three hoffices to clean, to say nothing of 'elping at cleanings and parties in 'ouses. She wos that kind too, and free, when she'd come hin with noos of some hoffice. 'We're horganizin' you, Missus 'Awkes, just splendid,' with the prettiest bit smile. Bill, he used to say, ''Er 'usband's a proud man, for I never saw the like o' her for a downright lady in 'er wys;' and 'e knows, does Bill, being a kebman. When I told 'im, he wos that bad that 'e never put a match to pipe the 'ole night. 'Mariar,' 'e says to me, 'you an' me 'as seen somethink of her, but you bet nobody knew wot a saint she wos 'xcept 'er 'usband.'" . . .

Trevor could read no more, for it had dawned at last upon him that Christ had lived with him for more than ten years, and his eyes had been holden.

COLLEGE BUILDINGS AND CAMPUS FROM THE BASEBALL FIELD.

A PRAIRIE COLLEGE.

AN EMINENT FRENCHWOMAN'S STUDY OF CO-EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

By Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon) of the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

[The author of the following article, Madame Blanc, or, as she is better known to French readers, Th. Bentzon, is one of the ablest and most delightful writers among the literary women of the day in France. For many years her short stories and novels have been regular features of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

Madame Blanc is even better known in her own country, however, as an authority on contemporary American literature than as a writer of fiction. For years she has been presenting one after another of our writers to the cultivated readers of France, until a great constituency has learned to look to her for information on the literary output of the United States.

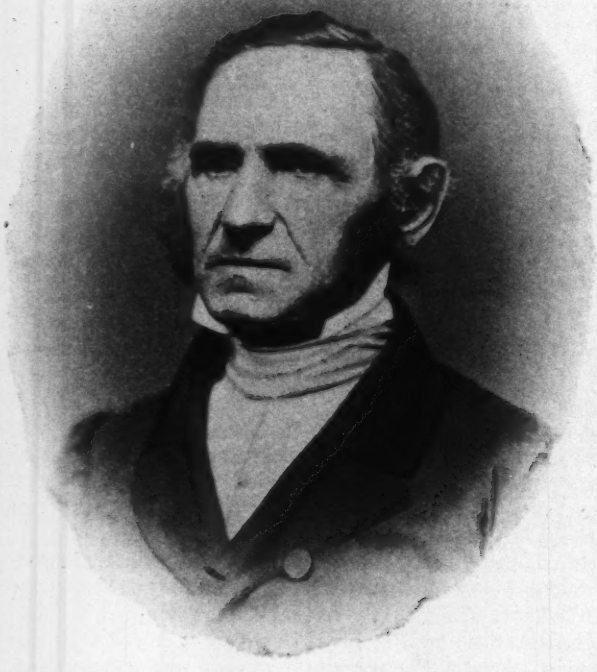
The knowledge of our life which she has obtained through our books has been increased by her constant intercourse with Americans travelling in France. She never fails to extend gracious courtesies to literary Americans who seek her in Paris, and she never fails to charm them by her sincere interest in all that concerns our country. Indeed, I never met in Paris a French person who understood our social life so well, or who was so well able to ask intelligent questions about it.

For several years Madame Blanc had cherished the idea of visiting this country, in order to observe for herself what we were like. "I want to see Americans in their homes and at their work," she told me in talking of her plans. "I do not want to see the cosmopolitan life of the few, but the life of the mass of the people."

She carried out her plan in 1893, coming over in October, and remaining until the next June. In this visit of some eight months, she went to nearly all our great cities east of the Mississippi, and from them made numerous excursions out of the beaten paths of sight-seers. She studied all the great institutions, not only of the East, but of the West. She saw all classes, and talked with people of all conditions. She gathered documents on numerous enterprises peculiar to the country, examined statistics, cross-examined leading men and women. Although interested in all phases of our life, Madame Blanc studied with particular care the effect of our institutions upon women. The one original and peculiar thing which most foreigners believe the United States to have produced, is the American woman, and there is no subject which interests them more. To see the American woman in all stages of her development, and in all lights and shades, and to study her present tendencies, was Madame Blanc's

desire. She did her work of observation and note-taking with the fidelity, sincerity, and good sense which characterize all her literary efforts, and when she returned to Paris, she had an astonishing amount of material. This material Madame Blanc has already used in a series of articles just completed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The following article is typical of that series.—IDA M. TARBELL.]

WE have yet to become acquainted with co-educational colleges, stranger to our eyes than all the others. It is almost exclusively to the West that one must go to find them. A man of high position in the Bureau of Education spoke to me enthusiastically of the results, from the beginning to the end, of studies pursued under this plan, which in France has recently been the subject of so many earnest discussions, where, however, it could not possibly be established without a complete change in customs and manners.



REV. GEORGE GALE, FOUNDER OF THE TOWN OF GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, AND OF KNOX COLLEGE.

Perhaps the story of a week or two spent at a prairie college, that of Galesburg, will give my readers the best idea of what co-education, in its most interesting phases, may be. The picture of the college is inseparable in my memory from that of the little town and its inhabitants. I will therefore copy a few fragments from the journal in which I wrote each evening.

A journey of about five hours takes us from Chicago to Galesburg, where I am received into the home of one of the college professors, who, like all Americans, is faithful to the principle, "The friends of our friends are our friends." Rich or poor, they offer you, under this maxim, a share in their family life as easily as we invite to dinner. It is a simple wooden house placed almost at the edge of the town. Before it, leading to the college, lies a street planted with maples, and with board walks upon its two sides. There are three or four rooms upon the first floor; upon the second as many more, with sloping ceilings. That is all. But this modest interior suggests at first sight ideas of order, scrupulous neatness, and studious retirement. The study is full of books, and they are all over the house. In the little parlor there are no mirrors, only very simple furniture, family photographs, good engravings, and flowers; a singular dignity pervades the whole.

This is the frame for one of the most energetic and noble faces I have seen, that of an old man, robust as a young man, a disinterested scholar, whose labor-filled career has been consecrated from beginning to end to the same college, in spite of what ambition may have counselled him. He is, so to speak, one of its pillars.

THE FOUNDATION.

The founding of Knox College, as it is described to me, presents unique features. A band of patriotic and Christian pioneers laid its foundation. Their declared aim was to establish a college which might furnish well prepared recruits for the evangelical ministry, and which should make women worthy educators of the future generation. On January 7, 1836, a meet-

ing was held at Whitesboro, New York, at which a sum of twenty thousand dollars was voted to pay for fifteen thousand acres of land, the sale of which represented the first gift to the college ; and in the spring of that same year the colonists, led by the Rev. George Gale, promoter of the project and head of the colony to which he gave his name, turned toward the prairie. By autumn thirty families, composing a homogeneous nucleus, descended from the Pilgrim Fathers of the past, had already built rude cabins upon the place where afterwards was to rise the town. . . .

Alumni Hall, a building of brick and red sandstone, in modified Roman style, has a fine appearance. Its auditorium, which

COLLEGE BUILDINGS FROM THE CITY PARK.

will hold nearly one thousand people, serves each morning as a chapel, where a service of prayer unites the whole college, and where in turn the professors read the Bible and give a brief instruction. I hear the professor of English literature speak upon "Comparisons" apropos of the mote and beam of the Gospel. This custom does not exist in the universities of the East; it seems to me that it contributes largely to the moral atmosphere of Galesburg.

We visit the town, very charming with its shady avenues and green boulevards. It covers a large area, trees and gardens occupying much space. Trees surround the principal buildings. There are a few business streets, but they have a tranquil activity, as is fitting in a town in which traffic is a secondary matter, and which has always been especially interested in religion and science. The residence quarter is full of very pretty houses, the most of them built of wood and painted, and affecting all styles of architecture. Grassy borders surround them. They might be described as scattered over a lawn. The whole town is scrupulously neat, with the sidewalks, very ugly by the way, which everywhere in America, along the roads, in the public parks, and about the houses, permit one to avoid the dust or mud, according to the season. A few streets are paved with an improved brick. One feels a pleasant intimacy with the interior of the houses seen through the flower-decked bay windows. We come to a suburb formed of little houses painted in light colors, well varnished, like new toys ; it is the Swedish quarter. They are an honest people, forming quite an important part of the population, and quickly obtaining a competency through their industry. Passing the college we see a vast drill ground for the three companies commanded by an officer of the United States army, delegated as professor of science and military tactics. The service is obligatory, each student being required to procure a uniform.

There are numerous churches, representing all Protestant sects, and also—a small fraction—the Catholic religion. It was the efforts and sacrifices of the two Congregational and the Presbyterian churches which founded the college. Their influence, therefore, dominates in the council of adminis-

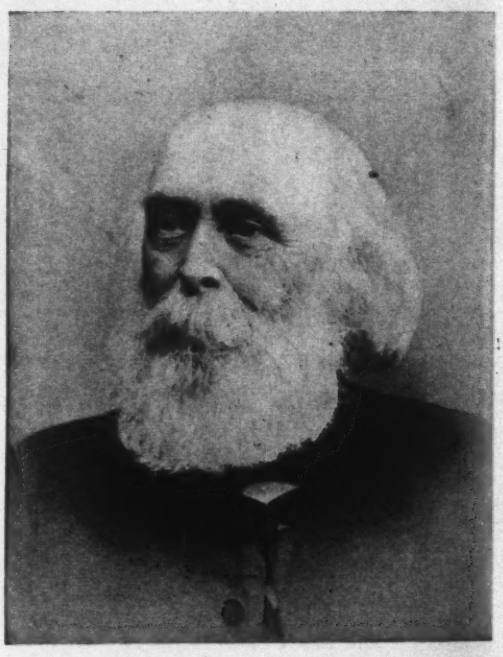
DR. JOHN H. FINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

Dr. Finley was born at Grand Ridge, Illinois, in 1863, and spent his early life on a farm. After graduating from Knox College in 1887, he pursued a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins University. He was associated with Professor Ely in the authorship of "Taxation in American States and Cities," and has been for some years editor of the "Charities Review." He was elected president of Knox in 1892, and is the youngest college president in the United States.

tration, but without any narrowness. A true Christian spirit alone is required as a fundamental and indispensable foundation to an education at Knox. The students are expected to frequent their respective churches on the Sabbath.

A STURDY TYPE OF STUDENT.

I was present at a Latin class conducted by a young woman with an expressive and resolute face, who seemed to exercise great power over her pupils. There were grouped about her almost as many boys as girls. Although no rule requires it, the two sexes are separate, and occupy different sides of the room. In general the girls are more advanced in their knowledge. They smile a little maliciously at each blunder of the boys, who, on the other hand, do not appear sorry to find them in fault. There is no coquetry on the one side or gallantry on the other. I notice the sunburned complexions, the rustic appearance of several of the students, grown men; their good faces express at once energy and purity. They tell me that they come from distant parts of the West, and that before entering college they earned the necessary money by the labor of their hands. The editor of an important magazine said to me one day, while travelling with me: "I used to pass over all this country on foot during vacations, year after year, a pack of goods on my back, to pay my college expenses. They called me the honest little peddler." And I saw that this epithet would always remain among those that had pleased him most, although he has since attained great success. A good many of the students at Knox College are made of the same solid stuff. It is found that these students who are late in beginning, are likely to show superior talents. Several are pointed out to me who, during the exposition at Chicago, without any foolish shame, used their vacation of two months and a half serving in the restaurants of the Fair, and in pushing the wheel-chairs. Now behold them buried in the "Æneid."

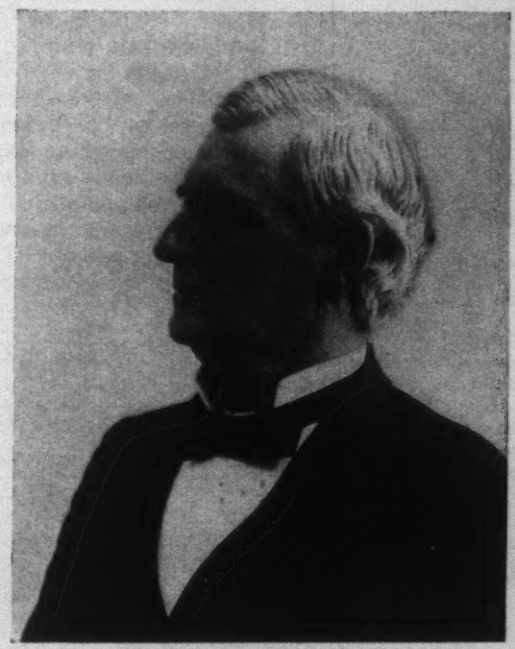


DR. NEWTON BATEMAN, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

Dr. Bateman was born in New Jersey, July 27, 1822, and went to Illinois in his boyhood. He has had a most important part in the educational development of the State. He served five terms as State superintendent of instruction, in addition to his long connection with Knox College as professor and president. He resigned the presidency in 1892, but he still retains his professorship. Dr. Bateman enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with Lincoln, and when he was State superintendent of instruction they had an office together.

The kind and bright influence of the young girls upon these country boys is most happy. The whip of emulation inspires them; they are ashamed to allow themselves to be distanced by their frail comrades; and, moreover, feminine kindliness polishes them without their knowing it.

If the professor who teaches the chemistry lesson with remarkable animation and clearness had not, on my account, purposely questioned the girl-students that they might show a foreigner (very incapable of judging in the matter) how much they knew, I should think that here, perhaps, the boys would have the advantage. But on this subject our preconceived opinions are apparently belied by the aptitudes of American women.



PROFESSOR ALBERT HURD.

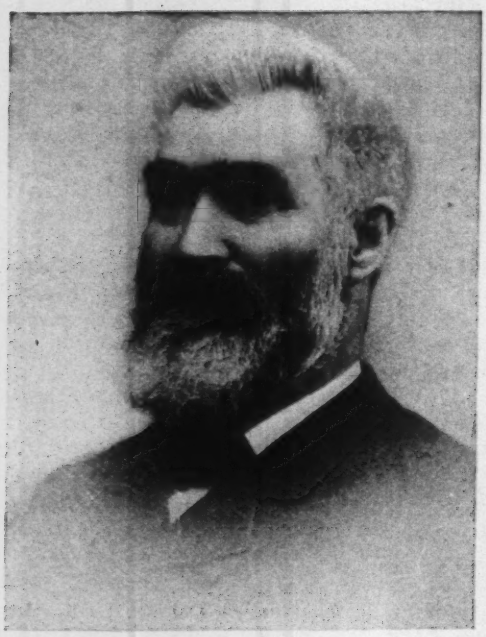
Professor Hurd was born at Kemptville, Ontario. He worked on his father's farm, and fitted himself for college. Graduating in 1850 from Middlebury College, Vermont, he served a year as principal of the Vermont Literary and Scientific Institution, at Brandon, Vermont. Then he was called to Knox College. Before taking up his work there, however, he studied for a time with Agassiz. He has held the chair of professor of chemistry for forty-one years; for sixteen has acted also as professor of Latin, and for three was acting president.

SOCIETY IN A WESTERN COLLEGE TOWN.

I was invited to several houses of the town, where I found the best society; women at the same time simple and educated, talking of everything, questioning with intelligence. Evidently contact with the college is a perpetual stimulus, and the society of the professors a precious resource. Some of them have travelled, but they are not possessed by that feverish desire for change which I have noticed elsewhere—a thing which is restful. The diversity of denominations in that little town, so religious as a whole, is curious. At a certain luncheon I met half a dozen ladies, all warm friends, although belonging to different churches. Opposite me sat a Baptist; at my side a pleasant Universalist, whose religion pleased me, since it permitted her to be as sure of my eternal salvation as she was of her own. Universalists damn no one.

The French lessons attracted me. The pupils were reading, translating, and explaining a play of Victor Hugo's, "Hernani," and nothing could be more droll than the accent given to those grand, impetuous verses and to those Spanish names, which they spoke with hesitation and robbed of their beauty. But they understood, they understood quite well enough, I believe, to find the character of Hernani that of a fool. I gave them real satisfaction by telling them that even in France his sentiments appeared a little exaggerated. There were some among them who were evidently bewildered by the intricate scene: some of those fine, swarthy fellows, simple and solid, of whom I have already spoken, young giants from distant farms, who have left the plough for their books. One of them accosted me with hesitation, and asked in a tone of passionate curiosity if it was true that the admiration for such a great man as Napoleon was growing less in France? Emboldened by my response, he expressed his conviction, shared by many others, that an obscure soldier had been shot in the place of Marshal Ney, and that Ney had taken refuge in America. The questions of the young girls touched upon more personal subjects: they wanted to know if the education of women in France was making any progress; if we were always shut up in convents; if co-education really did not exist with us.

We took supper at the seminary, where the young ladies from out of town live together. Around the table were assembled professors, men and women, and a few women guests. The dining-room where we were, communicated with another, a larger one, in which the boarders had



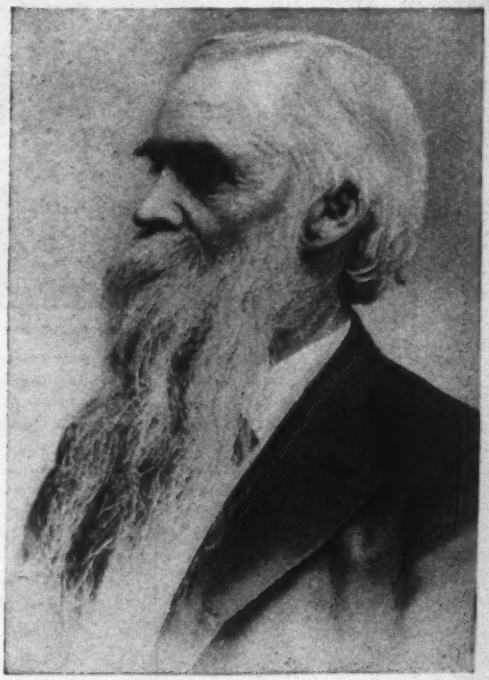
PROFESSOR GEORGE CHURCHILL.

Professor Churchill has been principal of the preparatory department of Knox College since 1855. He was born in New York State in 1829; but his parents were of the colony which in 1839 established the town of Galesburg and founded Knox College, and in the town and the college his life since his tenth year has been mainly passed.

taken their places about small separate tables in groups of six or eight. The principal presided. A few of the young men students came in to take their meals with the young ladies. After supper, in the large, handsome drawing-room, all the pupils in the seminary were presented to me, one after another. It was a long line of very different types, often very pleasant to look upon. They came from all quarters of the United States—from Kansas, Colorado, California, Texas, from everywhere. While telling me their names, they told me also their native States. Several were from Utah, from Salt Lake City. I shuddered, thinking myself before Mormons; and they, laughing, explained to me that their parents were "Gentiles."

A VISIT TO AN ILLINOIS FARM.

I was invited to spend an afternoon upon a great farm in the suburbs. The name "farm" is given in America to all rural estates. With more than ordinary hospitality the proprietor of the farm came for me himself in his buggy. Carried along by two excellent horses, we rolled across the prairie, filling our lungs with the soft, velvety air, which, before the winter winds, accompanies that exquisite season so well named Indian summer. The landscape in its monotony was new to me, who had never seen the steppes. It was the immense, rolling prairie, its short little waves cut only by fences, barriers sometimes straight and sometimes zigzag, which all over America separate fields and confine cattle. Their silvery color, like that of the aging fir, harmonizes well with the brown tone of the soil. The corn had been harvested; there only remained the stalks and long leaves stacked for the cattle. Strange long lines of stumps, which no one takes the trouble to remove, were rotting here and there where once stood groves. They are one of the general characteristics of the American landscape as they rise rudely from the newly-cleared plain. The farmhouse, toward which we were going, was situated in the midst of three thousand acres, part cultivated and part in prairie. We stop before a wooden structure built

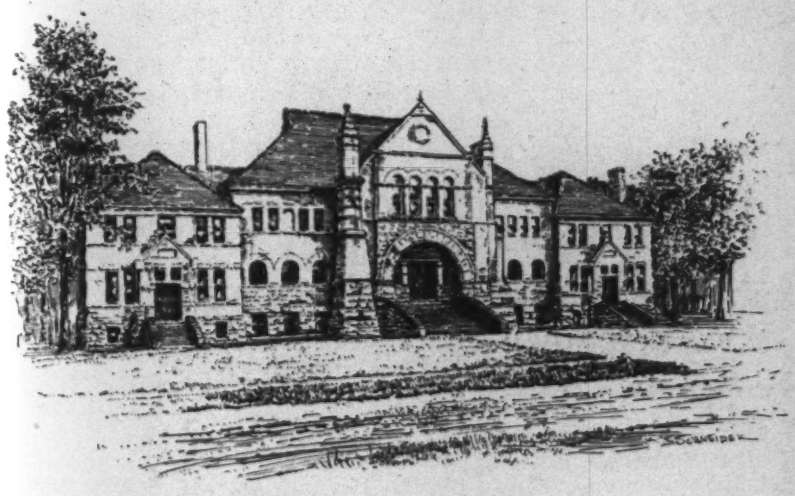


PROFESSOR MILTON L. COMSTOCK.

Professor Comstock was born October 19, 1824, in Hamilton County, Ohio, and graduated from Knox College in 1851. Under the necessity of making his own way he became a teacher some years before his graduation. He was principal of Knox Academy from 1851 to 1854, when he removed to Iowa, where he was for a time editor of the "Iowa Farmer." In 1858 he returned to Knox College as assistant professor of mathematics. He became full professor in 1862, and has served in that capacity ever since.

on the usual plan, with a stoop leading to it, and the indispensable walks. The mistress of the house comes to meet us. There is not a shadow of provincial ceremony in her greeting. She takes us into a drawing-room furnished in black haircloth, and we are immediately engaged in conversation upon interesting subjects.

About one o'clock dinner was served, a strictly American dinner: soup of canned oysters, roast meats, stewed corn, raw celery, rhubarb pie, wild grapes that tasted like black currants, hickory nuts, tea or coffee, as you preferred. Two young girls waited on the table; they were presented to me as the children of the house. They are obliged to assist with the housework during one of these do-



ALUMNI HALL.

mestic crises so common in the West and nearly everywhere.

As we talk, I discover that the life of a farmer's wife is rather severe in America, where the farm-houses are at great distances from each other, and are upon such an immense scale that the housewife's duties are by no means small. She has no distractions, no neighbors. But in winter my hostess finds compensation at Galesburg, where she belongs to a literary club. The ladies who are members of it, can read much during the summer in connection with the proposed subjects of the coming meetings. I inquired about the subjects, and learned a number of them: the Troubadours and the Trouvères (the Romance languages being held in great honor in the United States, and many people who do not speak French fluently going into ecstasies over our old Provençal literature); the influence of the *salons* of the fourteenth century; French women in politics; origin of Greek art, etc. Would one expect such interest in the affairs of the Old World in a prairie village? For a town of eighteen thousand inhabitants is little more than a village in the United States. But this village has certainly a mind superior in quality to that of many large towns.

In one of our drives a buggy crossed our path carrying a young man and a young girl. I asked the professor who drove me, if they were engaged. "They may become so," he replied, "but not necessarily." And I see that this austere man comprehends, approves this state of things; and upon this point he is of the opinion of all fathers of families whom I have met, in New York and elsewhere, finding it quite natural for their daughters to ride horseback, to go and come, accompanied by a friend. Still I do not know that his tolerance would be equal to that of many others, in case some one ventured to put the theory into practice in his own family.

The longer I stayed in Galesburg, the more I felt its resemblance to some little university town in Germany, as they were before the annexation of Prussia. There is the same simplicity, the same veneration for science and its representatives, the same patriarchal manners. The German spirit, shown by a general knowledge of the language, prevails here, too, as in many other American towns, the result of immigration, of a more or less pronounced stay made by the professors in Germany, and also of that prestige inseparable from the victorious when seen from afar. The most of the inhabitants do not speak French, though a few recall with delight a hurried visit to Paris.

COLLEGE MARRIAGES.

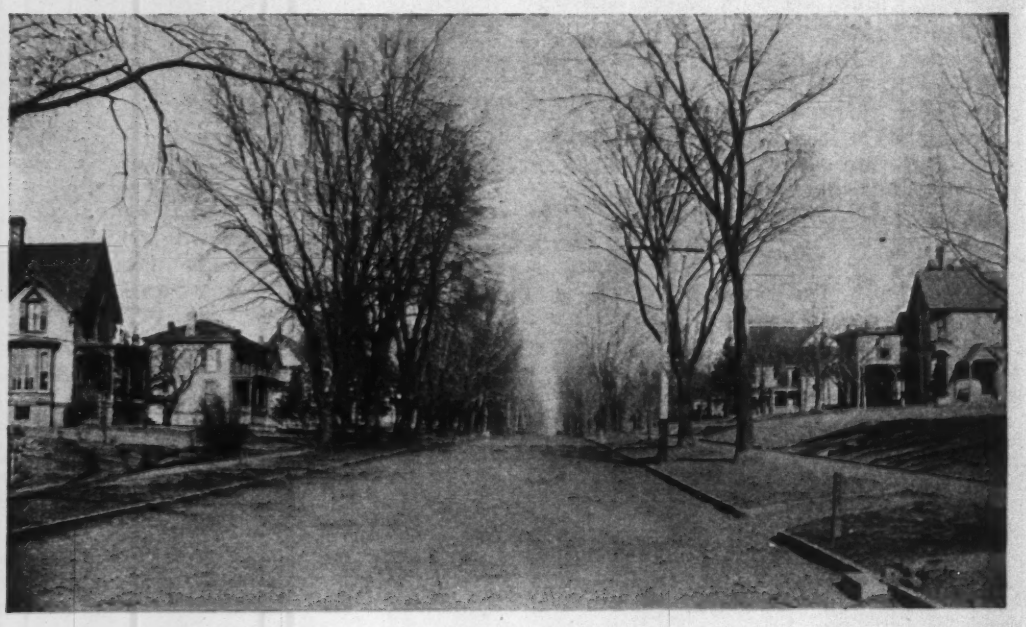
My questions were always about the system of co-education with its advantages and dangers. The pretty wife of the president replied to me: "We, my husband and I, can say no harm of it, since

we met and loved at college." The elder daughter of my host married in the same way, after having received all the diplomas of the college.

"Yes, many marriages are decided at college; is there any harm in it? Would it be better to meet in society, in the midst of frivolity? Do they not become much better acquainted, and in a more interesting way, when they study together for years?"

"But these marriages are premature!"

"Not at all; they do not take place until the man's position is secure. The constancy of the two parties is often put to a long test."



A RESIDENCE STREET IN GALESBURG.

"And does not love distract you from work?"

This very French reflection caused a smile. An American thinks of a wife only after having thought of his serious duties and first of the means of supporting her. The brilliant and almost unique example of the very young president of Knox, who at thirty years of age has lately succeeded a universally esteemed man, forced by his age to a comparative leisure, proves that college engagements do not prevent great efforts and great success.

I was asked if I had seen anything either in the college or the town which suggested any of the disadvantages of which I spoke. Assuredly no. It was because they did not exist. The atmosphere of Knox is clear and healthful. Each respects the dignity of his neighbor without the intervention of strict rules.

My conclusion, after having heard all, is that the system would not succeed in a larger city where an incessant moral surveillance could not be exercised, or where religious influences would be less direct, or where there would be temptations, or even distractions. The still primitive manners of the West permit the realization of what would elsewhere be a Utopia. Many other colleges are founded upon the same basis as Knox, and this proves an uprightness of soul, fresh and robust virtues, to which it has seemed to me that the more Europeanized America of the East does not give sufficient justice. Between the two sections, in the West as in the East, there are prejudices, because they are not well enough acquainted.

The wild odors of the prairie do not prevent me from appreciating certain drawing-rooms in Boston or New York. But I have often been shocked at the willing ignorance which Americans who have crossed the ocean ten times, profess for the still new portions of their own country, as if the treasures of the future were not buried there. I left Galesburg with regret. I afterwards returned to it from a long distance. I think of it yet with respect and with sympathy. It would be a great pleasure for me to take my "knitting" there, as I was invited to do in the frank parlance of the West.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RENO GANG.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

By Cleveland Moffett.

THE first, and probably the most daring, band of train robbers that ever operated in the United States was the notorious Reno gang, an association of desperate outlaws who, in the years immediately following the war, committed crimes without number in Missouri and Indiana, and for some years terrorized several counties in the region about Seymour in the last-named State. The leaders of this band were four brothers, John Reno, Frank Reno, "Sim" Reno, and William Reno, who rivalled each other in a spirit of lawlessness that must have been born in their blood through the union of a hardy Swiss emigrant with a woman sprung from the Pennsylvania Dutch. Of the six children from this marriage only one escaped the restless, law-despising taint that made the others desperate characters, this single white sheep being "Clint" Reno, familiarly known as "Honest" Reno, and much despised by the rest of the family for his peaceful ways. Even Laura Reno, the one daughter, famed throughout the West for her beauty, loved danger and adventure, was an expert horsewoman, an unerring shot, and as quick with her gun as any man. Laura fairly worshipped her desperado brothers, whom she aided in more than one of their criminal undertakings, shielding them from justice when hard-pressed, and swearing to avenge them when retribution overtook them after their day of triumph.

During the war the Renos had become notorious as "bounty jumpers," and at its close, with a fine scorn for the ways of commonplace industry, these fierce-hearted, dashing young fellows, all well-built, handsome boys, cast about for further means of excitement and opportunities to make an easy living. Beginning their operations in a small way with house-breaking and store robberies, they soon proved themselves so reckless in their daring, so fertile in expedients, so successful in their *coups*, that they quickly extended their field until, in the early part of 1866, they had placed a wide region under contribution, setting all forms of law at defiance.

John Reno and Frank Reno, the elder brothers, were at this time the dominating spirits of the band, and they soon associated with them several of the most skilful and notorious counterfeiters and safe burglars in the country, among these being Peter McCartney, James and Robert Rittenhouse, George McKay, John Dean, *alias* "California Nelse," and William Hopkins. The band soon came to be named with the greatest dread and awe, good citizens fearing to speak a word of censure lest swift punishment be visited upon them. The Reno influence made itself felt even in local politics, corrupt officials being elected at the instigation of the outlaws; so that their conviction became practically impossible.

A SERIES OF DARING TRAIN ROBBERIES.

The Renos, toward the end of 1866, began a series of train robberies which were carried out with such perfection of organization, such amazing coolness, and such uniform success as to attract national attention. The first of these robberies took place on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, being accomplished by only four men, Frank and John Reno, assisted by William Sparks and Charles Gerroll. Other train robberies followed in quick succession, the same methods being used in each, with the same immunity from capture, so that people in this region would say to each other, quite as a matter of course: "The Reno boys got away with another train yesterday."

But while indulging in its own acts of outlawry, the Reno band strenuously objected to any rivalry or competition on the part of other highwaymen. A train robbery was perpetrated on the Jeffersonville Railroad early in 1867. The Renos had no connection with this robbery. It was accomplished by two young men named Michael Collins and Walker Ham-

mond, the two men escaping with six thousand dollars, taken from a messenger of the Adams Express Company. But their horses had carried them only a short distance from the looted train when they found themselves surrounded by the formidable Renos, who had quietly watched the robbery from a place of concealment, and now unceremoniously relieved the robbers of their plunder. Not content with this, and as if to intimidate others from like trespasses on their preserves, the Renos used their influence to have their rivals arrested for the crime by which they had profited so little, and both were subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to long terms in the Indiana Penitentiary. The Renos meantime, although they were known to have secured and kept the six thousand dollars, were allowed to go unmolested, and continued their depredations.

Up to this time the Reno gang had confined their operations, for the most part, to Indiana, but now they began to make themselves felt in Missouri, where a number of daring crimes were committed; notably, the robbing of the county treasurer's safe at Gallatin, in Daviess County. In this last act John Reno was known to have been personally concerned. The case was placed in the hands of Allan Pinkerton.

THE ADROIT CAPTURE OF JOHN RENO.

Taking up the investigation with his accustomed energy, Mr. Pinkerton traced John Reno back to Seymour, Indiana, where the gang was so strongly intrenched in the midst of corrupt officials and an intimidated populace, that any plan of open arrest was out of the question. Recognizing this, Allan Pinkerton had recourse to the cunning of his craft. He began by stationing in Seymour a trustworthy assistant, who was instructed on a given day, and at a given hour, to decoy John Reno to the railroad station on any pretence that might suggest itself. Then he arranged to have half a dozen Missourians, the biggest and most powerful fellows he could find, led by the sheriff of Daviess County, board an express train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, at Cincinnati, and ride through to Seymour, arriving there at the time agreed upon with his assistant. Along with them was to be a constable bearing all the papers necessary to execute a requisition.

When the train reached Seymour there was the usual crowd lounging about the station, and in it were John Reno and Mr. Pinkerton's lieutenant, who had entirely succeeded in his task. While Reno was staring at the passengers as they left the train, he was suddenly surrounded and seized by a dozen strong arms, and before his friends could rally to his aid, or realize what was happening, he was clapped in irons, carried aboard the train, and soon was rolling away to Missouri under arrest.

Reno's friends stoutly contested the case in the Missouri courts, arguing that the prisoner had been kidnapped and that the law had therefore been violated by his captors. The courts decided against them on this point, however, and John Reno, with several less important members of the gang, was tried and convicted. He was sentenced to twenty-five years of hard labor in the Missouri Penitentiary.

THE BANDITS GROW BOLDER AND BOLDER.

This was the first break in the ranks of the band, the first instance in which they had suffered for their crimes. But the bold spirit of the organization was still unbroken. Three brothers still remained to replace the one who was gone, and, so far from learning caution, the band launched forthwith into still more daring and frequent offences. Trains were "held up" right and left, robberies were committed, and early in 1868 the gang made a famous raid across the country through Indiana and Illinois, robbing safes in county treasurers' offices in a number of places. In several instances some of the members were arrested, but they always managed to have the prosecution quashed or in some way to escape conviction. In the spring of 1868 their operations became so outrageous, and the situation so serious, that Allan Pinkerton was again called upon to do something in the cause of public safety.

In March of this year the safe of the county treasurer at Magnolia, Harrison County, Iowa, was robbed of about fourteen thousand dollars, and Allan Pinkerton detailed his son, William A. Pinkerton, and two assistants to run down the burglars. Arrived at the scene of the robbery, William A. Pinkerton found that the thieves had made their escape on a hand-car, and had gone in the direction of Council Bluffs. At this time, in Council Bluffs, there was a low saloon kept by a man who had formerly lived in Seymour, and who was known as a bad character. It was decided to keep a sharp watch on this resort, William A. Pinkerton reasoning that since Seymour was the friendly refuge of the Renos, it was altogether likely that the outlaws would

have a friend, and perhaps an abettor, in the saloon-keeper who had once lived there. After two days' watching, the detectives observed a large man of dark complexion enter the saloon and engage in close conversation with the proprietor, having with him, evidently, some mysterious business.

A SUBSTANTIAL CITIZEN OF COUNCIL BLUFFS COMPROMISED.

Investigation disclosed this man to be Michael Rogers, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Council Bluffs, and the owner of an extensive property in the adjoining counties. Puzzled, but still persuaded that he had found a clue, Mr. Pinkerton put a "shadow" on Rogers, and hurried back to Magnolia, where he learned that, on the day preceding the robbery, Rogers had been seen in Magnolia, where he had paid his taxes, and in doing so had loitered for some time in the treasurer's office. This also looked suspicious. But, on the other hand, search as he might, the detective could find nothing against Rogers's character, every one testifying to his entire respectability.

Still unconvinced, Mr. Pinkerton returned to Council Bluffs, where he was informed by the man who had been "shadowing" Rogers that several strange men had been seen to enter Rogers's house, and had not been seen to come out again. The watch was continued more closely than ever, and after four days of patient waiting, Rogers, accompanied by three strangers, was seen to leave the house cautiously and take a west-bound train on the Pacific Railroad. One of these men, a brawny, athletic fellow, nearly six feet tall, and about twenty-eight years of age, Mr. Pinkerton shrewdly suspected was Frank Reno, although he could not be certain, never having seen Frank Reno. Feeling sure that, if his suspicions were correct, the men would ultimately return to Rogers's house, Mr. Pinkerton did not follow them on the train, but contented himself with keeping the strictest watch for their return. The very next morning the same four men were discovered coming back to the house from the direction of the railroad. But at that hour no train was due, which was a little curious; and another curious point was that they were all covered with mud, and bore marks of having been engaged in some severe, rough labor. The hour was early. The dwellers in Council Bluffs were not yet astir. A little later the city was thrown into a fever of excitement by the news that the safe of the county treasurer at Glenwood, in Mills County, about thirty miles distant, had been robbed the previous night. No trace had yet been got of the thieves, but everything indicated that they were the same men who had robbed the safe at Magnolia. One remarkable point of similarity in the two cases was the means employed by the robbers in escaping, a hand-car having been used also by the Glenwood thieves. And they, too, were believed to have fled in the direction of Council Bluffs. Investigation soon made this absolutely certain, for the missing hand-car was found lying beside the railroad, a short distance from the Council Bluffs station.

ROGERS AND HIS GUESTS ARRESTED.

Putting these new disclosures beside his previous suspicions and discoveries, Mr. Pinkerton was further strengthened in his distrust of the man Rogers, and, although the local authorities, to whom he revealed his suspicions, laughed at him, declaring that Rogers was one of the most respectable citizens of the State, he resolved to attempt an arrest. Proceeding to Rogers's house with all the force he could command, he placed a guard at front and rear, and then, with a few attendants, made his way inside. The first person he met was Mr. Rogers himself, who affected to be very indignant at the intrusion.

"Who have you in this house?" asked Mr. Pinkerton.

"Nobody but my family," answered Mr. Rogers.

"We'll see about that," answered Mr. Pinkerton, and then, turning to his men, he ordered them to search the premises.

They did so, and soon came upon the three strangers, who were taken so completely by surprise that they made no effort at resistance. They were about to sit down to breakfast, which was spread for them in the kitchen. A comparison with photographs and descriptions left no doubt that one of the three was Frank Reno. A second—a man of dark complexion, tall, and well built—proved to be Albert Perkins, a well-known member of the Reno gang. The third was none other than the notorious Miles Ogle, the youngest member of the band, who afterwards came to be known as the most expert counterfeiter in the United States. Ogle, at the present time, is in the Ohio Penitentiary, serving his third term of imprisonment. At his last capture there were found in his possession

some of the best counterfeit plates ever made.

While they were securing the four men, the detectives noticed that smoke was curling out of the kitchen stove, accompanied by a sudden blaze. Mr. Pinkerton pulled off a lid, and found on the coals several packages of banknotes, already on fire. Fortunately, the notes had been so tightly wrapped together that only a few of them were destroyed before the packages were got out. Those that remained were afterwards identified as of the money that had been stolen from the Glenwood safe. There was thus no question that these were the robbers so long sought for. A further search of the house brought to light two sets of burglars' tools, which served as cumulative evidence.

The men were carried to Glenwood by the next train. They were met by a great and excited crowd, and for a time were in danger of lynching. Better counsel prevailed, however, and they were placed in the jail to await trial.

A MYSTERIOUS ESCAPE.

With the men in secure, safe custody, there was no doubt of their ultimate conviction, and everyone was breathing easier at the thought that at last the Reno gang was robbed of its terrors. Then suddenly —no one will ever know how it happened —the prisoners made their escape. Great was the surprise and chagrin of the sheriff of Mills County, when, on the morning of April 1, 1868, he entered the jail only to find their cells empty. A big hole sawed through the wall told by what way they had made their exit. They left behind the mocking salutation "April Fool," scrawled in chalk over the floors and walls of the jail.

A large reward was offered for the capture of the robbers, but nothing was heard of them until two months later when an express car on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad was boarded at Marshfield, Indiana, by a gang of masked men, and robbed of ninety-eight thousand dollars. The messenger made a brave resistance, but could not cope with the robbers, who lifted him bodily and hurled him out of the car, down a steep embankment, while the train was running at high speed.

All the facts in the case pointed to the Reno brothers as the authors of this outrage, for, by frequent repetition, their methods of robbery had become familiar. Allan Pinkerton, furthermore, obtained precise evidence that it was the work of the Renos, from secret agents whom he had stationed at Seymour to watch the doings of the gang. Two of these agents engaged apparently in business at Seymour, one setting up as a saloon-keeper in a rough part of the town, another taking railroad employment which kept him constantly near the station. A third made a wide acquaintance by passing off for a gambler and general good fellow. So successful were they that Allan Pinkerton was soon in possession of facts proving not only that the Marshfield robbery had been committed by the Renos, but that another train robbery which followed was executed by John Moore, Charles Gerroll, William Sparks, and three others, all members of the Reno organization. Moore, Gerroll, and Sparks were arrested shortly after, and placed on a train to be taken from Seymour to Brownstown, the county seat. But they never reached their destination. As the train stopped at a small station some miles from Brownstown, a band of masked men, well armed, rushed on board, overpowered the officers, hurried the three outlaws away to a neighboring farm-yard, and there strung them up to a beech tree, while an old German, who owned the farm, looked on approvingly.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF SOUTHERN INDIANA.

This was the first act of retributive justice done by the Secret Vigilance Committee of Southern Indiana, an organization as extraordinary as the situation it was created to deal with. The entire population of that part of Indiana seemed to have risen in self-defence to crush out lawlessness. A second act followed several days later, when three other men who had been concerned in the latest train robbery, having been captured by the county officials, were taken from their hands and condemned to the same fate as their companions. Each one, as he was about to be swung off, was asked by the maskers if he had anything to say. The first two shook their heads sullenly and died without speaking. The third, standing on a barrel with the rope round his neck, looked over the crowd with contemptuous bravado, and addressing them as a lot of "mossback Hoosiers," said he was glad he was not of their class, and was proud to die as a good Republican. The barrel was kicked away, the rope stiffened with his weight, and there ended the career of the sixth member of the band.

Hard times followed for the surviving Renos. Realizing that their power was broken, they fled in various directions. The three brothers—Frank, William, and "Sim"—though still at large, were not left long to enjoy their liberty. A large price was placed on their heads, and betrayal came quickly. William and "Sim" were arrested soon after in Indianapolis and turned over to the local authorities, who, in order to avoid the Vigilance Committee, took the prisoners to New Albany, in an adjoining county, where they were placed in jail.

The Vigilance Committee, growing stronger and more determined every day, now scoured the whole country for other members of the gang or for persons believed to be in sympathy with it. They literally went on the "war path" through this whole region of Indiana, and it went ill with any poor wretch who incurred their suspicion. Like the "White Caps" of the present day, they sent warnings to all who came on their black list, and administered by night, and sometimes by day, such promiscuous floggings and other forms of punishment that the tough and criminal element of the region was entirely cowed, and feared to raise a hand in defence of the Renos as it had previously done. Up to the time the Vigilance Committee was formed, not a member of the Reno gang had been convicted in that locality, largely because the people were afraid to testify against them. They knew that if they should testify their stock would be killed, their barns burned, and they themselves waylaid and beaten. This was the reason offered for the formation of the Vigilance Committee of Southern Indiana. Whether a justification or not, the committee must certainly be credited with having rid the State of a monstrous evil.

THE MEN WHO ESCAPED AT GLENWOOD.

In the excitement of other events the Pinkertons had not forgotten the men who had escaped from the Glenwood jail. They finally traced Miles Ogle and Albert Perkins to Indianapolis, and there Ogle was captured, but Perkins escaped. Frank Reno was discovered a little later in Windsor, Canada, where he was living with Charles Anderson, a professional burglar, safe-blower, and "short-card" gambler, who had fled to Canada to escape prosecution. Reno, operating with Anderson, made a practice of registering as "Frank Going," if the enterprise in which he was engaged was prospering, and as "Frank Coming," if it was not prospering. He and Anderson were now arrested on a charge of robbery and of assault with intent to kill, in the case of the express messenger hurled from his car at Marshfield, Indiana. Under this form their offence became extraditable, and after a long trial before the stipendiary or government magistrate, Gilbert McMicken, at Windsor, the men were ordered for extradition. Aided by the ablest lawyers, they carried their case, however, to the highest court in Canada. But the decision of the lower court was affirmed, and in October, 1868, the men were surrendered into the hands of Allan Pinkerton, who was delegated by the United States Government to receive them. It was due to the patience and persistence of Mr. Alfred Gaither, the Western manager of the Adams Express Company, and his then assistant, Mr. L. C. Weir, now president of the company, and to the general policy of the company to permit no compromise with thieves, that, regardless of cost and time, the prosecution was continued until it issued thus successfully.

Michael Rogers was also discovered to be in Windsor at this time, and he was known to have had a hand in the Marshfield robbery. But he escaped arrest and remained securely in Windsor for a year or two. Later, though, he reached the penitentiary, being brought to grief by a burglary done at Tolono, Illinois. On coming out, he joined the notorious McCartney gang of counterfeiters, and had many narrow escapes. The last known of him, grown an old man, he was living quietly on a farm in Texas.

Made at last secure of Reno and Anderson, Allan Pinkerton chartered a tug to carry them to Cleveland, and thus avoid the friends who, as he had reason to know, were waiting across the river in Detroit to effect a rescue. When the tug had gone about twenty miles it was run down by a large steamer and sunk, the passengers, including the prisoners, being saved from drowning with the greatest difficulty. The prisoners were carried on to Cleveland by another boat, and from there were hurried on by rail to New Albany, where they were placed in jail along with "Sim" and William Reno.

The final passage in the history of the Reno gang occurred about a month later, in the latter part of November, 1868, when one day a passenger car was dropped off at Seymour, Indiana, some distance from

the station. There was nothing remarkable in this, nor did the car attract any attention. That night a train passing through Seymour took up the car and drew it away. A few people about the station when the car was taken up remembered afterwards that this car was filled with strange looking men, who wore Scotch caps and black cloth masks, and seemed to be under the command of a tall, dark-haired man addressed by every one as "No. 1." Although there were at least fifty of these men, it is a remarkable fact, developed in a subsequent investigation, that the conductor of the train could remember nothing about the incident, declaring that he did not enter the car, and knew nothing of its being attached to his train. It is certain the company of masked men did everything in their power to avoid attention, scarcely speaking to each other during the ride, and making all their movements as noiseless as possible.

SWIFT JUSTICE AT LAST.

The train reached New Albany at two o'clock in the morning. The car was detached, and was presently emptied of its fifty men as silently and mysteriously as it had been filled. A few hurried commands were given by "No. 1," and then the company marched in quiet order to the jail. Arrived there they summoned the jailer to open the doors, but were met with a firm refusal and the shining barrel of a revolver. There followed an exchange of shots, in which the sheriff received a ball in the arm, and two local police officers were captured. Without loss of time the jail doors were battered down; the company entered, and taking the three Reno brothers and their friend, Charles Anderson, from their cells, placed nooses that they had ready around the men's necks, and hung them to the rafters in the corridors of the jail. Then having locked the doors of the jail, leaving the prisoners secure, they made their way silently back to the New Albany station, reaching there in time to catch the train that drew out at half past three A. M. The same special car in which they had come was coupled to this train, and dropped off at the switch when Seymour was reached. This was just before daybreak on a dreary November morning.

Who these fifty men were was never discovered, although, because of the fact that Reno and Anderson had been extradited from Great Britain, the general government made an investigation. It was rumored, however, and generally understood, that the company included some of the most prominent people in Seymour, among others a number of railroad and express employees. It was found that at the time of the lynching all the telegraph wires leading from New Albany had been cut, so that it was noon of the following day before the country learned of it.

The newspapers described the leader of the party as a man of unusual stature, who wore a handsome diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand. Later some significance was attached to the fact that a well-known railroad official, who answered this description as to stature, and who had always worn a handsome diamond ring previous to the lynching, ceased to wear his ring for several years afterward.

After the execution of her brothers it was rumored that Laura Reno had taken an oath to devote the rest of her life to avenging them; and for a moment there were threats and mutterings of reprisals from allies or surviving members of the gang. But these latter were not heard again after a certain morning, the third day after the execution, when the people of Seymour, on leaving their homes, were startled to see on the walls and in other public places large posters proclaiming that if any property was injured or destroyed, or any persons molested or assaulted, or if there was any further talk in regard to recent happenings, some twenty-five persons, therein frankly named, who were known to be sympathizers with the Renos, or to be more or less intimately connected with them, had better beware. And as for the sister's deadly oath, she did no act in proof of the violent intentions imputed to her, but instead subsequently became the wife of a respectable man, and settled down to a useful life, though a much more commonplace one than she had previously known. John Reno, after serving fifteen years in the Missouri Penitentiary, was released, and is said to be at present living on the old farm. "Clint" Reno, or "Honest" Reno, always stayed at the old homestead, and has never been willing to speak of his brothers or of what happened to them. Seymour, purged of the evil influences that corrupted it, has grown into a thriving and beautiful little city, and is to-day one of the model towns of Indiana.

JOURNALISM.

A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

By Charles A. Dana, Editor of "The Sun."

MR. PRESIDENT, General Butterfield and gentlemen: I am intensely grateful to General Butterfield and President Webster for the opportunity of appearing before you to-day. If there is anything in life that is delightful to an old man, it is the opportunity of meeting intelligent and earnest young men, and telling them something out of his experience that may be useful to them; and as our desire is that this shall be a practical occasion, I want to say at the beginning that if any part of the subject, as I go over it, shall not seem to any one of you to be sufficiently explained and elucidated, I shall be very much obliged if you will get up and ask the questions that you wish to have answered.

The profession of journalism is comparatively new. It really is, as it exists to-day, an affair of the last forty or fifty years. When I began to practise it in a weekly paper the apparatus which we have now, and which General Butterfield has referred to, was quite unknown. The sheets which we daily take in our hands, and from which we gather a view of the whole world, and of all that has been going on in it—all the sciences, all the ideas, all the achievements, all the new lights that influence the destiny of mankind—all that was entirely out of the question. There was no such apparatus; and it has been created by the necessities of the public and by the genius of a few men, who have invented, step by step, the machinery and the methods that are indispensable, and without which we could not undertake to do what we do.

PROMOTION IN JOURNALISM IS ACCORDING TO ONE'S FACULTY.

Of course, the most essential part of this great mechanism is not the mechanism itself; it is the intelligence, the brains, and the sense of truth and honor that reside in the men who conduct it and make it a vehicle of usefulness, or, it may be, of mischief; because what is useful can just as easily be turned to mischief if the engineer who stands behind and lets on the steam is of an erroneous disposition.

The number of intellectual young men who are looking at this new profession, which, for the want of a better name, we call the profession of journalism, is very great. I suppose that I receive myself every day, taking one day with another, half a dozen letters from men, many of them college graduates, asking for employment, and for an opportunity of showing what is in them. Of course, they cannot all get it in the same paper. Now and then one obtains a place, but generally the rule that is observed in all well-organized newspaper offices is that the boys who began at the beginning are taken up step by step, in accordance with their faculties and their merits. This is so because, as we know in college, it is impossible that there should be any imposture which sets a man's abilities above their real value, since in the daily intercourse and the daily competition of study and of recitation the real worth of a man's brain is demonstrated, so that there is never any doubt. So it is in a newspaper office. The boys who begin at the bottom come out at the top. At the same time, these boys do not all start out with the best outfit, that is to say, with the best education; and I have known very distinguished authorities who doubted whether high education was of any great use to a journalist. Horace Greeley told me several times that the real newspaper man was the boy who had slept on newspapers and ate ink. Although I served him for years, and we were very near in our personal relations, I think he always had a little grudge against me because I came up through a college.

Now, here before us are a number of young gentlemen who, I have no doubt, will be led to embrace this profession. We know that among a certain number of students there are so many doctors, so many clergymen, so many lawyers—sometimes too many lawyers—and there are also, of course, a considerable number who are looking forward to this great civilizing engine of the press; and it is a great engine.

Just consider the clergyman. He preaches two or three times in a week, and he has for his congregation two hundred, three hundred, five hundred, and, if he is a great popular orator in a great city, he may have a thousand hearers; but the newspaper man is the stronger, because, throughout all the avenues of newspaper communication, how many does he preach to? A million, half a million, two hundred thousand people; and his preaching is not on Sundays only, but it is every day. He reiterates, he says it over and over, and finally the thing gets fixed in men's minds from the mere habit of saying it and hearing it; and, without criticising, without inquiring whether it is really so, the newspaper dictum gets established and is taken for gospel; and perhaps it is not gospel at all.

SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM.

In regard to this profession there are two stages, and we will consider each of them separately. The first is the stage of preparation. What sort of preparation, what sort of preliminary education, should a man have who means to devote himself to this business? There are some colleges which have lately introduced schools of journalism, or departments of journalism, where they propose to teach the art of newspaper making, to instruct the student in the methods that he should employ, and to fit him out so that he can go to a newspaper office and make a newspaper.

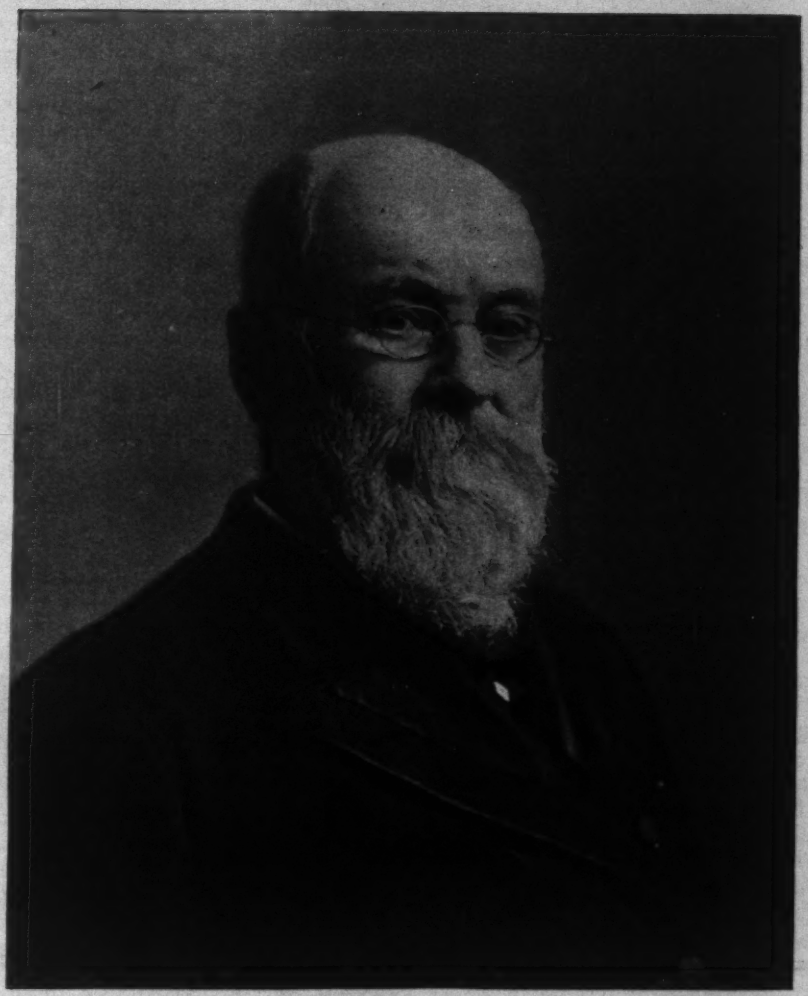
Well, I will not say that is not useful. I do not know that there is, in any intellectual study, or in any intellectual pursuit, or in any intellectual occupation that is followed with zeal and attention, anything that can be described as useless. No, I do not know of anything, if you really learn it, although it may seem to your next neighbor around the corner rather trivial, that is not useful after all. There is certainly a great utility and a profound science in baseball, and the man who pursues it and acquires it has acquired something that will be useful to him. He has got a knowledge, he has got an intellectual discipline, that will be valuable all his life through. So it is with every study that a man may pursue, so that we cannot say that anything is useless. But as for these departments of journalism in the colleges, I have never found that a student or graduate who had pursued that department, instead of pursuing other studies, was of any great value as a practical worker in the newspaper work that he had been trying to learn.

In fact, it seems to me, if I may be allowed a little criticism, that the colleges generally are rather branching out too much, until they are inclined to take the whole universe into their curriculum, and to teach things which do not exactly belong there. Give the young man a first-class course of general education; and if I could have my way, every young man who is going to be a newspaper man, and who is not absolutely rebellious against it, should learn Greek and Latin after the good old fashion. I had rather take a young fellow who knows the Ajax of Sophocles, and who has read Tacitus, and can scan every ode of Horace, I would rather take him to report a prize-fight or a spelling match, for instance, than to take one who has never had those advantages. I believe in the colleges; I believe in high education; but I do not believe in scattering your fire before you are in the face of the enemy.

THE BEST TIME TO BEGIN TO LEARN JOURNALISM.

When you begin to practise the profession of a newspaper man, then is the best time to begin to learn it; but while you are in college, with the daily series of professors and all the appliances of study that belong to the college, make the best of them, and pursue vigorously those studies that give accuracy in learning, and that give fidelity and accuracy in recitation. The great end of education, President Walker used to say, is to be able to tell what you know; and he used to say, too, that some bright men carried it so far that they were able to tell a great deal they did not know.

There is no question that accuracy, the faculty of seeing a thing as it is, of knowing, for instance, that it is two and one-quarter and not two and three-eighths, and saying so, is one of the first and most precious ends of a good education. Next to that I would put the ability to know how and where most promptly to look for what you don't know, and what you want to know. Thirdly, I would put Dr. Walker's great object, being able to tell what you know, and to tell it accurately, precisely, without exaggeration, without prejudice, the fact just as it is, whether it be a report of a baseball game or of a sermon or of a lecture on electricity; whatever it may be, to get the thing exactly as it is. The man



CHARLES A. DANA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON, NEW YORK.

who can do that is a very well educated man.

In addition come the qualities of personal talent and genius. Now, genius is a great factor. When we think of such a genius as the one I have just mentioned, the late Mr. Greeley, why, our minds may well be filled with admiration. I do not suppose more than one or two gentlemen here ever knew Mr. Greeley personally; but he was a man of immense ability, of instincts of extraordinary correctness in many respects, and of the power of expression, of telling what he knew, in a delightfully picturesque, humorous way which not merely instructed the hearer and reader, but gave him a sense of delight and satisfaction from the mere art that was applied in the telling. He had had no great advantages of education. He had to pick up his education as he went along, reading in the winter evenings by the firelight, and never wasting a chance of learning something. But he lacked one of the most precious faculties, which it is another great object of the college education to cultivate and bring out, and that is what we will call the critical faculty, the judgment which, when a proposition is stated to you or a fact is reported, looks at it calmly and says: "That is true," or else, "That is false;" the judgment, the instinct—the developed and cultivated instinct—which knows the truth when it is presented, and detects error when it comes masquerading before you, without the necessity of any long examination to ascertain whether it is truth or error. This great man of whom I am speaking, this great and brilliant journalist, one of the greatest we have produced, was deficient in that faculty, so that sometimes he was mistaken. We are all of us mistaken occasionally, I dare say, but perhaps his mistakes were more

conspicuous because of his great power in writing and his rare genius.

Now, as for the preliminary studies of the journalist, apart from the ancient languages, whose importance, I think, cannot be overestimated; and the reason why this importance, in my judgment, is so great, is that they lie at the foundation of our own language; and the man who does not know three or four of those old languages, or, at least, two of them—if he knows three, if he knows the old Teutonic, all the better—the man who has not that knowledge does not really know the English language, and does not command its wonderful resources, all the subtleties and abilities of expression which are in it. Certainly, without Greek and Latin no man knows English; and without Teutonic no man's knowledge of English is perfect.

A THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH THE FIRST REQUISITE.

The first thing for the man who is looking forward to this profession, in which the use of the English language is the main thing—since it is the instrument that he must apply continually for the expression of ideas and for the dissemination of knowledge—is to know this language thoroughly; and that is the very cornerstone of the education that a journalist should look forward to and should labor after, and should neglect no opportunity of improving himself in.

After a knowledge of the English language comes, of course, in regular order, the practice, the cultivation of the ability to use it, the development of that art which in its latest form we call style, and which distinguishes one writer from another. This style is something of such evanescent, intangible nature that it is difficult to tell in what it consists. I suppose it is in the combination of imagination and humor, with the entire command of the word-resources of the language, all applied together in the construction of sentences. I suppose that is what makes style. It is a very precious gift, but it is not a gift that can always be acquired by practice or by study.

It may be added that certainly, in its highest perfection, it can never be acquired by practice. I do not believe, for instance, that everybody who should endeavor to acquire such a style as the late Dr. Channing possessed could succeed in doing so. He was a famous writer fifty years ago in Boston, and his style is of the most beautiful and remarkable character. As a specimen of it, let me suggest to you his essay on Napoleon Bonaparte. That was, perhaps, the very best of the critical analysis of Napoleon that succeeded the period of Napoleon worship which had run all over the world. Channing's style was sweet, pure, and delightful, without having those surprises, those extraordinary felicities, that mark the styles of some writers. It was perfectly simple, translucent throughout, without effort, never leaving you in any doubt as to the idea; and you closed the book with the feeling that you had fallen in with a most sympathetic mind, whose instructions you might sometimes accept or sometimes reject, but whom you could not regard without entire respect and admiration.

Another example of a very beautiful and admirable style which is well worth study is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. In his writings we are charmed with the new sense and meaning that he seems to give to familiar words. It is like reading a new language to take a chapter of Hawthorne; yet it is perfectly lovely, because, with all its suggestiveness, it is perfectly clear; and when you have done with it you wish you could do it yourself.

A KNOWLEDGE OF POLITICS THE SECOND REQUISITE.

The next thing that I would dwell upon would be the knowledge of politics, and especially of American politics. This is a very hard subject. Its history is difficult. If you go back to the foundation of the republic, you find it was extremely complicated even then; and it requires very careful study and a very elevated impartiality to make your analysis at all satisfactory to yourself as you go through the work.

Still, it is indispensable to a man who means to fill an important place in journalism, and all who begin upon it certainly have that intention. No young man goes into any profession without a good degree of ambition; no young man can carry his ambition very far in journalism—I mean, in general, universal journalism, not in special; no man can carry his ambition very far who does not know politics, and in order to know politics there must be in the man some natural disposition for politics. I have often been appealed to by friends, who said: "Can't you take this young man and give him employment?"

Then I will watch that young man for a month or so, and see what it is that he takes up in the morning. If he takes up the newspaper and turns to the political part of the paper, and is interested in that, why, that is a good symptom of his intellectual tendencies ; but if, instead of that, he takes up a magazine and sits down to read a love story, why, you cannot make a newspaper man out of him.

And yet he may make a very good writer of love stories ; and as that is a sort of merchandise which seems to be always in demand, and to bring pretty fair prices, why, if you have a talent in that direction, go ahead. You may make a good living, I have no doubt ; but you will not play any momentous part upon the stage of public affairs, and that is the sphere of activity which the generous-hearted and courageous youth looks forward to.

In order to be of importance in the affairs of this world in the newspaper profession you must be a politician, and you must know not merely the theories and doctrines of parties, not merely the recondite part of politics, but you must know practical politics, the history, the men, the individuals, their ideas, their purposes, and their deeds ; know them, if you can, as they really are, not as the blind and the prejudiced may imagine them to be.

Now, Mr. Greeley is my great exemplar in journalism. He thought a newspaper man was of little use who did not know just the number of votes in every township in the State of New York, and in every voting precinct, and who could not tell whether the returns from the second district of Pound Ridge, in Westchester County, were correctly reported or not, without sending to the place to find out how many votes had really been cast. That was one of his great points of distinction and success ; but I would not advise you to labor after that sort of knowledge unless you have inherited a natural talent for it. But you should understand and appreciate the theory of the American Government, you should know where this Republic began, where it came from, and where it belongs in the history of mankind, and what part it is destined to play in the vast drama of human existence. That is the sort of politics that must appeal to any intelligent man, and that will surely test his utmost powers. And while we are on this point, we may say in passing that an American who thinks another country is better than this should not go into journalism. You must be for the Stars and Stripes every time, or the people of this country won't be for you, and you won't sell enough papers to pay your expenses.

STUDY THE CONSTITUTION.

In order to understand the theory of the American Government, the most serious, calm, persistent study should be given to the Constitution of the United States. I don't mean learning it by heart, committing it to memory. What you want is to understand it, to know the principles at the bottom of it, to feel the impulse of it, to feel the heart-beat that thrills through the whole American people. That is the vitality that is worth knowing ; that is the sort of politics that excels all the mysteries of ward elections, and lifts you up into a view where you can see the clear skies, the unknown expanse of the future. And besides the Constitution of the United States, it is well to be acquainted with the Constitutions of all the States. All these Constitutions are more or less modelled upon the central Constitution ; but there are differences, and those differences a man ought to know. The citizen of New York ought to understand the Constitution of New York, and for himself get at the reason for this and that provision. Take, for instance, the great question which has occupied the people of New York so long, the question of an elective judiciary or of a judiciary appointed by the governor ; which is better, which is right? That is better and that is right, evidently, which gives better judges, and which produces a more equable, steady, consistent, and just administration of law. Well, now, the young man who sets to work and studies out that question has accomplished a great deal ; he has got a light in his mind that will go with him a great way, and that will help out his judgment in other things. Supposing that he is conducting a newspaper, and is responsible to the people for conducting it in an instructive and useful manner, and for having it such that when he says a thing is so the people will know that it is so ; the man who knows the Constitutions of the States, of his own State, and of all the principal States, as well as the Constitution of the United States, is well fitted for conducting a newspaper, or even for administering a government.

The modern newspaper, however, is not confined to any neighborhood or to any

country. You have got to look beyond your own land; you have got to study the history of every European country. You must know, first of all, the history of England. We came from England; the American Constitution is rooted in English principles and in English history. You want to know where it started from. You want to go into the garden where the seed was first sown, and watch the growth of this great product of wisdom and beneficence which we call the American Constitution. You see, the course of preparatory study is pretty large; and it is not very easy; it must be carried on in earnest. It is not a matter of fancy or of play. And so not merely with the history of England, but with the history of all of Europe, of every great and every little country. The course of human history offers a safe guide for human action, and especially for political action. The history of France is a chapter that is worthy of the utmost attention that can be given to it. Why have such and such results been produced? What is there from which this or that effect has proceeded? These are the sort of questions that careful study can bring an answer to; and without careful study you will never get the answer.

But I do not propose all these things as a course of preparatory study for a young man. You cannot learn everything in a day. It is as much as many men can do to learn a few things in the lapse of a long life; but at least try to learn something solid, to add to your stock of efficacious knowledge, to add to your understanding of principles, and to feel that as little effort as possible has been wasted and as little time as possible flung away.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN SHOULD KNOW THE BIBLE, SHAKESPEARE, AND MILTON.

The next point to be attended to is this: what books ought you to read? There are some books that are indispensable—a few books. Almost all books have their use, even the silly ones, and an omnivorous reader, if he reads intelligently, need never feel that his time is wasted, even when he bestows it on the flimsiest trash that is printed. But there are some books that are absolutely indispensable to the kind of education that we are contemplating, and to the profession that we are considering; and of all these the most indispensable, the most useful, the one whose knowledge is most effective, is the Bible. There is no book from which more valuable lessons can be learned. I am considering it now not as a religious book, but as a manual of utility, of professional preparation and professional use for a journalist. There is perhaps no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest event with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality or affectation, none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence; there is no book like the Bible. When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up the right principle for you, which pleads for a policy, for a cause, so much as the right passage of Holy Scripture?

Then, everybody who is going to practise the newspaper profession ought to know Shakespeare. He is the chief master of English speech. He is the head of English literature. Considered as a writer, considered as a poet, considered as a philosopher, I do not know another who can be named with him. He is not merely a constructor of plays that are powerful and impressive when they are shown upon the stage, with all the auxiliaries of lights and scenery and characters; he is a high literary treasure, a mighty storehouse of wisdom, the great glory of the literature of our language; and, if you don't know him, knowing the language may not be of much avail after all. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, and I take it back; but it is an object to know Shakespeare; it is indispensable to a journalist.

Then there is another English author who ought not to be neglected by any young man who means to succeed in this profession. I mean John Milton, and I invite your attention to that immortal essay of his, too little known in our day, the Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. It is a treasury of the highest wisdom, of the noblest sentiments, and of the greatest instruction; study that, and you will get at once the philosophy of English liberty and the highest doctrine that has ever been promulgated, to my knowledge, with regard to the freedom of the press.

When I advise you to make yourselves familiar with these glories of English literature, I do not say that these writers ought to be taken as models. Do not take any model. Every man has his own natural style, and the thing to do is to develop

it into simplicity and clearness. Do not, for instance, labor after such a style as Matthew Arnold's, one of the most beautiful styles that has ever been seen in any literature. It is no use to try to get another man's style, or to imitate the wit or the mannerisms of another writer. The late Mr. Carlyle, for example, did, in my judgment, a considerable mischief in his day because he led everybody to write after the style of his "French Revolution," and it became pretty tedious. They got over it after a time, however. But it was not a good thing. Let every man write in his own style, taking care only not to be led into any affectation, but to be perfectly clear, perfectly simple, or, in other words, to follow the honored and noble traditions of Union College.

REPORTING.

That is all that it seems to me necessary to say with regard to the studies and the education of the journalist. Now, let us turn to the practice of this profession. One of the parts of the newspaper profession which employs the greatest number of men, and I may also say the greatest amount of talent, is the business of reporting. In a large newspaper office, as in the "Tribune" in New York, for example, where there may be one hundred men who are attached to the paper as writers, as correspondents, as reporters, and to the strictly editorial department, out of this one hundred, sixty or seventy will be reporters, that is, men who are sent out when any event of interest occurs, when a bank breaks, when a great fire takes place, when there is an earthquake, to inquire into the facts and collect information, and to put that information into form, so that it can be printed the next day. That is one of the most important branches of the profession, and it is paid very liberally, I am glad to say. For instance, I know many reporters who earn ten or fifteen dollars a day, and some who earn more. They have constant employment, and their labor is entirely agreeable to themselves. That is one of the first things, when a young man comes for employment, and you take him on and give him a chance, that he is set to do. There, you see, all this culture that we have been considering is at once brought into action. He must learn accurately the facts, and he must state them exactly as they are; and if he can state them with a little degree of life, a little approach to eloquence, or a little humor in his style, why, his report will be perfect. It must be accurate; it must be free from affectation; it must be well set forth, so that there shall not be any doubt as to any part or detail of it; and then, if it is enlivened with imagination or with feeling or with humor, why, you have got a literary product that no one need be ashamed of. Thus we see this department of the newspaper is really a high art, and it may be carried to an extraordinary degree towards perfection. At the same time, the cultivated man is not in every case the best reporter. One of the best I ever knew was a man who could not spell four words correctly to save his life, and his verb did not always agree with the subject in person and number; but he always got the fact so exactly, and he saw the picturesque, the interesting, and important aspect of it so vividly, that it was worth another man's while, who possessed the knowledge of grammar and spelling, to go over the report and write it out. Now, that was a man who had genius; he had a talent the most indubitable, and he got handsomely paid in spite of his lack of grammar, because, after his work had been done over by a scholar, it was really beautiful. But any man who is sincere and earnest, and not always thinking about himself, can learn to be a good reporter. He can learn to ascertain the truth; he can acquire the habit of seeing. When he looks at a fire, what is the most important thing about that fire? Here, let us say, are five houses burning; which is the greatest? whose store is that which is burning? and who has met with the greatest loss? Has any individual perished in the conflagration? Are there any very interesting circumstances about the fire? How did it occur? Was it like Chicago, where a cow kicked over a spirit lamp and burned up the city? All these things the reporter has to judge about. He is the eye of the paper, and he is there to see which is the vital fact in the story, and to produce it, tell it, write it out.

THE EXCHANGE READER.

Next to the reporter, a very important functionary in the newspaper is the man who reads the other newspapers and makes extracts from them. Mr. Greeley used to think that it was enough to make a good paper if he had an able man to read the exchanges, provided he himself was there in person to add up the returns of the elec-

tions. The man who reads the exchanges is a very important man; and, let me say, too, he is a pretty highly paid man. He has to read, we will say, three thousand papers regularly. All the newspapers in the country come into the office, and he does not do anything else. He sits at his desk all day, and a pile of newspapers, or, say, a cord of newspapers, is laid before him every morning; he starts to work and turns them over and over to see what is in them. He has to know what it is that should be taken from them and put into his paper. What is the interesting story? It requires judgment to know this; it requires knowledge and experience as well as talent. It also requires a sense of humor, because there are a great many things that are really important that may not seem so at the first glance, and the newspaper reader has got to judge about that. He must always be on hand and spend a great many hours at his desk; and he is pretty tired when he gets through with his day's task. It is a hard duty, but he has lots of amusement, and, as I said, he is very well paid. So he is happy.

THE MANUSCRIPT READER.

Next to the exchange reader in the newspaper organization comes the man whose duty it is to receive manuscripts and examine them and prepare them for the press, to edit them, correct them; where the writer has made a little slip of rhetoric, to put the right word in or the right turn of the phrase; to clarify it all; to make the sentences clean. That is a hard job in the writing of a great many persons. They interject; they put subsentences in parentheses. They do not begin and say the thing in its exact order, taking first the man and then what he did, and where he went; but they mix it up and complicate it. The editor who examines the manuscripts has got to go through all these things and straighten them out and disentangle the facts that the writer has twisted up; and then he must correct the punctuation, mark the paragraphs where one idea is finished and a new idea begins. He also receives the correspondence. Letters from all over the world go into his hands. You will get a letter from Madagascar, perhaps. Ought it to be published? There is a lot of news in it, perhaps, that is of no interest in New York or in Schenectady. He has got to determine whether it is worth while to put that in or to leave it out, although you may have to pay for it and not use it. Masses of matter are paid for in a large newspaper office that are never used. So you see he is a very important functionary, and it requires a great deal of knowledge, a great deal of judgment, a great deal of literary cultivation, to be able to fill that position.

Then finally you come to the editor-in-chief, and he is always a man who gets into his place by a natural process of selection. He comes there because he can do the work; and I have known some young men who had no idea that they would ever have control of a newspaper, who have risen to that place, and who have filled it with wisdom and success and force. Yet at the bottom of it all, it is always a question of character as well as of talent. A fellow that is practising arts of deception may last a little while, but he cannot last long. The man who stays is the man who has the staying power; and the staying power is not merely intellectual, it is moral. It is in the character; and people believe in him because they are sure he does not mean to say anything that is not so.

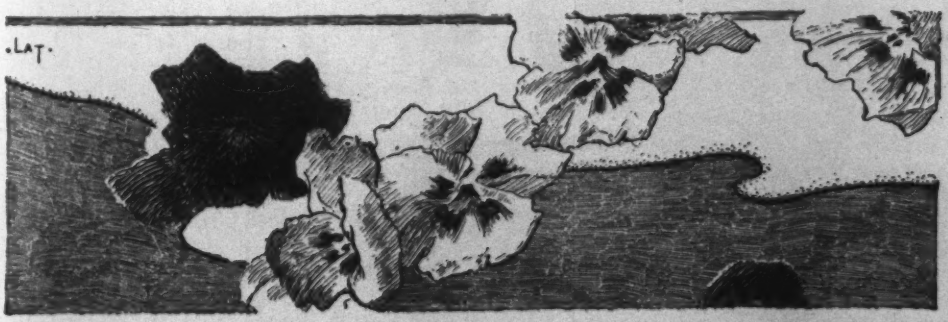
Now, every one who has written or talked about newspapers has made a great account of the matter of news, and in these remarks that it has been my opportunity to make, I have not said anything yet on that subject. News is undoubtedly a great thing in a newspaper. A newspaper without news is no newspaper. The main function of a newspaper is to give the news and tell you what has happened in the world, what events have occurred of all sorts, political, scientific, and nonsensical. By the way, one person that I have not mentioned is the scientific man. That is also a place that has to be filled by special cultivation. A scientific man, one who knows electricity and chemistry; one who can really understand the inventions of Edison, and who can tell what is going on in the scientific world, where so many men of genius are incessantly at work bringing out and developing new things: there must be a man of that sort on a newspaper. That is a department of news of supreme consequence.

NEWS COLLECTING DECLINING INTO SECOND PLACE.

But the business of collecting news, which has always been regarded as of prime importance, is rather declining into a second place. It is a necessity, and it is very costly, to collect and to bring here

to Schenectady, for instance, for printing to-morrow morning, the news of the whole world; from England, from Germany, from Russia, from France, from Africa, from South America, from the Pacific, so that it may be presented to the reader who takes up the paper to-morrow, and he may have a panorama of all the events of the preceding day. What a wonder, what a marvel it is, that here, for one or two cents, you buy a history of the entire globe of the day before! It is something that is miraculous, really, when you consider it. All brought here to Schenectady and printed! All brought here by electricity, by means of the telegraph! So that the man who has knowledge enough to read, can tell what was done in France yesterday, or in Turkey or in Persia. That is a wonderful thing. But the very necessity of bringing all this matter together, and the immense expense attendant upon it, have led to the formation of associations among newspapers and to the organization of agencies. I won't undertake to say now how much the expense is, because I do not remember it with absolute certainty; but it is an enormous sum, say perhaps three to five thousand dollars a day; but when it is divided among the four or five or six thousand newspapers in the United States, first divided among all the great cities and then among the cities of the second class, which pay less, and so on until finally it is distributed all around, why, it costs each individual newspaper very little; and the system which is most perfectly organized is the establishment in Chicago and New York, known as the United Press. It supplies the news of the whole world, so that the individual editor sitting at his desk has only to look after the news of his own locality. When he has got that, he gets from the United Press the news of all the rest of the world, and, putting them together, his report of the day's history of the globe is complete. That is an institution which has revolutionized and is revolutionizing the operations of the profession, so that instead of the struggle to hunt after the news, to appreciate the importance of events that people generally do not see, and to report them so that you may have in your journal something that the others have not got, that struggle is mainly obviated by this organization of the United Press. The news of the entire world is brought to you, and the editor, the newspaper, is put back into the position which the thinker occupied before the supreme attention to news was regarded as indispensable. The editors and writers of the newspapers are now emancipated from all that drudgery, and have become intellectual beings again. The work of news getting is performed by this great and wide-reaching agency of the United Press, and the individual editor here in Schenectady or in Chicago or New Orleans has no anxiety on that subject any longer. He devotes himself to the intellectual part of his business, and is able to carry that on with a nearer approach to perfection than he has ever been able to attain before. That, I think, is a revolution that is going to make a great change in the profession of newspaper making, raising it to a higher dignity than it has ever occupied. I look forward to the effects of this revolution with the greatest hope and confidence, and I think you young gentlemen who have not yet embarked in the profession may be congratulated on being able to come into it under such auspicious circumstances.

Gentlemen, I am greatly indebted to you for your kind attention, and I bid you farewell!



A GAME POSTPONED.

By Gertrude Smith,

Author of "The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, and Other Stories."

IT had been snowing for two days, and now the snow-ploughs were out, and the first really good sleighing of the winter would begin.

The great fields lay in unbroken whiteness. The woods along the banks of the Iowa River were billows of snow. The large farm-houses, and the number and size of the barns and other outlying buildings, gave evidence of the richness of the soil that lay buried and resting for another harvest.

Judge Hilton's house had the distinction of being built of brick. There was a dignity in its solidity over the usual white frame houses on the surrounding farms that well became the dignity of the judge.

The judge was New England born and bred. There is the veneration for Puritan ancestry in the entirely Western soul that the Puritan mind still has for good old English blood.

Isabel Hilton was her father's housekeeper and only child. The mother had died while she was a baby, and she had ruled the house and been ruled by her father since that time.

She had all her father's reserve and pride of family, and at the same time his happy nature and gracious manner, that won her friends when she desired to make friends. Those who found it impossible to win their way into her favor, called this reserve in Isabel, her "down East airs." There was a discouraging belief among the young men in the country around, some of whose fathers owned farms and herds of cattle large enough to divide and establish them in enviable beginnings, that if the judge thought any of them worthy to win his daughter's love there would never be an opportunity to gain the consent of the young lady.

The judge had theories against Isabel's entertaining young men alone, nor would he permit her to go with any escort but himself.

The privilege of spending the evening with Isabel, in the presence of her father, was considered a mark of distinction, and held the one so honored on the wave of hope.

"If a fellow had the backbone to out-sit the judge some night, he might propose to the daughter," was the comment Mr. Holderman made to his son one day. Clint Holderman had been one of Isabel's most persistent admirers.

CLINT.

"The trouble with all of you is, you go there shaking in your boots, and talk to the judge, and come away with the big head because you dared do that; but I tell you, if I was a young fellow I'd out-sit him if I sat till the break of day. It's some such pluck as that the judge is looking for. He raised her, and he knows her value; and she ain't going cheap to none of you. If you can go in ahead of the other fellows and tow her in, I'll give you ten thousand dollars and deed you a section of land.

Come, now, let's see what you're made of?"

In some way this lordly promise got adrift the current of country gossip, and roused the admirers of Isabel, one and all, to new interest in the contest. Large stories were told of the late hours the judge kept that winter with Isabel's suitors.

Clint Holderman drove over to the brick house early on the evening that he had set his mind with flint-like determination to give his father's advice the trial.

It was a cold night, and as he sped along in his new cutter, drawn by a handsome span of black horses, and well tucked in with buffalo robes, his heart was warm with hope.

He had spent many evenings of the winter playing chess with the judge, so he was sure of his welcome; but to-night he looked beyond all this. He thought of the hour when, at last, with his heart and understanding touched, the judge would bid them good night, and he should be left alone with Isabel.

There was no handsomer young man in the country than Clint Holderman; none who danced better, or who drove better horses; but more than all this, the judge had repeatedly told him that he had never known a man who played a better hand at chess.

This was an encouragement indeed; for if the judge had a weakness, it was for chess, and it would be decidedly pleasant to have a son-in-law who could be to him such a ready source of entertainment. As he drove into the yard, the judge came out on the side piazza.

"Good evening," he called out. "Just drive on to the barn; the man will put out your horses."

One of the farm hands came out of the stable as he spoke, and Clint threw him the reins and followed the judge into the house.

"Snapping cold, but splendid sleighing," the judge said, while Clint was pulling off his overcoat in the hall.

"Yes. I believe my ears are touched," Clint answered, rubbing them.

"Isabel is popping some corn. She'll be glad you happened over to help eat it."

He led the way into the long sitting-room at the end of the hall.

Isabel was on her knees before an open wood fire, shaking a corn-popper.

The white kernels snapped and expanded with a pleasant sound.

The lamp had not been lit, but the fire-light made the room bright and cosy.

"Isabel, here is Mr. Holderman, my dear."

She sprang up.

"I didn't hear you come in. Good even-

ISABEL.

ing. Come over here by the fire. Why, it's Clint!" she said, as he came into the glow. "I thought father meant your father. I never think of you as Mr. Holderman. Have some corn."

She held the popper open before him.

"I'm sure I never think of you as Miss Hilton," he said, plunging his hand into the corn, and laughing. "That would be a little too much like strangers, as long as we've known each other."

The judge cleared his throat.

"I have always decidedly disliked the informality of country people in calling every one by their Christian names," he

said. "It leaves no degree in intimacy. But I suppose it is impossible to know where to draw the line."

Isabel went back and knelt before the fire again.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, shaking the popper vigorously. "As long as it is a custom I don't think any one feels it a mark of special intimacy, and so the custom is protected by being a custom."

The young man sat awkwardly in his chair, and was silent.

They seemed to be closing the doors against any thought he might have of closer intimacy with the family.

The judge left the room for a moment, and came back with a lighted lamp, and placed it on the claw-legged table in the centre of the room. He had put on a long dressing-gown faced with crimson quilted silk, and now he drew his great chair up before the fire, and stretched himself out in it.

"Come, Clint, I will let you shake the popper for me, and I'll go down cellar and get some apples." Isabel looked at him with a merry twinkle in her eyes, as she held the handle towards him, and then ran out of the room.

Clint grasped the handle of the popper with the delight of success flooding his veins. Isabel had never before given him a reason to believe that she cared for him that could compare with that look.

Daylight would find him sitting right there, but he would beat the judge's watch and gain the opportunity of speaking to her.

It was a delightful evening. The judge partook of the popcorn, and the conversation was more than usually affable and entertaining.

Isabel sat on the opposite side of the fireplace and crocheted on a blue wool scarf. There were pink spots burning her cheeks, and her eyes were very sweet.

The time passed on until the noisy clock on the mantel clearly and forcibly announced the hour of ten.

It had been comparatively easy this far, but now was the time when Clint usually went home.

The real contest was about to begin.

The judge shoved his chair back to the table, picked up a paper, and began to read.

From time to time he glanced over the top of his paper at the two talking before the fire, but still read on.

When the clock struck eleven, he threw the paper down, pulled his chair back to the fire, and drew the young man into an animated political discussion.

Isabel stirred about the room, putting things in order for the night.

It was nearing midnight. For the last fifteen minutes the conversation had begun to lag.

There were cold moments of complete silence.

"Had you noticed that I had traded horses?" Clint asked in one painful pause.

"No; have you?" Isabel asked, coming forward with interest.

"Yes. I've traded the grays for George Merwin's blacks. Of course there was considerable to boot. They go like the wind in my new cutter."

"I should think they would." Isabel drew a deep breath. "I do like black horses. I never cared for gray ones. I always think of having to look for a red-headed girl," she laughed. "I should think you'd always be on the outlook for one when you ride behind them."

"Perhaps Mr. Holderman is looking for a red-headed girl," the judge said, with a queer look in the direction of the young man. "There's a superstition that a red-headed girl has a violent temper. Now, that isn't always true," he said, after a moment's silence, in which his thought seemed to have been far away. "Isabel's mother had as sweet a disposition as any woman that ever lived, and her hair was the color of that deep flame there."

Isabel was leaning on the back of her father's chair. "Why, father, you've always said my hair was almost the color of mother's. I'm sure no one would think of calling mine red."

"I don't know about that," the judge laughed; "and I don't know about the temper, either," he added, reaching up and pinching her cheek.

"I never liked red hair, but I'm sure I don't believe in that sign," Clint said clumsily. He gazed fixedly into the fire, and felt as though he were turning to stone.

The clock struck twelve with a resonant, defiant stroke, as though it understood the contest in which it held the stakes, and refused to commit itself as to whose side would win.

At a quarter past twelve the judge stood up.

Clint felt his heart beating wildly. The moment of triumph was at hand.

The judge crossed to the bay window at the other end of the room. Isabel's eyes followed him nervously.

From one side, among the geraniums and ivy, he drew the chess-table, and pushed it before him toward the fire.

"I think it would be pleasant for us to have a game of chess," he said affably.

Clint sprang to his feet.

"Oh, thank you, sir. I think I must be going home."

"Oh, must you? Well, come over again and we'll get at it earlier in the evening."

It seemed hours before Clint finally found himself out on the smooth snow-beaten road, spinning along toward home.

He would have been completely wretched in his defeat if it had not been for that look in Isabel's eyes when she handed him the corn-popper. He could endure his father's ridicule and wait his time, remembering that look.

And so he made a good story of it at breakfast the next morning, and added, elevating his voice above the roaring laugh of his father and the shrieks of his mother and sister:

"Never you mind. The judge isn't through with me yet. I've only fired my first gun. I'll own when I came out of the house I was out of shot, but I haven't given up the fight yet."

"Oh, you'll let some other bantam rooster carry her off. I guess I'm safe enough on the cash and land I promised you," his father answered with a provoking laugh.

"Don't you count on it," Clint said, springing up from the table with fire in his eyes. "I'm not downed yet, I tell you."

"All right, sonny; we'll give a big dance to celebrate your engagement, and an oyster supper. I suppose there's no rush about ordering the oysters?"

"I'll hold you to that," Clint said, bringing his fist up against the door. "If the thing's settled by Saturday week, we'll have the dance. If it isn't—well, it won't be. I'm going over to town after the mail."

He turned and went out of the room. As the door closed, he heard his sister say, tittering:

"Clint has about as hard a time courting Isabel as you had courting mother."

This was a warm thought of comfort to him. At least Isabel had never denied him her love, and he knew that his mother had been hardly won.

It was a bright winter morning. Before him was a clear stretch of road to the Iowa River, three miles away.

The white fields on either side sparkled in the sunlight. The great drifts, rolled up along the fences, looked blue in the shadows of their fantastic terracings. The sleighing never was better.

All at once Clint heard the noise of sleigh-bells, and a voice called to him: "Give me the road."

He turned and saw Isabel Hilton coming toward him, driving her own bay ponies at a fearful rate.

Clint drove quickly out at one side of the road, and she sped by him.

He saw that her horses were running away.

There had been no alarm in Isabel's face, though she was holding the reins with all her strength, and had looked neither to the right nor the left as she passed him. If there was one thing more than another that the Holdermans prided themselves in, it was their knowledge of a good horse and splendid horsemanship.

Isabel Hilton's love of horses and her daring in driving them had been one of the first things that had won Clint's admiration. Her control and courage now appealed to him tremendously. His own horses seemed to have caught the spirit of the runaway pair ahead, as they flew along over the snow after them.

Clint knew that at any moment Isabel's slight arms might lose the power to hold those tense reins so securely, and the horses dash to one side and the crash come, and there was nothing he could do. On went the cutter ahead of him, swaying to the left and the right, but still keeping the road. The bridge across the Iowa River was just ahead. Clint thought of the bridge with terror. If the cutter swayed to one side, as it was doing now, the crash would come on entering.

He saw Isabel's strength tightening on the reins, and knew that she felt the danger.

Her horses flew up the slight incline to the bridge, and Clint braced his nerves to withstand the shock. But to his amazement he saw that the horses were slowing up, and entering the bridge with all the respect of well-trained horses; and by the time they were over the frozen current below, they were walking as quietly as though they had decided on that point as the end of their excitement.

Clint entered the bridge as Isabel was leaving it. She drove out to one side of the road and waited for him to come up to her. "I'll let you go on ahead of me now, if you want to," she called out, as he stopped.

"Look here," Clint called back, "did you think of those horses stopping at the bridge that way, I'd like to know?"

"Yes; didn't you? I knew they might

not, but I thought they would if I could keep them in the road. Didn't you think of their doing it?"

"Well, no. I had something else to think about," he answered, looking at her admiringly.

Isabel's face flushed, but she looked at him smiling.

"I wasn't afraid as long as the road was clear, but I should have lost all courage if I had seen a team coming."

"Talk of pluck!" Clint said, driving a little nearer to her cutter. "Isabel, what did you think of last night? What did you think of me, anyway?"

She drove out into the road ahead of him, and then looked back over her shoulder, laughing. "I thought if you had only waited half an hour longer I would have been eighteen. It is my birthday to-day. I'm of age." And with that she touched her ponies with the whip, and kept well ahead of him all the way to the village.

When they met again, it was before the fire in the sitting-room at the brick house, where they had held the hours the night before. But the contest with the judge had lost its seriousness.

Between them he sat, imperturbable, as he had sat the night before; but to-night he was only an amusing barrier, and not a serious obstruction. Love had leaped the bounds, and was free. It triumphed in their eyes as they looked across him, and over him, smiling knowingly at each other.

"We're going to have a dance over at our house Saturday week, and an oyster supper. It is going to be a celebration of a great event in our family," Clint announced with a meaning gesture to Isabel.

"What's the event you're celebrating?" the judge asked, looking over his spectacles.

"Well, that's something of a secret until to-morrow. I hope I can tell you then. You must be sure and come. We're going to have a great time."

The judge looked at Isabel. "Do you think we can go, my dear?"

Her cheeks were rosy. "Why, yes, I should think we could, father."

"Thank you, then. We'll come," the judge said, leaning back in his chair, and looking at the ceiling. "And now would you like to play that game of chess we didn't have last night?"

It was evident he had no intention of giving up the field. Clint did not answer. He was not as fearless of the judge as he had supposed. His heart throbbed excitedly.

Isabel pressed her hands together hard and looked into the fire. The clock ticked loudly, emphasizing the silence.

Finally the judge brought his eyes from the ceiling, and looked at the young man.

"Didn't you hear what I said to you?" he asked, running his hand through his forelock and grasping the arm of his chair.

"Yes, sir, I did," said Clint respectfully.

"Well, then?"

"If you'll allow me to say it, sir, I think I've won the game already."

"What's that?"

"I believe, sir, I've won the game."

The judge glared at him for a moment, and then his eyes fell on Isabel.

He looked from one to the other.

The ticks of the clock seemed to choke each other.

"Well, my boy," he said, drawing a deep breath—the tears had started to his eyes—"I don't know but you have." He held out his hand. "I don't know but you have, my boy."

"Thank you, sir, thank you."

Her father reached the other hand to Isabel, and stood up and drew her into his arms, then pushed her from him, and crossed the room to the door leading into the hall.

Isabel's eyes followed him lovingly.

He turned and looked back at them and smiled.

"Well, children, I'm feeling a little tired to-night," he said, "and I think, if you'll be kind enough to excuse me, I'll go to bed."

He went out and shut the door.

TAMMANY.

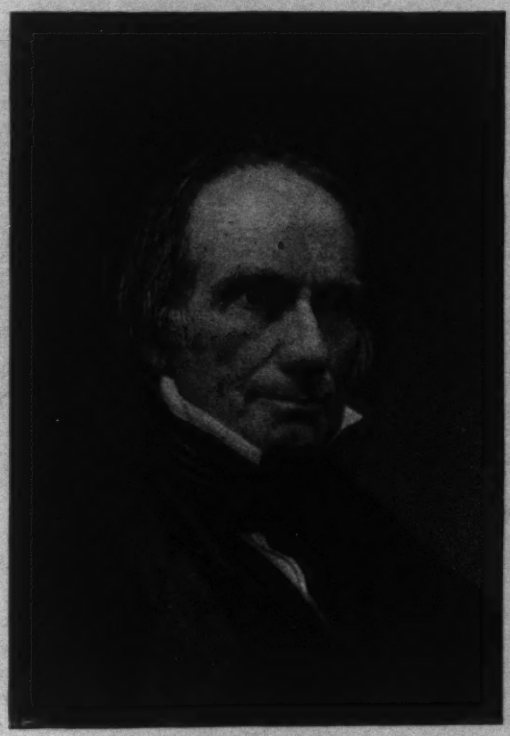
EARLY SPOILSMEN, AND THE REIGN OF THE PLUG-UGLIES.

By E. J. Edwards.

With portraits and other illustrations.

The Public Offices Become Tammany Spoils.—Birth of the Campaign Fund and of the Lobby.—An Early Tammany Official a Defaulter for upwards of a Million.—Riot between Rival Police Forces.—Marshal Rynders and his High-handed Rule.

PRESIDENT JACKSON, before many months of his first administration had passed, made it clear that in two important matters he was influenced by his Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren. This influence caused the President to depart from the policy which he had in his letter of 1824 declared to be the just and patriotic method of appointment to public office. It also led to his opposition to the Bank of the United States. Up to Jackson's first administration the Federal appointments on the whole were based upon merit, although the important administrative offices were necessarily filled by men in sympathy with the national Administration. John Quincy Adams, for instance, refused to remove the collector at the port of New York, although urged to do so for the reason that this officer supported Jackson in 1824 against Adams. The President declared that, so long as the officer was faithful in his service, it made no difference what his personal preferences were.



HENRY CLAY.

After Jackson's advent to the chief magistracy, it soon became apparent that he proposed in the administration of the patronage to adopt the custom which had for some ten or twelve years been followed in New York State and City. There the offices were looked upon as the perquisites of politics, and the levers by which personal ambition and party success could be attained. Nowhere else in the Union was this view adopted, excepting possibly in Virginia, where the association of politicians then called the "Richmond Junta" parcelled out the patronage with a view to partisan supremacy. That President Jackson proposed to follow the same plan was indicated even before his inauguration. The Washington "Telegraph," a few days before the presidential election of 1828, said: "We take it for granted that General Jackson will reward his friends and punish his enemies." That mere announcement seems to have been sufficient to bring a great crowd of office-seekers, and for the first time, to Washington, as soon as Jackson was inaugurated, and what Colonel Benton wrote thirty years afterwards in his recollections of public life was especially true of the early days of Jackson's administration. Colonel Benton said: "The crowds which congregate at the

capital with every change of administration, as suppliants for office, are humiliating, and threaten to change the contest of the parties from a contest for principle into a struggle for plunder."

The practice then begun, leading to scenes which Colonel Benton calls humiliating, was due directly to the New York influence. The public offices were awarded by the President as rewards for services done in the campaign of 1828, and in the expectation of further aid. In New York City, the "Bucktails," or "Anti-Clintonians," names which characterized different elements all associated with Tammany Hall, received every one of the Federal offices. The Secretary of State, Mr. Van Buren, who was the warm friend of and associate with Tammany, and his subordinates controlled this patronage. Speedily this new policy caused much criticism, and it became necessary to defend the New York system, even in so important a place as the Federal Senate.

TESTIMONY AGAINST VAN BUREN.

Upon the break-up of President Jackson's first cabinet, Van Buren was nominated for minister to the court of St. James. The Senate declined to confirm the nomination; but no sooner had the Senate finally adjourned, than the President sent Van Buren on to his post. This action when the Senate met again was the subject of warm debate, and Henry Clay in speaking of it took occasion to denounce "the pernicious system of party politics adopted by the present Administration, by which the honors and the offices were put up to be scrambled for by partisans; a system," he said, "which the minister to London had brought from the State in which he formerly lived, and had for so long a time practised a part in its political transactions." This was a direct charge that for adopting the "spoils" system into national politics, which it is the bad distinction of the Jackson administration to have accomplished, chief credit was due to Mr. Van Buren, an associate of Tammany, and that he had therein but expanded a system long practised by him and other New York politicians.

Senator Marcy, a man long associated with Tammany, replied to Clay. But his reply was little more than a frank admission "It may be that the politicians of New York," said he, "are not so fastidious as some gentlemen are. They boldly preach what they practise. When they are contending for victory, they avow their intention of enjoying the fruits of it. If they fail, they will not murmur. If they win, they expect to reap all the advantages. They see nothing wrong in the rule, that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy."

The policy thus boldly avowed and defended, was from that time steadfastly maintained, and the influences flowing from it are in no small measure responsible for the later Tammany.

As for Tammany's association with the Jackson administration in the war on the United States Bank, William H. Seward, writing long afterwards, said: "The existing institution [the Bank of the United States] was obnoxious to the State banks [in New York City], which desired to secure for themselves the pecuniary profits derived by the Bank of the United States from deposits, transfers, and management of the public funds. The Republicans [Democrats] of New York, under the lead of Mr. Van Buren, encouraged President Jackson in his premature demonstration against the bank, and thus raised a party issue for the approaching presidential election." Thurlow Weed, in his "Memoirs," makes the charge yet more directly, declaring that Van Buren persuaded President Jackson to oppose the bank. And once, in conversation with the late August Belmont, Mr. Weed said that the New York City bankers, at least those of them who were associated with the "Bucktails," or Tammany men, were the first to suggest to Van Buren that it would be a good thing if the Bank of the United States were refused a new charter. That President Jackson's attitude was enthusiastically indorsed by Tammany, is indicated by the fact that the organization sent to Albany almost the full delegation of members of the legislature from New York City, and that these members secured the passage of a resolution indorsing the President's policy, and afterwards, in caucus, nominated Jackson to the presidency for a second term.

THE BEGINNING OF THE LOBBY.

In an earlier article, mention was made of the fact that Aaron Burr, then a Tammany leader, procured a charter for a State bank in a questionable way. This bank proved so profitable that capital was attracted largely to the banking business. Other charters were obtained, and there was always suspicion as to the means by which they were secured. April 19, 1832, William

H. Seward, at that time a member of the State Senate, wrote from Albany: "The lobby are becoming corrupt and impudent. Yesterday, after I had made up my mind to vote for the Leather Manufacturers' Bank charter, I received a letter requesting me to vote for it because it would be to the interest of the writer. I threw the letter into the fire, and told Mr. Tracey that I was almost disposed to vote against the bank. The bill passed. To-day the gentleman appeared and told me that any amount of stock I wanted in the bank I could have at ten per cent. He said he could not offer it before the Bank Bill passed. I told him I wanted no stock in his bank." In the winter of 1880, Mr. A. D. Barbour, who had been familiar with legislative matters for more than forty years, speaking of the lobby, said that it began when the "Bucktails," or Tammany men, got into the habit of sending men up to the capital to try to influence legislators, and that that was as much as fifty years before the time when he was speaking.

On the whole, the representatives of Tammany in the legislature and the higher elective offices were men of standing. It sent, for instance, to the legislature, between 1835 and 1840, such men as A. C. Wheeler, Prosper M. Wetmore, James T. Roosevelt, and Charles P. Clinch. Of these the last is perhaps the best known to this generation. He served for many years as Deputy Collector of the Port, was an author of some reputation, and the intimate friend of Fitz-Greene Halleck, J. Rodman Drake, and Washington Irving.

Perhaps the most prominent of the Tammany men of that time was Nathaniel P. Tallmadge. He had been elected to the United States Senate, having the favor both of Tammany and the Albany Regency. The policy of President Jackson with respect to the United States Bank caused him to sever his association with the Jackson men. Others began to organize into opposition. They called themselves Conservatives, and at the charter election in New York City, in 1834, the opposition took

THE FIRST TAMMANY HALL AS FIRST REBUILT—THE PRESENT "SUN" BUILDING.

the name of Whigs, and was the nucleus of what six years later became the triumphant party in national politics.

THE GLENTWORTH CASE.

The political tactics of the "Loco-focos," as the Tammany Democrats were now called—a name that soon afterwards extended to Democrats throughout the Eastern and Middle States—is illustrated by what is known in history as the Glentworth case. A few weeks before the presidential election of 1840, a man of the name of Glentworth was arrested on the charge, made by the Loco-foco politicians, of having been hired by R. M. Blatchford, Moses H. Grinnell, Simeon E. Draper, and James Bowen, to import illegal voters from Philadelphia. He was taken before a Tammany recorder, Robert H. Morris, and a Tammany justice, Matsell. The city rang with the story, says W. H. Seward, in his "Memoirs." "Handbills were sent out; the newspapers were full of the sensation. It was charged that Governor Seward had fled." The citizens named in the accusation were among the most prominent merchants and lawyers of New York. Mr. Grinnell was perhaps the ablest shipping merchant New York has ever had. His name is perpetuated in that of a land discovered by an explorer whom Mr. Grinnell had aided to equip his expedition. Simeon E. Draper was afterwards Collector of the Port; and R. M. Blatchford was the father of the late Justice Blatchford of the Supreme Court. In an investigation by the grand jury, it was shown that Glentworth, who had formerly lived in Philadelphia, had informed the persons named in the accusation that Loco-foco politicians had arranged to bring a large number of men from Philadelphia to cast illegal votes. Glentworth declared that he could prevent it, and he was furnished with money by these persons to do so. Grinnell, Blatchford, and the others, upon examination, stated that they had paid the money, not to bring fraudulent voters to support the Whig ticket, but to prevent the importation of them for the support of the Loco-foco ticket.

The grand jury, instead of holding Glentworth, censured the recorder. Public sentiment was roused to such a pitch that a procession of more than fifteen thousand men marched to Mr. Grinnell's house and tendered him the nomination for Congress. He accepted it, and was elected, running far ahead of his ticket. Glentworth made oath that the Loco-focos had offered him money and the Consulate of Havre, if he would implicate the Whigs in this plot. In 1841 he was accused again, and was indicted; but on the trial the jury disagreed.

Among Glentworth's papers, which were seized in course of the investigation, was found a letter, in which it was said that the men who were to be imported into New York as repeaters, were to represent that they had been employed to lay pipes upon the new Croton aqueduct. This was speedily seized by the political writers of the day, and "pipe-laying" became the convenient term, as it still remains, to designate self-seeking political intrigue.

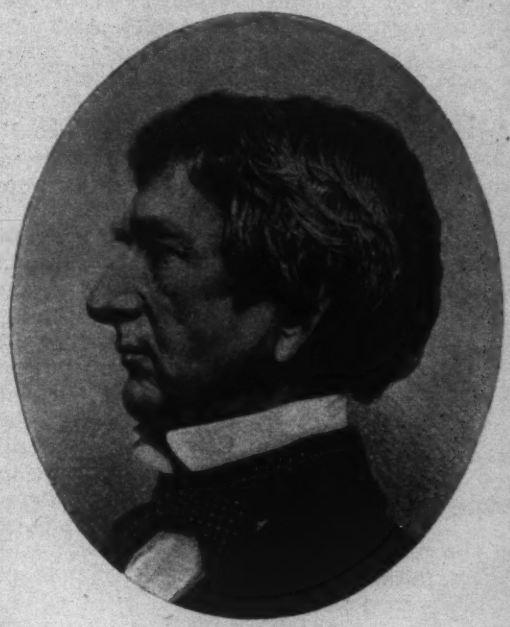
In 1838, when Nathaniel P. Tallmadge had withdrawn from the Jackson party because he disagreed with it on the United States Bank question, the Whigs, as a matter of policy, made him their candidate for the United States Senate. The Whigs had a majority in the Assembly large enough to overcome the Loco-foco majority in the Senate. To prevent Tallmadge's election the Tammany men and their friends in the Senate decided to support no candidate. For a time they scattered their votes, and then refrained from voting at all. The Senate thus failed to choose a United States Senator, and, as the law then was, there could be, under such circumstances, no joint ballot. For nearly two years New York had but one representative in the United States Senate.

There sprang up within Tammany during the bank controversy a faction which called itself the "Equal Rights party." This element opposed all banks, all paper money, and began the agitation for the use of coin, and nothing else, as the money of the country, which was continued for years. The principle was accepted by many Democrats, and is the main reason for the tradition that the Democratic party is a hard money party. In 1835 this Equal Rights faction made a very earnest attempt to become predominant in Tammany. It was as earnestly opposed. Finally the contest was brought to an issue at a caucus held in Tammany Hall, which proved a most violent and noisy demonstration. When the confusion was at its height, the great crowd found itself in darkness. Some of those who opposed the Equal Rights faction had put out the gas. The Equal Rights men were not taken wholly by surprise, however. Immediately there appeared a multitude of flickering flames from a hundred candles which the Equal Rights party had brought with them, and were

now lighting with "Loco-foco matches." Within twenty-four hours the name Loco-foco was applied to Tammany, irrespective of its factions, and the word passed from mouth to mouth, so that within a month it was very rarely that any one heard the organization called by any other name.

VAN BUREN'S ELECTION AND THE FINANCIAL PANIC OF 1837.

The policy respecting the patronage which Mr. Van Buren had persuaded Jackson to adopt, also served Van Buren's ambition well. He was personally not a man of wide popularity. Even in New York State it is very doubtful whether, without the aid of Federal and State patronage, and the powerful purpose of President Jackson to force his nomination, he could have commanded the New York delegation to the convention which nominated him. Those delegates were appointed by a convention controlled by Federal and State office-holders. In that convention forty-eight office-holders, or a controlling number, took part, and twenty of these were postmasters. Of the delegation then appointed, more than one-third were office-holders.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

But Mr. Van Buren, winning the nomination, and gaining the election with ease, since no earnest opposition had been developed into a national party, was nevertheless to be confronted almost at the threshold of his administration by embarrassments which he never overcame. The year of 1836, or the presidential year, was a season of magnificent speculation. The city of New York had never enjoyed such a time of activity in trade, and in all channels. The increase in public and private building was enormous, and the city was found to be growing with a rapidity which even the magic-like development of Western towns in later years did not match. Railways and canals were being planned and developed. The era of travel began, and capital was so abundant that immense quantities of it were furnished for speculative enterprise all over the United States. This abundant capital was provided by banks which, with the certainty that the Bank of the United States would expire by limitation in 1836, had sprung up in such numbers as to alarm true financiers. Governor Marcy himself was forced to warn against this impulse, and in a message to the legislature in 1835, he urged that body not to increase banks and banking capital further, because, as he said, this would be "aiding an unregulated spirit of speculation." No heed was paid to this remonstrance. Immigration itself received a mighty impetus at this time, and during Van Buren's administration it was still further quickened by the successful experiment of ocean steam navigation. To this day there are traditions of the scenes of excitement and enthusiasm at a Tammany celebration in honor of the arrival in New York harbor of the steamship "Great Western." This, though, was in 1838.

In February, 1837, however, there came ominous portents of financial distress. Even a month before Mr. Van Buren's inauguration, money commanded four and five per cent. Failures in the cotton and sugar trade in New York City were reported. A month after Van Buren entered the White House, two hundred and fifty business houses in New York stopped payment. A run on the banks began. A committee of New York merchants hastened to Washington and appealed to Van Buren to summon Congress into extraordinary session. This committee asserted that real estate in New York had been depreciated in six months by so much as forty million dollars, and that stocks had fallen in price in the aggregate by a sum fully as great. The President was told that twenty

thousand men were out of employment. All the banks suspended specie payment in May, and the Federal Government itself was practically bankrupt. The administration both of Jackson and Van Buren had announced in effect that the government would receive and pay only in specie, but it had no specie to pay with, since all that it possessed was in the vaults of the suspended banks. Mr. Van Buren later summoned Congress into extra session, and he asked for legislation which would make the government independent of any banks, either State or National. To his amazement and chagrin the President found that his party in Congress could not be controlled. His administration could command support in neither house; and the only aid Congress gave him, was the right to issue ten millions in treasury notes.

Of course such a financial convulsion as this had immediate effect upon the party which Mr. Van Buren represented. The signs of disintegration were alarming. The cry throughout the country was that New York methods and New York politics had brought about this unhappy condition. The Whigs, and especially those in New York, gained recruits every day. Tammany itself was demoralized, since many of its ablest and most respected men were leaving it.

PECULATIONS BY EARLY TAMMANY OFFICE-HOLDERS.

In 1837 there came the revelation that two Federal office-holders, both Tammany men and ardent politicians, were defaulters. The disclosure was made just at a moment when the panic and excitement entailed by the widespread financial disasters of the time were at their height. The offenders were Samuel Swartwout, Collector of the Port of New York, and William M. Price, the United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. A committee of Congress made as thorough an investigation as was possible, but its work was made difficult because Swartwout and Price had both fled to Europe. The report showed that Swartwout had embezzled one million two hundred thousand dollars, and Price as much as seventy-five thousand dollars. It was the first conspicuous scandal of a pecuniary kind in which Federal office-holders were involved. Charges were made that it was the inevitable result of the practice which began with Jackson's administration, and which had been taught to Jackson by Van Buren, of distributing the offices as political rewards. As both Swartwout and Price were Tammany appointees, Tammany politicians, named for office by President Jackson because they had Tammany indorsement, of course the revelations brought shame to that organization. Mr. Van Buren was humiliated, and he was frank enough to confess that this scandal, going hand in hand with the financial convulsions, would be likely to create opposition which might, at least for a time, be fatal to the party.

It is anticipating a little, but I will mention here another defalcation, which was exposed some years later. Isaac V. Fowler, a Tammany sachem, and one of the most influential politicians of that organization, was appointed by President Pierce Postmaster of New York. He received his office as a reward for his political service, and with the expectation that he would use it to aid the party. After Buchanan was nominated for the Presidency, Mr. Fowler was visited by certain Pennsylvania politicians, and solicited for a large subscription to the campaign in that State. The custom had prevailed for some years, among politicians in other parts of the country, of seeking large money contributions for campaign purposes from the rich men and politicians of New York. Patronage in New York City had so greatly extended, and the emoluments were so large, that it was easy to raise a considerable sum by assessments upon the office-holders. The Pennsylvania

GOVERNOR MARCY.

ISAAC V. FOWLER.

politicians told Mr. Fowler that they needed as much as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to carry Pennsylvania for Buchanan.

"But I have not so much money as that, and don't know how I can raise it," Mr. Fowler replied.

They told him that he must raise it, and their pleadings were too urgent for him to resist. He proposed to them that he would advance the money from Post Office funds in his control, if they would agree to make the sum good after the election. Of course they made the promise, and of course it was never fulfilled.

Some years later, Mr. August Belmont, who at one time was chairman of the National Democratic Committee, in speaking of the Fowler defalcation to General Thomas L. James, then Postmaster-General, told him that the Post Office Department in Washington discovered the defalcation soon after Buchanan's inauguration, but that political influences in New York and Pennsylvania were strong enough to protect Mr. Fowler, chief among them being the influence of certain prominent Tammany men. Later, however, in 1860, Mr. Fowler came to grief. He was faithful to his Tammany associations, and Tammany favored the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency. The Post Office Department was controlled in the interest of John C. Breckenridge, and when Mr. Fowler declined to use the New York Post Office to aid the Breckenridge party, the Post Office Department exposed him as a defaulter. He fled to Mexico, and his bondsmen were called upon to make good the loss. Then it was discovered that, after his re-appointment by President Buchanan, he had failed to renew his official bond. The Government, therefore, was unable to recover a penny. During the excitement of the civil war, the Government was persuaded to dismiss the prosecution, and Fowler returned to the United States, the Government still recovering not a dollar.

MARSHAL RYNDERS AND THE EMPIRE CLUB.

How well Tammany men had learned by this time to stand together, was rather amusingly revealed at the time of the exposure of Fowler's crime. The warrant for his arrest was given to United States Marshal Rynders, the potent leader of the turbulent and lawless element which had now grown strong in Tammany Hall. Rynders went to the New York Hotel, where Fowler lived, and entering the lobby at a time when he knew Fowler would be there, he shouted in a loud voice, "I am United States Marshal Rynders, and I have a warrant for the arrest of Postmaster Isaac V. Fowler." Every eye in that lobby, excepting Rynders's, was fixed on Fowler, who was chatting with a friend. Fowler turned, walked to the rear of the hotel, went to the street by a back door, and fled to Mexico, while the mar-

JOHN MORRISSEY.

shal returned to the District Attorney's office, reporting that Fowler could not be found.

Rynders came from the South, and but little is known of his early history. He was accounted a man of great courage; he had some political skill of the smaller kind; and he became the idol of the Empire Club, which he organized, and which was closely allied with Tammany. Most of the members of the Empire Club were mere rowdies, some of them of the sort named "Bowery Plug-Uglies," a peculiar type, whose haunts were the saloons (very hot-beds of politics); who lived to fight, and run to fires, and train immigrants to political activity, and who commanded the approaches to the polls upon election day. It was the Empire Club, indeed, which taught the political value of the newly arrived foreigner. Its members approached the immigrants at the piers on the arrival of every steamship or packet; conducted them into congenial districts; found them employment in the city works, or perhaps helped them to set up in business as keepers of grog-shops. The effect of these attentions was speedily apparent, and the person who, a few months before, had seemed the meekest of aliens became the most enthusiastic of politicians, believing that success was the criterion in politics, and that anything was justifiable to win it.

EARLY ELECTION FRAUDS.

Fraudulent naturalization on a scale theretofore undreamed of is said to have been practised by the Empire Club under Rynders's leadership, in the presidential campaign of '44. Thousands of immigrants were rushed through the courts, and naturalization papers issued to men in no wise entitled to them, men, often, who had been in the country but a few months. Nathan Sargent, writing of this time, says: "The course pursued by the Free-Soilers [in the nomination of James G. Birney for the Presidency] was one of the causes of Mr. Polk's obtaining the vote of New York State. But there was one other cause which I can never forget—the frauds perpetrated by the Empire Club, managed by one not less celebrated in his day than William M. Tweed has been since—the notorious Isaiah M. Rynders. That these frauds were tremendous is now well known, as it is that this Rynders was a fit instrument with which to perpetrate them, and that he was paid therefor by being appointed to an important office in the Custom House."

Daniel Webster said in a public address soon after the election: "But why should New York go against us? I approach the subject at once, for it is useless to keep it back, and I say that, in my mind, there is a great necessity for a thorough reformation of the naturalization laws." Mr. Sargent, commenting upon Webster's speech, says: "Webster's allusion to the fraudulent votes given in the city of New York by foreigners, large numbers of whom had received dishonest naturalization papers just previous to election day, and most if not all of whom had voted early and often, was fully understood."

Roscoe Conkling once said, chatting with a group of friends, that Governor Seward had told him that the Tammany frauds committed by the Empire Club in New York City in 1844 unquestionably gave Polk the meagre majority of five thousand which he obtained in New York State, and by which he was brought to the Presidency.

Tammany politics as employed in organization, in the making of voters, in the controlling of districts, and the direction of the machinery of elections, developed, from 1840 to the outbreak of the civil war, as picturesque and peculiar conditions as ever existed in a mining camp of the West. Had there lived then in New York some one who painted with the pen of Bret Harte, we should have had pictures as highly colored and as weird as any that Harte ever painted of the California camps, and pictures, too, of men who were making and unmaking administrations, and by their votes, honest and dishonest, were exerting a mighty influence upon the political life of the nation. Strange associations were organized, sometimes affiliated with Tammany as its servants, sometimes in factional quarrel against it. In these associations John Kelly, William M. Tweed, Richard Croker (then a mere lad), Daniel E. Sickles, Fernando Wood, and other men who afterwards gained national prominence, were taught their first lesson in politics. If there is any censure to be passed for these conditions, it should attach especially to the men of intelligence and high personal character who tolerated, and in fact encouraged such things, because by their aid strength was given to the national party of Tammany.

The "Dead Rabbits" of the Bowery, the Empire Club, the Apollo Hall Association, and the various volunteer fire companies

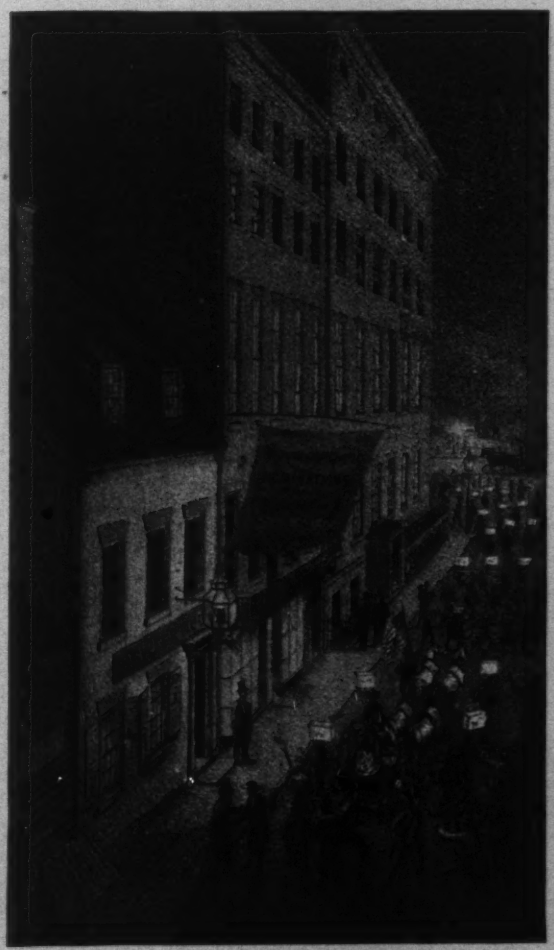
FERNANDO WOOD.

were political organizations, whose members lived to fight, to pack caucuses, to run in voters, and to make them as well. Important among these associations was a fire company organized in the sixth ward, which was then the very heart of the city. They called their company "Big Six," and it was among them that William M. Tweed, a young chairmaker, gained his first influence, and learned politics. He had the qualities of leadership essential to the command of such rough company, and he was speedily promoted, until at last he became chief of "Big Six," and grew into more than local repute. He organized his district so that it delivered a certain, agreed-on Tammany majority upon election day. But the Great Captain in this strange epoch was always Marshal Rynders. His name inspired terror in the hearts of all reputable citizens. His followers violently broke up the meetings of the opposition party. On one occasion they went to the Tabernacle where Wendell Phillips was to speak, with the intention of mobbing him.

"MIKE" WALSH AND HIS WAR ON TAMMANY.

But they raised up enemies of their own kind. One rough fellow there was, a man of great force and courage, a natural orator, who steadily opposed Tammany, although always a Democrat. He was "Mike" Walsh, the founder of the "Subterranean Club," which was the persistent and often the bloody foe of the Empire Club of Rynders. Walsh himself was a slender man, an inch or two above medium height, and did not suggest in his physical appearance his great strength. He was the bitterest foe in the Democratic party that Tammany had ever met. He was a warm friend of John Morrissey, and it was at Walsh's suggestion that Morrissey turned from prize-fighting to politics—so prosperous a transfer of his abilities that he was sent for one term to Congress, and afterwards was maintained for a number of years as a member of the State Senate. Walsh, as a public speaker, was esteemed a fair rival of Daniel E. Sickles, whom Tammany sent to Congress, and of Fernando Wood, who was elected mayor by Tammany in 1854, though during his term of office he quarrelled with the organization.

We may surely take Walsh's word for



THE FIRST TAMMANY HALL—FRANKFORT-STREET SIDE.

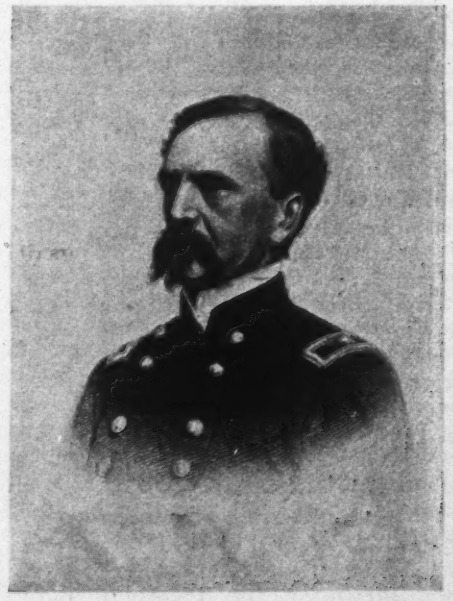
the condition of political morals in his day. He knew, if any one did. Standing before a great crowd of Democrats in Knickerbocker Hall, a few years before the war, he said, "I tell you now, and I say it boldly, that in this body politic of New York, there is not political or personal honesty enough left to drive a nail into to hang a hat upon." And he meant by that remark to characterize the condition which Tammany politics had created. Walsh it was who first publicly charged that there was corruption of the ballot-box after the votes had been delivered. He was named as a Democratic Anti-Tammany candidate for Congress in 1854; John Kelly, afterwards the famous leader of Tammany Hall, being the Tammany candidate against him. The contest was very close. There was rioting and fighting throughout the district. Walsh was everywhere, fearing no danger, but he was always surrounded by groups of his faithful club members, who would have died for him had he been attacked. When the polls closed, the vote was known to be very close, and as the counting of the ballots went on it became manifest that the result would not be decided until the ballots in the last box were counted. But that box was found to have been stolen. It was kept hidden for more than three days; then it was produced, and the count gave Kelly a majority of fourteen. Walsh denounced this result as a corruptly procured one, and declared that the ballot-box had either been stuffed, or votes which belonged to him had not been counted. A year or two later he was confirmed in this assertion by the statement of one of the inspectors, who admitted that he had put himself in danger of State's prison because of what he had done with that ballot-box.

Fernando Wood, a man of iron will, great political cunning, and absorbing ambition, a man, too, of some cultivation and very attractive manners and speech, was chosen as the Tammany mayor in the election of 1854. During his administration he quarrelled with some of the Tammany leaders, and he was reëlected as the candidate of a democratic faction called the Apollo Hall party, which was opposed to Tammany. The quarrel was one of those periodical splits of which the history of Tammany shows so many.

TWO BODIES OF POLICE FIGHTING FOR SUPREMACY.

To cripple Wood, and to take the police department from under those malign influences which even then had sway in it, the legislature (then Republican) created a new police system called the metropolitan police. Its jurisdiction covered not only New York City, but Brooklyn, and some of the other suburbs. Mayor Wood ignored the legislature, and kept his own police force in uniform and on duty. It was called the municipal police. The chief was George W. Matsell, a warm friend of Wood's and a devoted Tammany man. Matsell furnished the mayor with a sufficient force of municipal police, and Mr. Wood intrenched himself in the City Hall. A collision was inevitable, and on June 16 it occurred.

Mr. Wood had under his control, in and about the City Hall, some eight hundred "municipal" policemen. The commissioner appointed by the legislature, Mr. Gardner, sent fifty "metropolitan" policemen to disperse the illegal force, and assume authority in and about the hall. As many as ten thousand persons, most of them bent upon violence, were assembled in City Hall Park and the adjacent streets. An eye-witness, describing the scene, said, in the New York "Tribune" of June 17: "About two o'clock, having business with Judge French, whose office is in the City Hall, I proceeded to that place. I observed a great number of policemen in the halls and upon the steps and around the park, whose appearance was more that of a mob than of law-abiding citizens. As I passed through the crowd in the hall I saw a man



GENERAL SICKLES.

PARKE GODWIN. ABOUT 1855.

whom I knew well, a man conspicuous in Tammany Hall, and an office-holder under the mayor. I heard him say, 'There goes one of those Black Republicans.' As Judge French was not in, I went out and met him upon Nassau Street, and afterwards called upon him. A little after I saw the metropolitan police coming into the park. I turned around to watch the result. As the metropolitan men advanced towards the steps in the rear of the building, the excitement of the crowd became very intense. Threats and imprecations, and the foulest language known to the Five Points vocabulary, were heard. The crowd was a mob animated by the single desire to beat down the metropolitan police. They were prepared for the most desperate and bloody deeds. . . .

"The mayor's men were arranged in a very advantageous position. They presented a solid, compact front, completely covering the steps and extending back into the hall, which was literally filled with policemen and desperate men.

"The metropolitan men advanced in a solid body and in perfect order, and were met about midway upon the steps, when one of the mayor's men struck one of them. I am positive that it was one of the mayor's men who struck first. If necessary, I can testify to this fact in any court of justice.

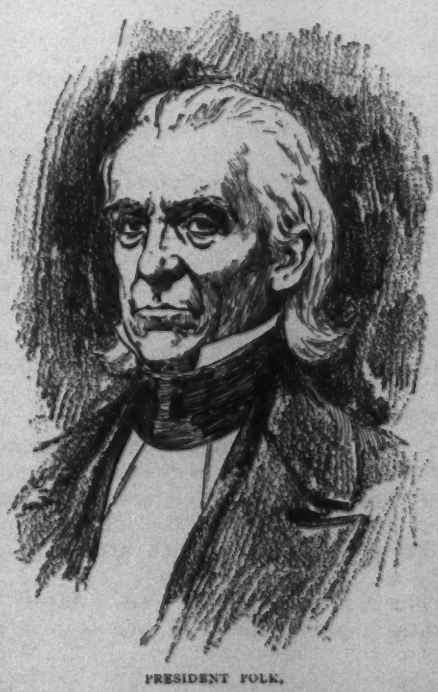
"After this blow was struck a promiscuous fight commenced. I watched the movements of Mr. Smith of the fifth ward with great admiration and intense anxiety, having long known him as a most worthy and brave officer and excellent citizen. He fought with a valor worthy of the most gallant champion of the age of chivalry. He was attacked by four or five men, and repeatedly felled to the earth, and after the blood was streaming from his wounds, his club was finally wrested from him, and then he was clubbed in a most barbarous and inhuman manner.

"I saw two Irishmen break a limb from a tree, and, taking each a club, knock every and any body they could reach who had the badge of the metropolitan police.

"The mayor's men, completely surrounding the metropolitan police, attacked them in flank and rear. I suppose, being known to some of the politicians present, I was pointed out as a Black Republican. At any rate, a man came up to me, and, applying that epithet, attempted to strike me. I was on my guard, however, and parrying his blow knocked him off and escaped from the crowd."

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT SUPPRESSES THE RIOT.

It happened that just about this time the Seventh Regiment was marching down Broadway, intending to take a steamboat for Boston, to participate in the Bunker Hill celebration of the next day. Commissioner Gardner, finding that the metropolitan police were likely to be overpow-



PRESIDENT POLK.

ered, and many of them perhaps killed, caused the militia to be called out, and its orders to the front were received by the Seventh Regiment only a little way up Broadway from the City Hall. Turning instantly from an expedition altogether of pleasure to one of the gravest business, the regiment fixed its bayonets and dispersed the mob.

Mayor Wood, seeing that the militia had arrived, and perhaps appalled at the spectacle before him, suggested that there be an amnesty until the courts could decide upon the constitutionality of the new law. That proposition was agreed to, and soon after the Court of Appeals decided that the metropolitan police were properly appointed, and, inferentially, that the resistance to them was an act of rebellion against the State.

Mr. Parke Godwin, then one of the editors of the "Evening Post," had been very outspoken in his newspaper writings and also in public speech, in denunciation of the political methods in common practice. Thereby Mr. Godwin had aroused the hatred of Isaiah Rynders and his associates. His denunciation of Tammany in particular, and its methods, had greatly angered the whole organization, but he had incurred the especial hostility of Rynders, and one day word was brought to him that Rynders and his associates were threatening to kill him, and he should have a care.

RYNDERS LIES IN WAIT FOR PARKE GODWIN.

One afternoon, having left his office to go home, Mr. Godwin stopped, as was his custom, in Florence's restaurant for some oysters. As he stood at the oyster-stand, he saw in the remote part of the room Rynders and some of his men. He at once suspected that they proposed to assault him before he could leave the building. He realized that it would not do for him to run, however; so he began to eat his oysters, while deliberating upon his course in case he should be attacked. Suddenly he noticed that a man stood beside him, and looking up he saw "Mike" Walsh, who said to him: "Go on eating your oysters, Mr. Godwin, but do it as quickly as you can, and then go away. Rynders and his men have been waiting here for you and intend to kill you, but they won't attack you as long as I am by your side."

The advice was followed. After Mr. Godwin, having finished his oysters, had gone out, Rynders stepped up to Walsh and said: "What do you mean by interfering in this matter? It is none of your affair."

"Well, Godwin did me a good turn once, and I don't propose to see him stabbed in the back. You were going to do a sneaking thing; you were going to assassinate him, and any man who will do that is a coward."

"No man ever called me a coward, Mike Walsh, and you can't."

"But I do, and I will prove that you are a coward. If you are not one, come upstairs with me now. We will lock ourselves into a room; I will take a knife and you take one; and the man who is alive after we have got through, will unlock the door and go out."

Rynders accepted the challenge. They went to an upper room. Walsh locked the door, gave Rynders a large bowie-knife, took one himself, and said: "You stand in that corner, and I'll stand in this. Then we will walk toward the centre of the room, and we won't stop until one or the other of us is finished."

Each took his corner. Then Walsh turned and approached the centre of the room. But Rynders did not stir. "Why don't you come out?" said Walsh. Rynders, turning in his corner, faced his antagonist, and said: "Mike, you and I have always been friends; what is the use of our fighting now? If we get at it, we shall both be killed, and there is no good in that." Walsh for a moment said not a word; but his lip curled, and he looked upon Rynders with an expression of utter contempt. Then he said: "I told you you were a coward, and now I prove it. Never speak to me again."

The intense excitement that prevailed throughout the nation as the election of 1860 approached, caused these demoralizing conditions in New York to be for a time overlooked. A few of the Tammany leaders either openly supported the action of the Southern States in seceding from the Union, or else gave sullen and indifferent aid to those who were preparing to take up arms in defence of the Union. Tammany as a body favored the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas, and it should be said that in the crisis of 1861, as in every other time in its history, Tammany as a whole was stanch, loyal, devoted, and fervent in its support of national sovereignty and the Union.